

August 16, 1961

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

*The Australian*

Over 800,000 Copies  
Sold Every Week

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-



Australian model  
**MARGO McKENDRY**  
earns £135 a day

New nose for TV star : Pie parade : Swimsuit : 15 spring  
: 22 recipes : preview : patterns



# FREE 30 DAYS SUPPLY

Safe, Proven Nutritional Formula

## VITAMINS

### MINERALS & AMINO ACIDS

26 proven ingredients—11 Vitamins (including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid), 11 Minerals, Choline, Inositol and Lecithin

NOW YOURS FREE



To prove to you the remarkable advantages of the Vitase Plan... we will send you, without charge, a 30-day free supply of proven VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES so you can discover for yourself how much stronger, happier and fitter you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over twice the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamins A, C and D... five times the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamin B-1 and the full concentration recommended by the Food and Nutrition Board of the United States National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12—one of the most remarkable nutrients science has yet discovered—a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs.

The normal retail price of similar vitamin capsules would be 35/3. Yet now you get this 30-day supply of VITASAFE CAPSULES without charge. So many persons have already tried VITASAFE CAPSULES with such good results... so many people have already written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial... that we are convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact we're so convinced we are willing to back up our convictions with our own money. You don't spend a penny for the vitamins! You don't risk a thing! All the cost and all the risk are ours! And here's just why we're so confident these capsules can help provide new vigor and buoyancy and zest for living!

#### Quality and Purity GUARANTEED

In the column on the right you can see for yourself the exact ingredients contained in VITASAFE CAPSULES. Every one of these ingredients has been scientifically added to meet the requirements of people in need of an especially nutritional formula. And, as you probably know, each vitamin manufacturer is strictly controlled and is required to state on the label the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral.

This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture are carefully controlled for your protection! And it means that

when you use VITASAFE CAPSULES you can be sure you are getting exactly what the label states... and that you're getting pure ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and time again. Not only that—you're getting a month's supply free of charge, so you can prove to yourself just how effective they may be for you! If you tire easily... if you work under pressure, or if you're over 40 or subject to the stress of travel, worry and other strains... then you may be one of the people who needs this extra supply of vitamins. In that case Vitase Plan Capsules may be "just what the doctor ordered"—because they contain the frequently recommended food supplement formula for people in this category!

**Amazing New Plan Slashes Vitamin Prices Almost in Half!** With your free vitamins you will also receive the complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new Plan that provides you regularly with most of the vitamins and minerals you may need.

This plan actually enables you to receive a 30-day supply of vitamins every month regularly, safely and factory-fresh for 19/6, 40% lower than the usual retail price. BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DECIDE NOW—you are under no obligation to buy anything from us whatsoever.

To get your free 30-day supply, and learn all about this amazing new Plan, just send the coupon to us today.

Now, since the supply of capsules that we can give away free is naturally limited, we urge you to act at once; the cost of the capsules is ours. So don't miss out on this marvellous opportunity. Fill in coupon now and send it today.

EACH DAILY CAPSULE CONTAINS:

Vitamin A	10,000 Intl. Units
Vitamin D	1,000 Intl. Units
Vitamin C	75 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>1</sub>	10 mg.
Riboflavin (Vitamin B <sub>2</sub> )	10 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>6</sub>	1 mg.
Vitamin B <sub>12</sub> (from Cobalamin Conc.)	3 mg.
Niacinamide	40 mg.
Calcium d-Panthenate	4 mg.
Vitamin E	5 I.U.
Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Calcium	50 mg.
Phosphorus	38.7 mg.
Iron	20 mg.
Cobalt	0.84 mg.
Copper	0.45 mg.
Manganese	0.5 mg.
Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Iodine	0.075 mg.
Potassium	2 mg.
Zinc	0.5 mg.
Magnesium	3 mg.
Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.
Lecithin	30 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.
Rutin	10 mg.

Compare this formula with any other!

**HOW THE VITASAFE PLAN OPERATES TO SAVE YOU MONEY**  
When you receive your free 30-day supply of VITAMINS, you are under no obligation to buy anything. With your vitamins, you will also receive a handy card. If after taking your free Vitase Plan capsule for two weeks you are not satisfied in every way, simply return the card and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us—you don't have to do a thing—and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins automatically and on time for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only 19/6 per month (plus a few pence for shipping).

Fill in this coupon now and send it today



VITASAFE PLAN (AUST.) PTY. LTD.,  
15 Market Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4038W, G.P.O. Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.  
Brisbane: 31 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.  
Adelaide: 24-28 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.  
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.  
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

AUGUST 16, 1961

Vol. 29, No. 11

### CONTENTS

#### Special Features

New-season Sun Fashions	10, 11
Spring Patterns — four-page pull-out	31 to 34
Parade of Pies	40 to 43

#### Fiction

Nightingales In Central Park, Robert A. Knowlton	25
John's Child, Joan Aiken	26
The Beautiful Ones, Lauren Cooper	27
The Distant View (serial, part 2), Stanley Kauffmann	29

#### Regular Features

It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	12
Letter Box, Ross Campbell	16
Social	17
Australian Nature	35
Stars	59
Mandrake, Crossword	63

#### Home and Family

£2000 Hardboard in the Home Contest	37
School's In For Two-year-olds	39
Prize Recipes	44
Home Plans, Cookery Course	46
£2000 Canned Fruits Recipe Contest	48
At Home with Margaret Sydney	51

#### Entertainment

Television Parade, Films	19
TV Color—"The Blue and The Gray"	21

#### Fashion

Fashion Frocks	53
Fashion Patterns	63

## THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Although our cover girl Margo McKendry travels the world, she sees little of it except when she is being photographed against famous backgrounds.

THEN she is surrounded by crowds who gather to watch her, and there's usually a policeman to keep people back.

"It's fun in New York," Margo told us. "I would never have time to see anything if photographers weren't using famous places for backgrounds."

"It used to be like that in Paris until the fashion photographers were forbidden to take pictures against Paris backgrounds because fashion spies would sneak pictures to sell to manufacturers before the release date."

"This was unfair to the buyers who were paying a small fortune for the right to copy the dress."

As well as being the photographers' pin-up girl, Margo is the pin-up of the Yankees baseball team.

"They gave me a baseball inscribed 'To Margo' with all their signatures," she said. "I'm a real fan and I can scream with the best of them."

NOTED American educationist Dr. John H. Niemeyer, who is a guest lecturer at the Australian Pre-School Association Conference in Hobart (page 39), has a warning for parents.

#### Our cover

● Australia's top glamour girl Margo McKendry, who will leave the United States in September for a three months' holiday at home (story, page 7). Although Margo has been working in New York, London, Europe, Africa for the glossiest magazines, she is homesick for Australia. Cover picture by staff photographer Adelle Hurley.

"Most bright four-year-olds," he said, "will show an interest in words and reading. They will want to write their names. Show them how. Answer their questions. Make books available."

"But when you start to think, 'Aha, I have a young genius,' check yourself quickly. 'A child whose reading pace has been forced often shows a revulsion to learning by second or third grades and develops an active distaste for books.'"

WE regret that because fashion editor Betty Keep is on six weeks' leave she will be unable to answer fashion queries for that period.

**NEXT WEEK:** A Fortnight's Money-saving Menus — appetising, nutritious, main-course menus that provide plenty of variety on a family budget... Beginning "Doctor On Toast" — one of the funniest of Richard Gordon's "Doctor" books (see page 4).



# DAWN LAKE'S NEW NOSE

## BEFORE



● TV stars Dawn Lake and husband Bobby Limb before Dawn's nose-trim. Petite and pretty in real life, Dawn was a camera problem because of her "weighty" nose.



## AFTER



● Husband Bobby points proudly to Dawn's new, up-tilted nose. Debbie, the Limbs' five-year-old daughter, loves it, too. "It's lovely, Mummy," she said. "Can I touch it?"

● Plastic surgery has given Australia a new Dawn Lake, the clever comedienne and singer who shares top billing with her husband, Bobby Limb, in the big new Mobil-Limb national TV comedy show.

THE old Dawn had a nose that bumped over its bridge, was too long, turned down and slightly to one side. The new Dawn has a nose that is de-bumped, shortened, and turns up slightly.

The nose has given her greater confidence and a big psychological fillip.

Dawn decided she must have a new nose after the Limbs finished their previous TV season.

"She couldn't face another season before her most exacting critic, the TV camera, and her candid friends, the TV cameramen, with her old side-swipe nose.

"Honest," she told me, "you start out in life with an illusion here and there, but I've got none now. TV finally finished them.

"We'd do a show over at Sydney's Channel 9, with me with my hair just set and my

face worked over for half an hour by make-up experts, thinking I looked good.

"At the end, those candid cameramen would say, 'That was a goodie, Dawn. We kept the camera well back, you're all right at that distance.'

"I'd leave the set, flattened.

"One of the awful things about my old nose was that it used to show a funny shadow on my top lip. It was hard for them to light, and caused endless trouble.

"Now there's not a shadow in sight."

**"Drastic, love"**

Lapsing into her famous over-the-back-fence role, Dawn said, "There's nothing like the drastic surgery, love.

"It's a real revelation. This drastic doctor's no dill. He's been to America and learned all about it at Medicine Square Garden.

"But seriously, I'd recommend cosmetic surgery to any woman. It can make you look

By NAN MUSCROVE

better, prettier, and younger, and makes you feel good. Why not take advantage of the skill of these clever people — why not?

"Bobby thought I was mad when I said I wanted to have it done, but he's very pleased about it now.

"I was in hospital for 12 days and for the first week after the operation I had the most beautiful pair of black eyes you've ever seen. But at the end of a week I started to come good with my beautiful tip-tilted nose."

Dawn's nose cost 76 guineas. Now that the operation is over and she is so happy with it, husband Bobby is as proud of it as she is.

The day the "after" picture (above, right) was taken was a red-letter day in Dawn's life.

"This is the first time I've ever been photographed intentionally and been happy

about it," she said. "Thank goodness those days of ducking and turning the shadowed side away are gone."

At a quick glance it's incomprehensible that Dawn should have had to do that, because she's as pretty as a picture — a pocket Venus.

She's only 4ft. 11in. bare-footed; she's blond, with big, bright blue eyes and a figure that measures 33-23-33.

Her face alone could have been her fortune, like the girl in the nursery rhyme, but she also has the personality and talent that add up to a very bright TV star.

**Footnote:** In the second Mobil-Limb show, Dawn and Bobby did a Cyrano de Bergerac sketch, in which Dawn appeared — by courtesy of the make-up department — as the girl with the longest nose in the world. "It was an I-chronical twist of fate, love," she said to me. "I needn't have been drasticked."

## The villainous dark shadow



● Dark shadow thrown sideways by Dawn's old nose — formerly a lighting difficulty for TV cameramen.



# DOCTOR ON TOAST

## Our new serial will be another best-seller

By BETTY BEST, in London

● A new serial, the latest of Richard Gordon's hilarious "Doctor" books, will begin in The Australian Women's Weekly next week. It is "Doctor on Toast."

**DR. GORDON OSTLERE** (Richard Gordon is his pen-name) has been a best-selling author for 10 years. That is, since he began writing fiction.

In hard covers alone he has sold more than 1,500,000 copies of the "Doctor" books.

This month Penguins have brought out in Britain an extra million copies of "Doctor in the House," "Doctor at Sea," "Doctor at Large," and "Doctor in Love."

Most authors in Richard Gordon's class chat easily about their work. Some can tell to the last penny what they earn.

Richard Gordon cannot or will not do either. He will hold an enthusiast spell-bound with a description of the latest Test match. He will sparkle about the prowess of his new Aston Martin sports car, and fascinate even a layman about developments in anaesthetics.

But on dry facts and figures he maintains a discretion worthy of the consulting room.

Still on the medical register, he has an impressive number of letters after his name for a man who, according to Who's Who, "left medical practice in 1952" at the age of 29.

He is an M.A., B.A., B.Chir (that means Bachelor of Sur-

gery), also an F.F.A.R.C.S. and a D.A., which means that he is a Fellow of the Faculty of Anaesthetists, Royal College of Surgeons, and holds the Diploma in Anaesthesia.

But any mention of his academic ability brings a remark like, "Well, if you study medicine you always get a chance to be in a bit of a rag at the end-of-year amateur dramatics."

Nevertheless, his career at Selwyn College, Cambridge, and later at London's famous

Finally the patient was wheeled in. In a surge of relief Gordon leaned across the instruments and said to his co-anaesthetist, "Why don't we get married?"

The Ostlere ménage in Bickley, Kent, now numbers five. Anthony, 7, Simon, 5, and Katherine, 3, have about an acre of garden to let off high spirits with their year-old golden labrador Nicky.

At first their father worked in a small room downstairs, but as the children grew

"DOCTOR ON TOAST" is the eighth of the famous "Doctor" series and one of the funniest.

This time the central character is the philandering, impecunious Dr. Gaston Grimsdyke, friend of Dr. Simon Sparrow, the original central figure. (Sparrow lives more quietly these days in a state of parental bliss.)

Grimsdyke's troubles include a love affair with a model; an angry and persistent rival; and an attempt to ghost the memoirs of Sir Lancelot Spratt.

Bart's Hospital showed that he put more than a passion for greasepaint into his work.

It was at Bart's that he met his attractive wife, Jo. She was also an anaesthetist there and they frequently shared jobs. One morning they had a patient who was a bit slow being brought from the ward.

The surgeon let forth a stream of the best Harley Street language at the delay. Jo seemed a bit rattled, so Gordon did his best to comfort her.

larger, and therefore noisier, he retreated to the attic. There he has knocked out the tiny Victorian windows, and replaced them with spacious panes which look out over the garden, front and back.

One wall is lined with a vast bookcase, and a wall-to-wall carpet in mustard-yellow brings a feeling of sunlight into the room even in winter.

From his attic windows he can look out and plan the next attack on the weeds, and in one corner of the room are a



● The doctor shares high tea in his children's nursery. From left: Simon, Katherine, Anthony, and a visiting friend. RIGHT: With wife Jo and daughter Katie, who is three.

radio and a house telephone. "Of course one must check up on the cricket scores and phone them down to the rest of the house. They seldom know what I'm talking about, but it gives me a sense of satisfaction."

Since the children have grown beyond the nanny age the Ostleres have managed without living-in help. They have a daily who comes to clean. Mrs. Ostlere concentrates on the children and cooking.

The kitchen is well fitted with labor-saving gadgets — "So much more satisfactory," she says, "than having spare humans about. They don't waste time chatting."

Apart from some delightful modern paintings, the two cars in the garage, and Mrs. Ostlere's labor-savers there is little sign of the fortune made by the "Doctor" books.

When pressed beyond all

means of escape, the author told me he had formed a company "or something like that; not too sure what it's called," which ensured that his profits were put in trust for his children.

"But writing these books has been more fun than any money could be," he said.

"I never had a blind vocation for medicine that made it hard to give up. Both Jo and I

are still interested in the latest medical news and we follow it avidly. But I've always wanted to write.

"Did a couple of textbooks before I started on fiction. And worked on the 'British Medical Journal' for a while.

"It was good training till they gave me the obituaries. Killed off the wrong doctor. Terrible flap.

"Fiction's safer."



## Sables and Sputniks at the fair

● No need for Genevieve Merlin, of Paris, to feel homesick at the Sydney Trade Fair. As "Mademoiselle de Paris," she has her city with her—a 60ft. diameter scale model.

THE whole city, which is worth £1000, has been to Sweden and Austria as well as England and now Australia.

"It fills 106 packing cases," said Genevieve. "It is like a jigsaw puzzle."

Genevieve said that the Australian firm responsible for the transport of "Paris" has assembled it in five days — three days faster than had been done in any other country.

At a Danish pavilion the samples of hors-d'oeuvres were one reason for the throng.

Said Mr. S. May, in charge of the food stall supplying the goodies: "We've got six people working day and night making those little open sandwiches.

And 10,000 were eaten the first day."

But many visitors to the fair just wanted information.

"What noise does a reindeer make?" a nonplussed Danish official was asked.

"Try the Swedish pavilion," he advised. "We don't have reindeer in Denmark."

En route to the two Sputniks at the Russian pavilion a cuddle of furs caught our eye.

That magnificent sable jacket?

"£2000," an attendant told us. "But sold. All furs sold the first day."

Space travel was the theme in the £35,000 pavilion, with supporting stanchions in the form of rockets. The building, put up by an Australian firm, was designed by an American.

Noisiest pavilion was the new £300,000 German building. Stereo music was used to drown the noise of machinery demonstrations — Beethoven's Choral Symphony and Strauss waltzes.

Three weeks ago the "Poultry" and "Pigeons" sheds were all that space-harassed Mr. James Beveridge, chairman of the executive fair committee, could give Italy.

"Seemed a bit tough," he said, "especially as down the same street the Russians were setting up their show, the French were about to revolve their gigantic panoramas, and the Germans were finishing their £300,000 edifice."

The Italians had merely shrugged and smiled. "We

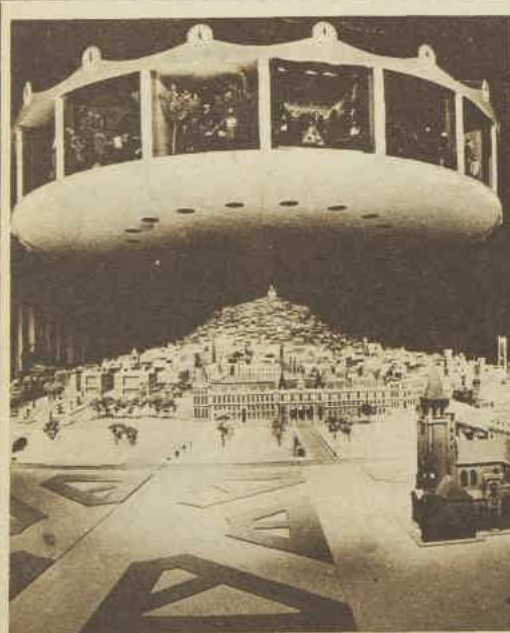
start with the worst, we finish with the best."

"Within a few days," he said, "out from Italy came architect Dr. Guido di Pace, technicians, engineers, and 199 packing cases."

An army of workmen sheathed "Poultry" and "Pigeons" with aluminium — roofing the two buildings together; inside, tenor-voiced Luigis created a decor of white ceiling, olive-green walls, and red carpet.

The ceiling? Acres of white cloth stretched taut to blot out the iron roof but to allow light to filter attractively through. The walls? More acres of plastic curtain (again frame-stretched). The carpet? Coir.

Brava, P'Italia!



MODEL OF PARIS and "ball" depicting the city's life. It is a French attraction at the Trade Fair at Sydney Showground.



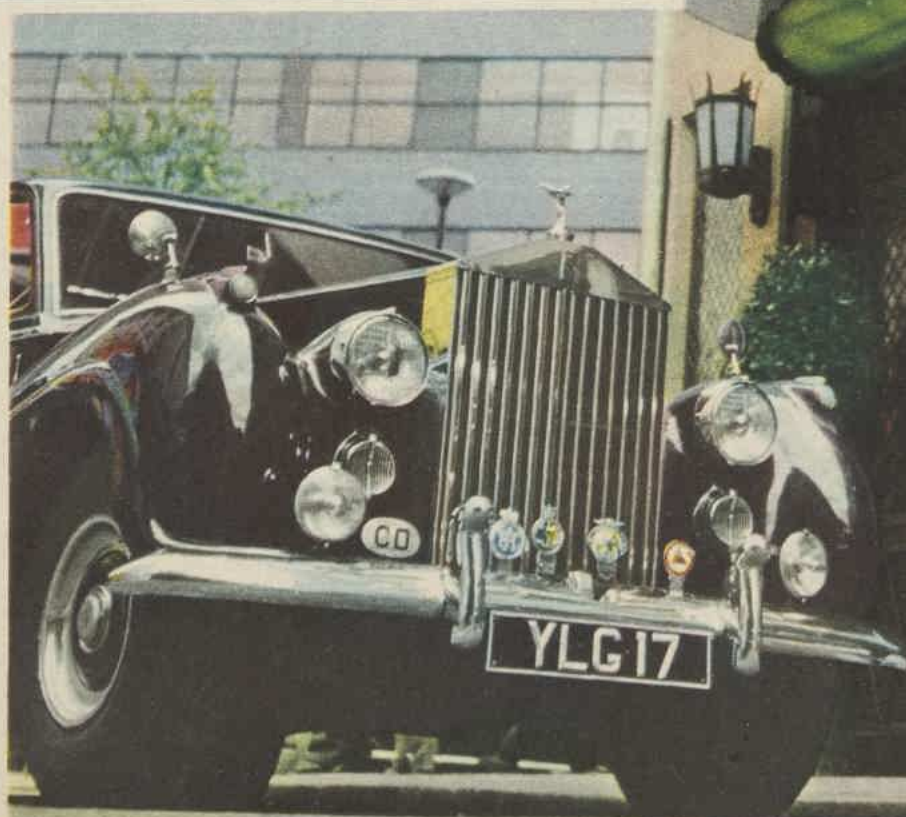


# Graham Kennedy in London

● National TV star Graham Kennedy received V.I.P. treatment in London—including the use of a Rolls-Royce that once belonged to Princess Margaret—during his current business-holiday trip to Europe.

GRAHAM stops by for a cappuccino at an espresso bar during one of the few relaxing moments in his busy London schedule.

IN FRONT of London's most famous theatrical restaurant, "The Ivy," Graham photographs the luxury Rolls-Royce he used.







All day every day, your skin needs vital moisture to keep it soft, supple, dewy, radiantly young

## Keep your skin young with Under-make-up beauty care

Coty Vitamin Moisture Balancer penetrates deeply, provides perfect moisture balance in both top and lower skin layers, so essential to skin health and beauty. Because of its special qualities, Moisture Balancer can be worn under your make-up without affecting it in any way: no "dulling," no patchiness. All day, every day, Moisture Balancer will work for you . . . softening and refining skin texture, restoring suppleness, minimising sagging skin . . . making your skin look firmer, smoother, more youthful.

Coty Vitamin Moisture Balancer is suitable for all ages, all skin types, 12/6 and 19/6.



# COTY

Vitamin

ASK FOR MONTH'S SUPPLY TRIAL SIZE — 7/11

Call now at your chemist's or cosmetic department for a specially-priced bottle of Coty Vitamin Moisture Balancer.

OFFER FOR LIMITED PERIOD ONLY

## moisture balancer

protects... beautifies



"If we are ugly after in the picture, you die," they taunted the photographer, drawing fingers across their throats . . .

● From left: Amelia Marza, Encarnacion Torla, Loli Basurto, Maria Luz Barba, Julia Feijoo, and Matilde Andres.

## The laughing señoritas

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

● Every year hundreds of Australian girls go overseas on working holidays, but it's rare for European girls to make similar visits "down under." However, the men who publicise Australia in Spain have done such a good job that six pretty Spaniards decided to come here for a two-year working holiday.

THE señoritas are schoolteachers Encarnacion Torla, Amelia Marza, Loli Basurto, and Matilde Andres, manicurist Maria Luz Barba, and Julia Feijoo—"she's rich, she doesn't do anything."

Now working in Adelaide as waitresses and ladies' companions, they explained in broken English:

"There is much propaganda in Spain about Australia. Australia, they say, is better country in the world, where the people makes money, where live better, where the people very happy. So we go to Australia."

"We get help from your Government, who help pay our air tickets if we agree to work in Australia for two years."

"So, we are here."

Volatile and exuberant, all with a warm, lively sense of humor, the six girls met and decided to team up on the Australian trip while doing an English-language course in Valencia.

Encarnacion, Loli, and Matilde previously worked together as schoolteachers in Castellon de la Plana. Loli comes from Burgos, Maria Luz (the only blonde—"No, it is not real, I put a little something on it") from Zaragoza, and Julia from Valladolid.

They came first to Adelaide because, as Matilde put it, "We all like very much the flowers, the nature. In the propaganda in Spain they say

no other city in Australia has more of the gardens, the nature than Adelaide."

Arriving at a time of economic slump, the girls at first had difficulty finding jobs. Now all are working in scattered parts of the city.

They live-in at their jobs, but meet in the evening.

When interviewed they were dressed much the same as Australian girls.

But as soon as they started talking—with their hands and their eyes as well as voices—they were unmistakably Latin.

It was a hilarious, if exhausting, interview, interrupted by giggles and time out for Amelia and Matilde to

work in other Australian cities.

They consented happily to having their picture taken, but the next half-hour was bedlam for photographer Vic Grimmett.

Chattering like a bunch of starlings in rapid Spanish, they wriggled and squirmed and looked everywhere but at the camera.

"If we are ugly after in the picture, you die," they taunted Vic, drawing their fingers across their throats.

"Quiet!" roared Vic. "Won't somebody please tell them to be quiet? Where's the dictionary?"

"Quiet!" shouted Vic, and there was sudden silence, but it didn't last long.

"Come, now, be good girls," pleaded Vic. "If you sit nicely I will give you each a picture to send home to Spain."

That did the trick, but pandemonium broke out again when Vic tried to place Maria's hands in a more attractive position.

It was obvious from the sudden burst of voluble Spanish that the girls were saying, "See, here is another of those men, not with the respect for the woman."

From then on they teased a scarlet-faced Vic until he finally got his picture.

There should be more of these intelligent, fun-loving Spanish girls coming out to Australia under an assisted-passage scheme.

Judging from my interview, there's never a dull moment when they are around.

relay my questions to the other girls in Spanish.

I found out that:

● "Spanish men are more well mannered than other men, have the great respect for the woman."

● "It is hard to say what we think about Australian men, because so far we have not met many Australian men, only what you call New Australian men."

● "People here seem to work too hard, rush too much. We have time for other things in Spain—for the siesta."

"I am going to stay single all my life," said Matilde (who told me I was "simpatico"), "because in Spain when a woman marries she does all the work. In Spain the woman she works, not the man. I think it is not the same in Australia, no?"

Later the girls intend to



**TWO MODEL  
SUCCESS  
STORIES  
FROM PARIS**

By  
**ANNE MATHESON,**  
of our London staff

# Margo earns £135 a day

**Bush ballads help posing,  
but Aussie accent stopped  
film role with Brando**

**M**MARGO McKENDRY has the fashion job every model dreams of. She has been brought to Paris by "Harper's Bazaar" to do the entire Paris collections with the famous American fashion photographer Richard Avedon. (The film "Funny Face," with Audrey Hepburn and Fred Astaire, was based on his life.)

Margo isn't seeing Paris. She is working by day and far into the night in the "Harper's Bazaar" studios. The only time she is sure of sleep is when the collections are being shown to the Press and buyers and are not available for photography.

"It's usually, in the afternoon," she said, "but I'm used to catching sleep when I can. That's fashion work."

"You can understand why I've never seen a fashion collection in my life."

While Margo poses she recites Australian bush ballads.

The trend in fashion pictures now is for natural movements instead of posed

stances," she said. "But the photographers' plea, 'Say something,' doesn't help much when you're stuck for words at the moment the camera clicks. And the old word 'cheese' has gone right out."

"So I started reciting Banjo Paterson and other Australian poets. It caught on so fast that now I'm teaching the photographers our poetry."

"They stop and say, 'Gee, Margo, what does the "outer Barcoo" mean.'"

After only a little more than a week in Paris, Margo flies back to New York to start work immediately.

"I'm booked solid until I leave for Australia at the end of September for a three-month break."

"This will be a real holiday, catching up on all my friends who are engaged, married, or having babies. I miss them all."

Margo can afford long and expensive holidays. She makes 60 dollars an hour in America, which means 300 dollars (£135) a day.

"Sometimes I work overtime, which is time-and-a-half

after 5.30 p.m. and works out at 90 dollars an hour."

"The unions are very strong, and my agent handles all the finance. Even if I wanted to stay on location without charging, I couldn't."

Margo's agent is Eileen Ford.

"She is simply wonderful," said Margo, "and has helped me to get settled in New York."

"I have a lovely apartment on the East Side with trees and a view. That's very rare in New York. Eileen also found me a French maid."

## In Hollywood

While Margo's Australian ballads are a help with her fashion work, her Australian accent was a barrier to a film career.

The part for which she was tested was as Marlon Brando's wife in "The Ugly American."

"Though I didn't get the part, the experience was fascinating," she said, "ten days of absolute spoiling."

Universal-International Pictures took her to Hollywood. "When the publicity and

production thought the wardrobe clothes weren't good enough, they took me to all the very best stores and said, 'Choose what you like.' I did."

"Well, I put everything I could into the test. They used to call me Mrs. Stroheim after the perfectionist Director Erich von Stroheim, because I gave all the attention to detail one must have for top fashion work."

"I knew from the beginning my Australian accent would be a hindrance, but there was no time to do anything about it."

"I had never seen CinemaScope rushes, and when I saw myself larger than life on the screen I got an awful shock."

For Margo, as for nearly every model, keeping weight down is a problem.

"For me it is a nightmare," said Margo. "I sometimes don't eat for a whole week while I'm working."

"I have no set diet now—but I watch what I eat very carefully. I never have a drink, but I smoke a lot. If I give up smoking I put on weight."

"I find now that hambur-



**MARGO McKENDRY, of Double Bay, N.S.W., who has had fantastic success in the U.S.A. as a photographers' model, earning £135 a day. Her recent stint was to model the entire "Harper's Bazaar" selection of clothes from the Paris winter collections.**

gers and coffee in America snatched between jobs keep me going while I'm working, without adding any pounds."

Margo will return home with a wealth of ideas about fashion promotion.

"Australia has good fashion," she said. "My Australian clothes go all round the world and are always admired."

"Eileen Ford has four Australians on her books, all earn-

ing top model fees. The three others are Jean Newington, Anne Felton, and Pauline Kiernan. If we can pull in 60 dollars an hour, you can see why people are beginning to look to Australia for new ideas and creative fashion."

"We've got good houses, but an Australian fashion group would put Australia over in the fashion world. After all, fashion is where you find it."

● **Superstition gave Sydney model Ursula Klamet a lucky break at Dior. Marc Bohan had 13 mannequins rehearsing for the winter collections. Tense with pre-opening jitters, he was wondering what to do at this last minute when Ursula walked into the salon.**



**"I** MAgINE how thrilled I was when they said, 'Yes,' Ursula told me.

Ursula had to learn to walk in a quite different way—hips thrust forward, body at a backward tilt.

All through the hectic week before the final rehearsal, she watched the other girls, and at night she practised the Dior walk.

"It is quite different from the way we walk at home—straight, with heads held high," she said, "and it takes time and practice to perfect."

Ursula's next big thrill was when a top photographer asked her to model for him.

With Dior's famous model Kouka, she posed for Continental magazines.

She plans to stay in Paris for at least two fashion seasons.

**URSULA KLAMET, of Potts Point, N.S.W. Ursula, 22, came to Australia six years ago from Germany with her mother. She went to London this year, did some modelling there, then went to Paris. She has brown hair and blue eyes.**

"But though I love Paris I want to go back to Australia, where my mother and I have been so very happy," she said.

Born in Hanover in 1939, Ursula went to Australia with her mother six years ago. Her elder sister, Eva Maria, married just before they sailed and lives in Frankfurt, where her husband has a leading hotel.

Like most top Paris models Ursula is working hard during collection time. She lives in one of the chic little hotels near the big couture houses.

"And when I am not working I am usually too tired for much social life," she said.

But when the rush is over she plans to look for a small apartment "somewhere on the Left Bank or where I can see the River Seine," she said. "I think I will share it with one of the other girls."

Ursula admits to loneliness. "Not that I don't love this wonderful city," she said, "but I don't know many people and it's not really fun going about alone."

When Ursula came to Paris from London a few months ago she meant to have a short holiday and that was all.

"Because I had always admired Mademoiselle Chanel and wanted to see her, I dropped into the salon and

asked if they would take me on as a mannequin."

"The idea came to me in a flash as I was walking past Chanel's salon—the unexpected has always dictated the course of my life."

"The directrice said, 'Go in to the dressing-room and we will give you one of our suits to wear.'"

## Stage fright

When she walked on to the dais all the chandeliers were suddenly lit, and arc lights came on.

"They were so unexpected in the empty mirrored rooms that I felt very nervous."

At the end of the salon watching her, Ursula saw Mademoiselle Chanel.

"Then Mademoiselle Chanel came over and spoke to me. I replied in English saying I was sorry I couldn't speak French. She looked at me very closely and I was so touched that this great woman could be standing beside me that I forgot I was there looking for a job."

"Then she dismissed me by turning her head towards the windows, and I went back to the dressing-room to change."

"When I came out again she was not even looking in my direction. I thought, 'Oh, well, that's that.'"

"Mademoiselle Chanel spoke to one of her assistants in French, which I didn't understand, and I was led out of the showroom. To my surprise a secretary appeared from seemingly nowhere and said, 'Can you start tomorrow?' She added, 'How much salary do you expect?' I was so taken aback that I said, 'I have no idea at all.'"

"Then I realised I couldn't start work at Chanel as I had promised to work in London. But a month later, when those parades were finished, I took a chance and went back."

"I started work at Chanel, but saw Mademoiselle Chanel only once again."

"The mannequins there are all very friendly. One is a princess, one a countess, another from one of the wealthiest and best families in France."

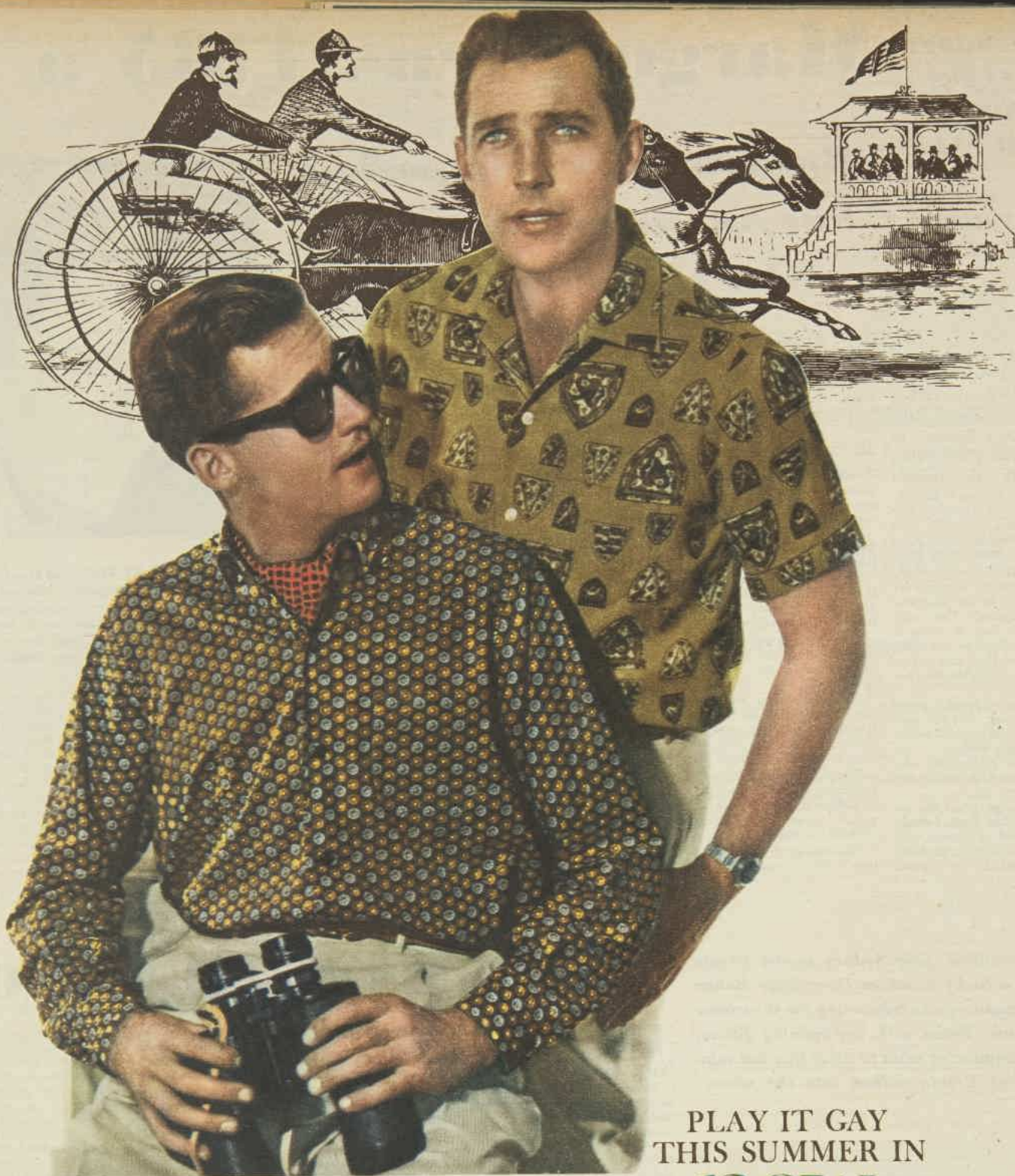
"Most of them are married, or live with their families, and when the salon closed they went home. I went back to my room."

Ursula felt lonely and longed for the hustle and bustle.

By a wonderful stroke of luck she arrived at Dior.

"My salary is good for a big house, where prestige counts far more than wages," said Ursula, "and everyone, from M. Bohan down, is kindness itself."





PLAY IT GAY  
THIS SUMMER IN

new  
country  
club  
sand  
tone  
prints!

# DESIGNED FOR YOUNG SPORTSMEN !

Fascinating new American prints in rich rugged sand shades from the great outdoors itself—golden, olive, burnished and ivory sand. Every one is a design created specially for Country Club. And the patterns! Even a set of Heraldic prints! Short sleeves from 55/9; long sleeves priced from 59/9.



ONLY COUNTRY CLUB SPORTS SHIRTS ARE TAILORED BY BUCKWALTER. DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND. CC.5036.FPC



# £300 IN PRIZES

YOU now have more chances to win a prize in our CROZZLE, which is a puzzle within a crossword. The prizes are:

● £100 for top score. (In the event of a tie for top score, the £100 will be divided among the tied entrants after elimination according to condition 5.)

● £200 divided evenly among all entries with the next four highest scores, and any tied entry eliminated from the top score. (Condition 5 also applies.)

Send as many entries as you like, provided each is filled in on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. So if you have sent in two or more entries which are among those sharing the prizemoney, your entries will win two or more shares. These entries can be identical.

CLOSING DATE for Crozzle No. 7, August 30.

## HOW TO DO IT:

With each puzzle a blank crossword grid is published and a list of words relating to one subject. This week's words refer to art and artists.

Make up your own crossword in the blank grid, using any of the words in the list. Remember, you may use only the words supplied, and you may use them only once.

Words do not have to interlock, but remember, too, it is the interlocking letters that help to increase your score. When you have completed the CROZZLE, black in the unused squares.

Your finished CROZZLE will look just like a crossword. It doesn't have to fall into any set pattern or be symmetrical. But words along the same line, whether across or down, must be separated by a black square except where their letters interlock.

(Crozzle No. 4 entry, below, is a useful guide.)

## CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. All entries for CROZZLE No. 7 must be received by August 30, and should be addressed: "CROZZLE No. 7," THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

2. Entries must be on the grid and coupon cut from the paper. Entries containing any altered letters cannot be accepted.

3. No words other than those in the list provided may be used. Entries containing any other words or combinations of letters will be disqualified. Words in the list may be used ONCE ONLY.

4. Entries on which incorrect scores are shown will be disqualified.

5. In the event of ties, the tied entry showing the highest points for interlocking letters will be regarded as the higher score. If there is still a tie, the entries will share the prizemoney.

6. This contest is governed by the rules published in our issue of August 2.

## CROZZLE No. 4 WINNERS

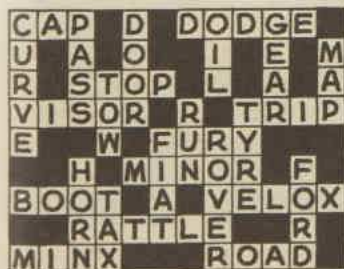
SIX entrants tied with 450 points (including 190 points each for interlocking letters), and therefore share the £300 awarded under the former prizemoney system. They are:

Mr. F. A. Larkin, 29 Vincent Rd., Wanganui, Vic.; Mrs. V. E. Larkin, 29 Vincent Rd., Wanganui, Vic.; Mrs. N. Blaker, 1 Hillside Cres., Epping, N.S.W.; H. T. Wellham, Kurrango St., Dorrigo 26, N.S.W.; F. W. Tarlinton, Hickory St., Dorrigo, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. E. Thomson, 12 Tweedale Rd., Applecross, W.A.

Below, redrawn by our artist for miles satisfactory reproduction, is Mr. F. A. Larkin's entry.

Three runners-up gained 440 points.

The new prize system, under which second prizes will be awarded, applies from Crozzle No. 5 onward.



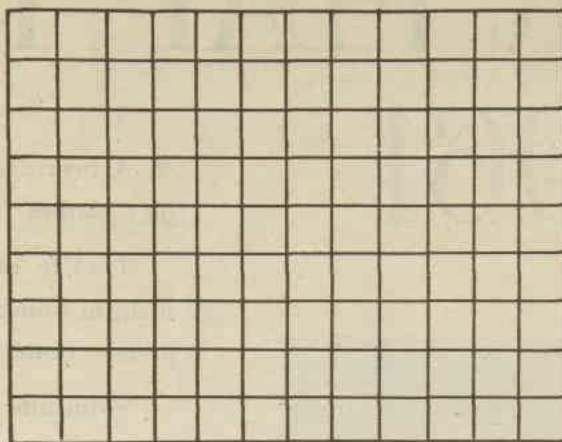
13, 33, 31, 12, 10, 9, 37, 25, 7, 7, 6

TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS 190

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED 260

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY 450

# CROZZLE No. 7



TOTAL POINTS FROM INTERLOCKING LETTERS

PLUS TEN POINTS FOR EACH WORD USED

MAKING THE GRAND TOTAL FOR MY ENTRY.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

**SCORING:** For every word used in your crossword there is a score of 10 points. You score extra points for each interlocking letter—at a rate shown in the table below. Interlocking letters are those which occur in the same square in a word going across and another word going down.

The winning CROZZLE on this page shows you how to total your scores. The figures at the bottom of each column of the grid refer to points scored for interlocking letters.

When you send in your entry, add up your points in the space provided on the coupon and submit the grid and coupon with your grand total clearly marked. An incorrect total disqualifies the entry. Interlocking letter scoring scale:

1-point letters.	3-point letters.	6-point letters.	12-point letters.
A	H	O	V
B	I	P	W
C	J	Q	X
D	K	R	Y
E	L	S	Z
F	M	T	
G	N	U	

## Word list for Crozzle No. 7

3 LETTERS	5 LETTERS	7 LETTERS	9 LETTERS	11 LETTERS	13 LETTERS
Art	Black	Academy	Portrait	Atmosphere	Background
Dab	Brush	Atelier	Reynolds	Background	Caricature
Eye	Chalk	Baroque	Seascape	Caricature	Foreground
Ink	Color	Biscuit	Tapestry	Caricature	Lithograph
Low	Corot	Cartoon	Vignette	Caricature	Silhouette
Mat	Degas	Carving	Whistler	Caricature	Surrealism
Mix	Draft	Cezanne	9 LETTERS	Caricature	11 LETTERS
Oil	Easel	Diagram	Constable	Caricature	Chiaroscuro
Old	Genre	Drawing	Distemper	Caricature	Connoisseur
Pen	Green	Emboss	Landscape	Caricature	Foreshorten
Red	Japan	Enamel	Mezzotint	Caricature	Masterpiece
Sea	Manet	Fresco	Miniature	Caricature	Perspective
Set	Model	Holbein	Rembrandt	Caricature	Renaissance
	Mural	Lacquer	Sculpture	Caricature	12 LETTERS
	Orpen	Matisse	10 LETTERS	Caricature	Gainsborough
	Paint	Outline	Atmosphere	Caricature	Illustration
	Bust	Painter	Background	Caricature	Michelangelo
	Daub	Palette	Caricature	Caricature	
	Draw	Picasso	Caricature	Caricature	
	Dyck	Picture	Caricature	Caricature	
	Etch	Renoir	Caricature	Caricature	
	Flat	Rococo	Caricature	Caricature	
	Gild	Rubens	Caricature	Caricature	
	Goya	Shadow	Caricature	Caricature	
	Hals	Sitter	Caricature	Caricature	
	John	Sketch	Caricature	Caricature	
	Lely	Statue	Caricature	Caricature	
	Nash	Studio	Caricature	Caricature	
	Nude	Titian	Caricature	Caricature	
	Opie	Turner	Caricature	Caricature	
	Tone	Yellow	Caricature	Caricature	
	Wash	7 LETTERS	Caricature	Caricature	
		Academy	Caricature	Caricature	
		Atelier	Caricature	Caricature	
		Baroque	Caricature	Caricature	
		Biscuit	Caricature	Caricature	
		Cartoon	Caricature	Caricature	
		Carving	Caricature	Caricature	
		Cezanne	Caricature	Caricature	
		Diagram	Caricature	Caricature	
		Drawing	Caricature	Caricature	

## Another Crozzle next week

# Worth Reporting

GOING about his lawful dawn duty of watering the gardens of exclusive

La Jolla Beach, San Diego, the startled gardener dropped his hose as three drenched Australian girls crawled out from the rosebushes.

"We-er-we couldn't afford a hotel bed last night," apologised young Sydney school-teacher Pat Burke, "and this spot was perfect — secluded yet giving us a good view of the streets."

"No Bed of Roses" or "Around the World in a Sleeping-bag" could well be the title of any travel book that Pat Burke and school-teacher friend Heather Campbell care to write.

During their recent three-year global working holiday, the pair "bagged" beds ranging from San Diego's rosebushes to the park benches of Las Vegas, back seats of U.S. Greyhound buses, and Pakistani railway platforms to the sands of Iran.

"Funds were sometimes so low," said Pat, "we drew lots for the day's major expenses — eat, sleep in a decent bed, or buy camera film."

Pat, then 23, and Heather, 22, together with a teacher friend, Anne Crawford (now Mrs. Gordon Matthews), set forth to see the world in 1958.

Teaching, sightseeing by car, train, or foot during school vacations, they covered Canada and the U.S. in the first 12 months, then went on to England.

Anne returned home to Australia, leaving Pat and Heather to spend the next two years taking in the Continent, Scandinavia, the Middle East, India, and the Far East.

Were they ever in danger of being molested? "The secret," revealed Pat, "is to uphold the 'lady' impression — wear dresses, no heavy make-up, and always refuse a cigarette or a drink."

PAIN, Pill, Kille, Coffin, Grave, Bury, and Paradise are among the names of doctors appearing in the British Medical Directory.

## His melting creations

SYDNEY sculptor Norman McPherson cannot sculpt unless his studio is cold as an ice-box — preferably 28deg.

His "studio" is a tiny room at Matraville Ice Works, where he is in business as, he believes, "New South Wales' only commercial ice sculptor."

"Big hotel chefs dabble in ice for parties, but me, I take orders," he says.

The orders? From glittering models of a Venus, a rooster for the French Rugby team, to a dragon for the victorious St. George Rugby Union team.

He works in overalls ("never feel or catch cold"), chips away at swans (about six guineas), lions (about 10). His creations last "at least eight hours" — melt at the rate of about one and a half pints of water an hour into a bucket concealed beneath the festive board.

## Adopted — by a frog

A BLUE MOUNTAINS tree frog — possibly a prince in disguise — has a silver plaque for a Sydney doctor at the Y.M.C.A. Camera Circle's Fourth International Exhibition of Photography.

The amateur photographer is Dr. Leopold Pavlovic, Randwick, whom the frog (definitely a Thaddeus Toad Esq. type) adopted in a Penrith milk-bar last year.

You can meet Thaddeus in his "Watch Me Mamma" color portrait at the exhibition at Sydney Town Hall, August 12 to 23.



The prizewinning picture of Thaddeus, the tree frog.

From the moment Thaddeus startled the milk-bar proprietress by leaping out of her refrigerator, he attached himself to Dr. Pavlovic. He furiously resisted all efforts to release him in the bush.

Nor would he eat — not even the flies that friends helped to catch. Which led one of them to quip, "Maybe he's a frog prince. Offer the flies on a gold platter and see what happens at sundown."

Dr. Pavlovic took him home, got his prizewinning shot after four and a half hours' camera work with the lively Thaddeus on the kitchen table.

Finally, he persuaded Thaddeus to settle for a spot among the water-lilies in Centennial Park — where, as any youngster knows, anything magic in the way of a frog prince can happen.

Five other Australian entries won major prizes in the exhibition, which attracted 5152 entries from 50 countries, including China with 36. They are Lance Nelson, N.S.W., Aleen Woodcock, Vic., Otto Hofmann, N.S.W., Mervyn Thomas, Vic., Peter Slater, W.A.

Peter's nature slide "Wasp Carrying Caterpillar" (recently published in The Australian Women's Weekly) won the Photographic Society of America's Silver Medal — giving him a hat-trick this year. Earlier it took a silver plaque in Melbourne's exhibition and a bronze in Adelaide's.

THIS notice appeared in the shop window of a furniture dealer's in Notting Hill, London:

"Would the person who stole two carved chairs like the settee to match?"



# SUMMER PLAY TOGS FOR 1961

● A twin drama of color and design stamps the play clothes for high summer, 1961.

They're casual, dressed up, pretty, lean, and slick, in wonderful primary colors, delicately toned pastels, riotous sunburned prints.

Swimsuits are sculpted with the elegance of ball gowns, shorts are short as can be or Jamaican teamed with long socks. Tops end bang on the waist or tip the hipbones.

These Australian-made play clothes, photographed aboard the new liner Canberra, will be in the stores this month.



**BRIEF** skirtless swimsuit (left) in sleek nylon stretch fabric has round neck and arms, rounded high-cut legs. It's a brilliant Hawaiian - blue, spiked with white, worn by Caroline Drury, with the twin funnels of the new liner Canberra as backdrop.

**COVERED-UP** look in these swimsuits (above) worn by Pat Lees (foreground) and Diane Parkinson in the Canberra's First Class swimming pool. Pat's suit has short sleeves; Diane's has contrast contour shoulder straps, a waist-deep V at back.





**HOW - MANY -  
PIECE** playsuit. It  
could be three and  
it could be four.  
It's two pieces, the  
second worn as a  
skirt with pockets  
in the picture  
above, worn as a  
brief cover-up top  
in the picture at  
left. Of Swiss  
screen-print in  
bold high-fashion  
yellows and golds,  
it is modelled by  
Caroline Drury.



**MODELS** (left) Diane Parkinson, in  
ditch-digger shirt, Jamaican shorts, and  
long socks, Caroline Drury in skinny  
white pants and terry-towelling shirt,  
and Pat Lees in a striped cotton-knit  
top and short broadcloth shorts, nip-  
ped in on the leg with elastic, chat-  
ting to 33-year-old John West, the designer  
of the new 45,000-ton liner Canberra.

**STRIPES**, vertical and horizontal, are  
perennial sportswear stunners and  
high fashion this summer. Diane,  
right, wears a skirtless suit in elasti-  
cised vertical striped cotton-knit, V-  
necked in front; Pat Lees (left) is  
wearing a dramatic scoop-necked suit  
in broad contrasting horizontal stripes,  
also made of elasticised cotton-knit.

Page 11



# NEW! Plush

ONE-ACTION

CARPET SHAMPOO



**Just  
apply  
-let it  
dry!**

**NO HARD RUBBING!**

**NO RINSING!**

**NO SOAKING!**

## A QUICKER, EASIER WAY TO MAKE YOUR CARPETS CLEAN AS NEW

No more hard work — you just apply Plush with a cloth, sponge or soft brush and leave it. No hard rubbing... no rinsing... no soaking — just leave it. Leave it to foam and float out trodden-in dirt that wears out your carpet. When dry, sweep or vacuum clean in the usual way and all the loosened dirt is removed. It makes the carpet pile stand up and look like new.

## PROVED BY THOUSANDS OF HOUSEWIVES

Plush comes from England, where it has been proved by thousands of housewives as the world's greatest, safest and best carpet shampoo. Keep your carpets looking better longer. Use Plush. One-action foaming Plush is so economical too! One plastic container cleans the average lounge room wall-to-wall carpet for only 8/3.



**Plush  
FLOATS DIRT OUT!**

Plush does all the hard work for you. The cap is a measure — mix five measures to a pint of warm water. Rub it on. The Plush lather is gently active — specially mild — floats up all the embedded dirt. Better than any soap, any detergent, any general purpose cleaner. Use only Plush for carpets.

**Plush  
GETS CARPETS  
BRAND-NEW CLEAN**

FATHER



"Oh, shut up!"

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE

"Have a sweet, Mum. I hate this sort."

## It seems to me

IT now appears that the famous 80-year-old Norfolk Island pine trees at Manly, N.S.W., are quite safe. Nobody is going to cut them down, and nobody ever intended to.

But all the fuss, caused by some apparent misunderstanding of a tourist - consultant company's recommendations, focused attention on Manly Beach, probably drew a few extra visitors last weekend.

Norfolk Island pine trees are never seen to better advantage than along a beach promenade. Against the background of the blue sea they lose the funeral look they wear in an inland garden.

And for new seaside resorts they are the perfect solution to the awkward stage.

There is a period (now way back in Manly's history) when a seaside township loses its untrodden charm. The sand dunes exchange their grassy covering for discarded ice-cream buckets and have to give way to cement.

The bush trees disappear as civilisation advances.

At this time many seaside towns acquire a shabby look. They are like girls who, having lost the first freshness of youth, must use heavier make-up.

And it is then that the pine trees can come to the rescue. They are the false eyelashes of the seafront.

**DOROTHY LAMOUR**, sounding a bit huffed, refused a role in "The Road to Hong Kong," the new film that Bob Hope and Bing Crosby plan to make.

She was to be given only four lines. "I know they'd want a younger, romantic lead," she said, "but I don't want a part that will make people say, 'Oh, the poor thing.'"

You can understand why Dot was offended, but it's just one of the sad facts of life.

Bing, balding, and Bob, spreading, will still be acceptable figures in this sequel to the comedies of their youth.

But the sarong girl has to be young or people would indeed say, "Oh, the poor thing."

Unfair, but I don't know what we can do about it.

**READERS** have solved the problem of the wasted shallots.

A couple of weeks ago I mentioned the dilemma of a one-shallot recipe, such as that said to be Princess Margaret's favorite (*Entrecoûte Bretonne*, page 3 of July 26 issue, and very good, too — I tried it).

Mrs. Gladys Crawley and Mrs. Clare Calpis, both of Sydney, advise replanting the shallots in a pot (or, better still, in the garden). This, they tell me, not only keeps the plants fresh but increases the supply.

It appears that if you have a garden you need buy only one bunch of shallots. After that you could have them for ever and ever.

Postscript from Mrs. Calpis: "If in a pot, leave near an open window."



Dorothy Drann

**SOUTH** Koreans are being asked to greet each other with the words "Let us reconstruct," instead of "Did you sleep well?"

The question "Did you sleep well?" is polite usage in many countries, though nowadays in Western circles it is mainly asked in homes or boarding-houses. It is not often heard as a street or office greeting.

It has the disadvantage of an inquiry after health, in that some people choose to answer it in detail. If you are given to picturesque dreams it is hard to resist the opening afforded by the question.

"Let us reconstruct" is one of those products of optimistic, bureaucratic minds. It's a fair guess that it will not be a much greater success in Korea than it would be in Australia. One cannot imagine anything much more disruptive to the harmony of the family breakfast.

**THE** winter is almost over, which means that certain problems can be shelved for another year.

One project vaguely in the back of my mind these last cold weeks was the buying of a tea-cosy. I think I had one once, but I forget what happened to it.

I was reminded of it the other day when I picked up an ancient etiquette book.

Published in 1885, it states in a chapter about entertaining: "One thing ought never to be seen on any lady's tea-table, that modern abomination called a tea-cosy, a sort of envelope or cloth for the teapot, made of wool or cloth."

"To have such a thing in society is simply an impossibility. You might just as well tell your visitors, 'I use a tea-cosy to keep the teapot warm as, if the tea gets cold, I am too poor to have more made.'"

**WHEN** a Russian-born couple celebrated their golden wedding in Sydney last week, the husband, describing their happy life together, said, "All the time I just work and give Momma the money."

*Oh, such is life, a husband knows.  
It's sometimes fine and sunny,  
And sometimes not. He reaps and sows  
And just gives Mum the money.*

*It might at first to careless ears  
Imply he was the bunny  
To work away for years and years  
And just give Mum the money.*

*But Mum, if asked, could well reply,  
Affectionately sunny,  
"Yes, what he says is true, and I?  
I manage on the money."*



# NEW WALLS FOR OLD

THE CHOICE OF  
**100** exciting colours  
THAT DRY  
IN 15 MINUTES



Personally selected by  
**JOSEPHINE BULL**  
World-Famous American  
Decorator



For your **FREE** copy  
ASK AT ANY AUTHORISED  
BRITISH PAINTS' AGENT.

## British Paints Limited **NU-PLASTIK** ACRYLIC-REINFORCED VELVET FLAT WALL & CEILING FINISH

NU-PLASTIK GIVES YOU EASY, SUCCESSFUL PAINTING EVERY TIME  
BECAUSE ONLY NU-PLASTIK HAS ALL THESE OUTSTANDING FEATURES:

**FANTASTIC ADHESION.** Nu-Plastik gives a beautiful, velvet flat finish that will not powder, peel or flake.

**AMAZINGLY SCRUBBABLE.**

In an official test, Nu-Plastik's acrylic reinforced surface withstood 3,000 heavy-duty scrubbing movements without damage.

**RESISTS MARKING WHEN RUBBED**—and you can wash it again and again.

**MAXIMUM RESISTANCE TO MOULD AND FUNGUS.** Nu-Plastik is highly resistant to all types of fungus and mould.

**NO SEALERS OR UNDER-COATS** needed on new asbestos cement sheeting, cement render, soft wallboards, brickwork, masonry, wallpaper.

**DRIES IN 15 MINUTES.** You easily apply two coats in an afternoon.

**WASH UP UNDER TAP.** Just wash brushes, roller or spray-gun with water when finished.

**SO EASY TO USE.** Nu-Plastik flows on so easily, leaves no lap or brush marks, touch-up without marking.

Your choice of companion finishes for woodwork and trim in brilliant gloss enamel or semi-gloss enamel.



BRITISH PAINTS'  
**GLOSS-MASTA**  
BRILLIANT  
GLOSS ENAMEL  
One coat covers  
any colour



BRITISH PAINTS'  
**SATIN-TONE**  
SATIN FINISH  
ENAMEL  
A beautifully even,  
semi-gloss finish





— and thereby hangs a tale. It's the story of a writer and . . .



Xavier Herbert.



Wife, Sadie.

# ...A wife who waited

By ROBIN ADAIR



SADIE, in the early 1940s, wearing her full-length squirrel coat.

THE owner of the coat is Sadie Herbert, wife of Australian writer Xavier Herbert.

Her husband is world famous as the author of the pre-war best-seller "Capricornia," the novel awarded the Australian Commonwealth sesquicentenary (1938) literary prize.

When he was in Sydney recently to help launch his latest book, "Soldiers' Women," Xavier told me the story of the squirrel coat.

It was when I asked him how Sadie felt about his writing "walkabouts."

Xavier has to "get away from people — particularly women," when he writes. The draft of "Soldiers' Women" was written during a lonely three-and-a-half-year spell in the Queensland bush while Sadie lived 25 miles away at Redlynch, near Cairns.

"If you hear the story of the squirrel coat you'll know how Sadie feels," he said.

So I heard the story. Earlier, I had read the way Xavier started to write it, stopping because, as he said, "it was so close to my heart."

## True love

Xavier had written: "It was during the early period of my struggle to find the realities of my existence following the publication of 'Capricornia.' Everybody knows that my marriage is just about perfect. In fact, the love between Sadie and myself has been described as classical. Nevertheless, I'm the sort of man who is irked by too much domesticity and it was like that at the time I describe . . ."

This time at which Xavier was "irked" was 1941, and to escape "domesticity" at their home in the Sydney suburb of

Narrabeen he decided to buy a motor-cycle and ride off — "anywhere" — alone.

Sadie agreed ("she always agrees to such things"), but before he bought his motor-cycle Xavier felt he should buy Sadie a gift.

"I said to her: 'While we're chucking the money around you might as well have some clothes.'"

He said Sadie argued that they didn't have enough money for both projects, but finally gave in and agreed to get a fur coat.

At a Sydney furrier's, Xavier, who did not know how expensive furs could be, insisted she try on a full-length, dyed squirrel coat.

"She swore she didn't like it and wouldn't have it," said Xavier. "But I had seen her eyes and face light up when she slipped it on."

"So, although she whispered, 'Let's get out of here!' ran from the shop, and cried, I took her back in and we bought it."

Xavier wouldn't tell me how much he paid, but later a furrier told me it could have cost £200.

The author remembers Sadie's first words when the coat became hers: "Now I look so lovely."

And she looked even lovelier when Xavier had bought for her a chic French hat, a new dress, and shoes.

Their bank balance wasn't such a pretty sight, however, Xavier recalled. "Bang went my motor-bike," he said ruefully.

## Wanderlust

The coat, according to Xavier, was Sadie's constant companion (weather permitting) from that day on — until, in 1946, he was demobilised from the Army, and the wanderlust hit him again.

That year he decided to write a book about women's behaviour during wartime, and, of course, he had to get away from people.

So he bought a house in Redlynch for Sadie, left her there, and spent those three-

and-a-half years in a shack on Black Mountain.

Redlynch is no place for a fur, even in winter. So, uncomplainingly, Sadie sent the squirrel coat into cold storage.

After 15 years it's still there. But, probably, not for long.

Xavier is now saving up (helped by money from "Soldiers' Women") to send Sadie on a world tour. And he wants the squirrel coat — restyled perhaps — to go with her.

He wants her to go alone while he stays behind—which is a reversal of his wandering form.

So, maybe Sadie will insist on buying him a present—and maybe the trip money will be "blued" on this present.

extra strength and length . . .

# ACTIL

SHEETS & PILLOW CASES

## Guarantee

Should these Actil Products prove unsatisfactory in wear they will be replaced by the Sole Manufacturers



- Sheets full 99 inches long after hemming
- Strongly woven for long wear
- No 'filling'—all pure cotton
- Hygienically boxed



AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED—MAKERS OF SHEETS • PILLOW CASES • NURSERY SQUARES • FASCO—THE ALL PURPOSE FABRIC • BEAU-WEAVE FURNISHING FABRIC



**Buy it now — the  
RICHEST, MOISTEST FRUIT CAKE  
you've tasted in years!**



**"Rich with plump, juicy sultanas... moist with golden honey...  
fresh baked by master pastrycooks!"**

You'd be proud to bake a cake like this yourself — that's how good it is! New Southern Cross Fruit Cake is full of plump, juicy Australian sultanas ripened in our own warm sunshine. It's moist with pure, golden honey, packed with the goodness of fresh eggs, milk and creamy shortening — and it stays home-made fresh for ages! This is Australia's very own fruit cake, made by Master Pastry cooks for Australians who appreciate the nicest things of life. It's the kind of fruit cake that can be eaten and enjoyed every day of the week, and used in so many different ways. If yours is a cake-hungry family, surprise them tonight with Southern Cross Fruit Cake — you can buy it wherever good cake is sold.



Look at these choice ingredients! They're what make Southern Cross Fruit Cake the richest, moistest fruit cake you can buy!



Use chunky slices of Southern Cross Fruit Cake to make school lunches more nourishing — more fun to eat!



For a quick energy-lift there's nothing like fruit-laden Southern Cross Fruit Cake with your morning or afternoon cup of tea.

**AS ADVERTISED ON TV . . . AVAILABLE  
WHEREVER GOOD CAKE IS SOLD**



# ON YOUR FEET A LOT?



Here's  
blissful  
comfort  
for  
tired  
aching  
legs

## Supp-hose

### THE SHEER SUPPORT NYLON STOCKINGS THAT EASE TIRED LEGS!

Women everywhere are discovering blissful comfort with SUPP-HOSE — the only fashionable stockings that support your legs! Housewives, working women, mothers-to-be and those suffering from varicose veins have all found blissful relief from aching legs with SUPP-HOSE. They look and wash like any other sheer nylons — yet their gentle pressure gives wonderful support. Try them! 42/- PAIR

\* ALL NYLON \* 7 PROPORTIONED FITTINGS  
\* GUARANTEED 9 TIMES LONGER WEAR \* 4 COLORS

**SUPP-HOSE by HILTON**

### MAY WE SUGGEST?

THE IDEAL GIFT  
for friends in  
Australia or Overseas  
is a  
Gift Subscription  
to

The Australian  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Rates	1/2 Year	1 Year
Aust.	£3/14/6	£3/9/-
N. Guinea	£2/3/6	£4/7/-
New Zealand	£2/6/6	£4/13/-
S. Afr.	£2/11/6	£5/5/-
Brit. Dom.	£3/5/6	£6/11/-
Foreign		

THE IDEAL GIFT!

HUNDREDS OF HOME  
PLANS are available from our  
Home Planning Centres located  
in leading retail stores through-  
out Australia.

See this week's new archi-  
tect-designed home on Home  
Plan page.

Page 16

### The truth about RHEUMATISM

Medical research recognises no single specific for effective treatment of rheumatism in all its forms. For over 60 years, Doan's Back and Kidney Pills have been recognised as an auxiliary treatment when faulty elimination is a factor in rheumatic conditions of back, joints or limbs. Healthy kidneys purify the blood. Doan's are an established diuretic and mild antiseptic for the kidneys and bladder, for relief of irritant conditions, undue frequency and simple infections. Don't put up with discomfort. Get Doan's today!

### Like Walking on Pillows

1. Relieve painful Calluses.
2. Cushioned comfort, ease pressure on nerves of the feet.
3. Help lessen strain of standing or walking.

Make each day a holiday for your feet. Cushion feet from toe to heel with new, luxury softness.

5/12 at Chemists, Stores, Scholl depots.

**D<sup>r</sup> Scholl's  
AIR-PILLO INSOLES**



## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Hairdo critic

NO matter how tastefully she's dressed, a woman is just not considered well groomed unless she falls into line with a sticky, styled hairdo. To touch such coiffures is to touch sponged starch. Surely men prefer the natural, silky look. I agree that from a distance the silhouetted outline of a well-moulded head looks attractive — but who wants to be admired from afar? Up close, these hairdos can look ridiculous and, if one of a group, ludicrous.

£1/1/- to "Plain Jane" (name supplied), Coogee, N.S.W.

### Starting junior at school

I'VE heard the expression "I had to take a belt to him to get him off" several times lately and I must say it shocked me. On each occasion it was used by a woman describing her child's first days at school. Facing the outside world alone is an overwhelming experience to a child. Mothers should use all the patience, love, and understanding they can muster.

£1/1/- to "D.B." (name supplied), Scarborough, Qld.

### Predicting baby's sex

WE of the Tweed River district swear by the "Cork"—a variation of the old wedding ring idea — when predicting the sex of an unborn child. With a threaded needle sticking into the centre of the cork, dangle the cork over the prospective Mum's pulse. It will swing either across the wrist or round in a circle — across for a boy and round for a girl. Watch the swings carefully and you'll see the cork slows down between "predictions"—telling you the sex and number of children you'll have. To my knowledge, it has never failed. My first child, a boy by the cork (with another boy then two girls to follow), is due any day and the layette is predominantly blue.

£1/1/- to "Prediction" (name supplied), Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

### Problem of a timid son

MY three-year-old boy will not stick up for his rights. If another child takes his toy or hits him, he runs to me for help instead of fighting back. This worries me terribly. I don't want my son to be a bully, just to be able to look after himself. Can anyone help me with this problem?

£1/1/- to "Worried Mother" (name supplied), via Murwillumbah, N.S.W.

### They like to go walking

MY husband and I like to go for long walks on Sundays. Often walking for from four to five hours, we take a picnic lunch and always have a wonderful time. But we find some people passing in cars turning to look at us in a queer way. Is it so unusual in this modern age to see young people going for a walk on a Sunday?

£1/1/- to "Queer Looks" (name supplied), Cremorne, N.S.W.

## Baby's holiday

"WONDERING MOTHER" (Vic.) should shut her ears to those "friends" who denounce her as cruel for sending her 11-month-old daughter to her mother in the city on a fortnight's holiday. Ever since our children — a three-year-old boy and 11-month-old girl — were five months old, we've left them with their grandparents for a week or more at a time. Both grandparents and children were delighted and we got our much-needed rest. The children are now perfectly adjusted, happy, and friendly.

£1/1/- to "An American" (name supplied), St. Kilda, Vic.

SURELY a baby doesn't require a holiday from her own mother. Does "Wondering Mother" ever wonder if baby cries for her during the fortnight she is with Granny? Unless the mother is nervously or physically in need of a break, baby should not leave home.

£1/1/- to "A Little Shocked" (name supplied), Mount Gambier, S.A.

THE short time spent away from each other will do both you and baby good. You'll be rewarded later by your child's quicker independence, and if the necessity arises in the future that you must be separated there'll be no tears or tantrums. I've never regretted leaving my daughter with my mother when she was a baby.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. E. Ferguson, Bindoon, W.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

"THIS looks like the house. Mary said it had hydrangeas in front."

"But they've all got hydrangeas in front."

My wife and I were peering about in the dark looking for the Simpsons' place. We had been asked to dinner there, and we were late already because we couldn't find the street.

"We'll just have to ask somebody," I said.

I went in and knocked at the front door of a house. It was opened by a tall, imposing woman. No, she was sorry, but she didn't know the Simpsons.

Looking at me, she said: "I know your face! I've seen a picture of you somewhere. Don't you work on a newspaper?"

"That's right," I said.

"I wonder if you'd do me a favor," she said. "My son Harold's Leaving Certificate results come out tomorrow, but we'd so much like to know them tonight. Would you mind ringing up your newspaper to see if he passed?"

I explained that the exam results took a long time to sort out and put into type, and there might be

### YOU CAN MISS IT

an hour's delay before I could get Harold's results over the phone, and I was rather anxious to find the Simpsons because we were late for dinner.

"I quite understand," she said coldly. "It's just that Harold's results are very important to me."



She made it plain that she thought I was a selfish brute.

I mention this incident as an example of what happens when you are looking for an unfamiliar address.

Some lucky people have a bump of location. Auntie Phyl has one, and when she is with us she acts as a seeing-eye dog. But without her aid I am frequently lost in the suburban wilderness.

We had a hard time trying to

find a party on New Year's Eve. It was given by an old friend of ours at the house of a friend of hers, whose name I forgot to ask. The number of the place was 18, but I didn't hear it right and thought it was 80.

The only thing to do was to look for a place with a party going on. I went into nine New Year's Eve parties before I found the right one. It puts you in low spirits, going to the wrong New Year's Eve parties.

These pathfinding problems are often due to the puzzling directions people give. I have learned to hear with a sinking heart the words "You can't miss it."

The phone went just now. It was Mr. Hawkins, father of Deirdre Hawkins, who has kindly invited one of my daughters to her birthday party.

"Take the second turn off to the right past the Zoomol petrol station, then the first on your left, and the second on the right, and the third on the left, and ours is the place with the pepper tree. You can't miss it!"

I shall just clasp my street guide and my lucky rabbit's foot and go out into the night, hoping for the best.



# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By  
MARY COLES

**OUR** new "first family," the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, Lady De L'Isle, and their children, the Hon. Catherine Sidney, the Hon. Anne Sidney, the Hon. Lucy Sidney, and the Hon. Philip Sidney, won the hearts of everyone on their arrival in Canberra last week.

Lord De L'Isle is so tall, handsome and charming — Lady De L'Isle dark and petite with lovely eyes — Catherine is as witty as she is pretty — Anne, aged 13½, and Lucy, 8, like two wide-eyed Alices-in-Wonderland, taking in their new surroundings — and sixteen-year-old Philip, who has a poet's face and a young guardsman-in-the-making bearing.

Philip, who is spending seven weeks at "Yarralumla" during his vacation from Tabley House School, in Cheshire, wasn't a bit concerned about having his summer holidays in the depth of our winter. "I really don't like summer much, but I love cold weather," he told me.

Anne and Lucy attended the impressive swearing-in ceremony in the Senate Chamber at Parliament House, but they didn't stay on for the afternoon tea, because their parents consider they're not old enough for formal partygoing.

★ ★ ★

**LORD** and Lady De L'Isle's first informal outing after their arrival in Canberra was a small dinner party given by the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, and Dame Pattie Menzies at "The Lodge." Dame Pattie arranged bowls of Australian wildflowers in the entrance hall and the polished table in the dining-room was set with white candles and spider orchids.

"The orchids were a 'windfall' from Lady Casey, just when we didn't have a flower in the garden," confided Dame Pattie.

★ ★ ★

**THE** "no flowers in Canberra" problem was ingeniously solved by Mrs. John Howse at the luncheon party she and her husband gave in honor of Sir Donald and Lady Anderson. She sprayed dried hydrangeas with a "top secret" mixture of shocking-pink paint and arranged them in vases set on pink-cloth-covered tables in the white furnished living-room and adjoining dining-room of their home at Forrest. Gauzy butterflies perched here and there on the blooms provided added touches of glamor. But the most intriguing decorative note was in the garden, where a small statue of Pan beside a pond wore a garland of pale pink paper sweet peas at a very rakish angle. And to combat Canberra's muddy tap water she had tinted the water in the pool a lush deep green — with cake-icing vegetable dye!

★ ★ ★

**AFTER** a widely feted few days in Canberra, Sir Donald and Lady Anderson went on to "Currandooley," Bungendore, to spend the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. P. J. B. Osborne. Lindsay Anderson, who has been skiing as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Ashton at their ski lodge at Thredbo, rejoined her parents at "Currandooley."

★ ★ ★

**THE** United Kingdom High Commissioner, Sir William Oliver, and Lady Oliver had their "heads in the clouds" as they awaited the arrival of Lord and Lady De L'Isle at the Fairbairn R.A.A.F. Base. They were scanning the sky for the arrival of another aircraft which was due to touch down at Canberra airport at the same time. Aboard it was their eighteen-year-old son, John, who has come out for his school holidays from Radley, in Oxfordshire. "As these are his summer holidays, we are taking him up to Queensland to holiday on Magnetic Island and show him some REAL sun," Lady Oliver told me.



**ARRIVING** at Parliament House, Canberra, to take office as Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle was a striking figure in his Vice-Regal uniform. Lady De L'Isle (alighting from the car) wore a champagne satin swathed pillbox hat matching her wool frock and coat. Decorations worn by Lord De L'Isle included the Victoria Cross, which he won for "superb courage and utter disregard of danger" during World War II.

**DRESSED** in blue topcoats, the Hon. Lucy Sidney, aged 8 (on the left), and the Hon. Anne Sidney, Lord and Lady De L'Isle's youngest daughters, attended the swearing-in ceremony in the Senate Chamber. They were accompanied by their English nanny, Miss Stedman, and returned to "Yarralumla" immediately after the ceremony.



**HON. CATHERINE SIDNEY** was in a smiling mood chatting with Air-Marshal Sir Frederick Scherger and Captain Charles Acland (centre) at the afternoon tea at Parliament House after her father, Lord De L'Isle, had taken office as Australia's 15th Governor-General. Grenadier Guardsman Captain Acland is military A.D.C. to Lord De L'Isle.



**PRIME MINISTER** Mr. R. G. Menzies and Dame Pattie Menzies arriving at Parliament House, Canberra, for the swearing-in of Lord De L'Isle as Governor-General by the Chief Justice, Sir Owen Dixon. Dame Pattie wore a ranch mink fur cape with her white-spotted navy-blue satin suit and small hat of ruched ribbon.





STARS OF THE NEW 'SPECTATOR' RANGE

# Pottery Prints

IN WONDER WEAR, EASY-CARE

## LUCAS

### Nyaloc

Rich hues of russet and ochre — delicate shades of dresden and amethyst—intriguing patterns from famous pottery pieces — translated by Lucas into clothes you can wear everywhere — looking wonderful, feeling positively carefree. The reason? Wonderful Lucas Nyaloc, creaseless 100%, knitted Bri-nylon that won't fade, dries fast, irons itself in the wash.

8178 'Ironstone'  
Sizes 12-36 £9/9/0

8179 'Rubino'  
Sizes 12-38  
Half sizes 12½-20½  
£10/10/0

8173 'Dresden'  
Sizes 16-44  
Half sizes 14½-22½  
£15/15/0

For the name of your nearest Lucas Spectator store, write  
E. LUCAS & CO. PTY. LTD., 27 FLINDERS LANE, MELBOURNE

4813



# Classical ballet chosen for telecast

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "Pachita," a famous classical ballet, has been chosen by the Leningrad Maly Theatre Ballet Company for its first Australian telecast by A.B.C.-TV on Tuesday, August 15, at 8 p.m.

THE telecast will be direct from the Elizabethan Theatre during that evening's performance.

The second telecast, to be given at a date not yet decided, will be longer, but will be a tele-recording, not a direct programme.

Programme for the second telecast will be: Act II Scene III of Swan Lake, Divertissements, and Prokofiev's Classical Symphony.

Both programmes will be shown in every State.

"Pachita," the story of a Spanish gipsy who discovers her father is a nobleman, is a ballet in two acts and three scenes.

It links two of the great names in classical Russian ballet: Ludwig Minkus, the composer, and Marius Petipa, the choreographer. It had its premiere at the Paris Opera House in 1846.

The full company of 50 dancers will be seen in "Pachita," including prima ballerinas Maria Mazun, Ludmilla Safranova, and Galina Pokrshkina, and famous male dancers Adol Khamzin and Benjamin Zimin.

The final scene of "Pachita" is said to be magnificent ballet spectacle — a grand ball of the First French Empire at which Pachita is present.

## Bobby Limb show clicked

I ENJOYED the new Mobil-Limb Show. I've always admired Bobby Limb as a comedian. He has a real Australian flavor.

He's got the quality of that lovable character the Australian larrikin, with the sharp wit adding a salty touch to the veneer that he's acquired.

As for Dawn Lake, Bobby's wife and co-star, I'll hand her a bouquet any day for her superb timing and sense of comedy.

I always hesitate to write about a new show, one that is part of a series, after its first airing. It is difficult to get a show right first go, or indeed to get it approaching what is planned.

There always seems to be a tendency for everyone to try too hard. I thought the new show opened with this trying-too-hard note, and then got progressively better.

The sketch in the tailor's shop was the one I liked least; my favorites were the one Dawn did as the femme-fatale nightclub singer and the Gossipping Grapevine song that all the principals of the show combined in so well.



THREE of the Russian ballerinas who will dance in "Pachita," to be telecast live by A.B.C.-TV on August 15 at 8 p.m. From left, Galina Pokrshkina, Svetlana Fadiyeva, and Natalia Iananis.

But the big thing about the Mobil-Limb Show, billed as a variety show, is that it departed from the formula which seems to be generally accepted on Australian TV as a variety show.

Happily those massed ballet numbers, large choruses, the over-plus of singers, and the female impersonators were missing; the whole accent was on comedy.

Actually there was one female impersonator—Dawn's country cousin, "Love," so well known from the over-the-back-fence sketches of the early Bobby Limb shows. Dumb "Love" doesn't count in my book as a female impersonator — she's just a prop and doesn't revel in her impersonation.

Dawn and "Love" have graduated from the back fence into longer, more elaborate sketches. In the first show they were witnesses in a traffic accident, and were very good, too.

It surely is a mark of the Limbs' growing maturity as entertainers that they have limited the over-the-fence sketches to one a month.

I'd like to see a few of the homy touches left out, like Dawn and Bobby congratulating each other at the end because they'd got the first show away — you don't see those touches in glossy overseas shows and Australian televiewers have gone past them.

Despite that slight carp about it, I recommend it heartily. If it lives up to its first-show promise it will be a

really bright spot in televiewers' programmes.

## TV was the big draw

NEVER underestimate the power of TV advertising. At a lecture given by visiting psychiatrist Dr. Murray Banks, he did a small market survey, using the show-of-hands method.

He asked who attended because they'd heard his records, been recommended by a friend, seen the Press advertising, or seen him (when he was the hit of the year) on Channel 9's "Meet the Press."

## FILM REVIEWS AND GOSSIP

### \*\*\* MACBETH

Director George Schaefer gives fresh impact to Shakespeare's tragedy. A magnificent production filmed outdoors in Scotland (with a borrowed castle) and indoors in London with a distinguished cast. Maurice Evans and Dame Judith Anderson — as the scheming Macbeths — are a welded team.

Dame Judith is chilling when, after being the driving force of the murder plot, she lapses into pitiful lunacy.

The film is Shakespeare to remember.—Embassy, Sydney.

In a word . . . POWERFUL.

The lonely arms waving in the huge Town Hall audience looked as if people were too shy to be in audience participation until he said "Meet the Press," when a real forest of arms waved wildly.

## Fine hour for young viewers

I DON'T excite easily these days over TV programmes, but since watching the A.B.C.-TV's Children's Hour from 5 till 6 p.m. on Fridays I can't wait to go on a picnic.

Part of the programme, a well-balanced hour that includes the Shari Lewis Puppets and a 15-minute "live" play, is about Scouting, and its fascinating lore makes me long for a primitive picnic.

What I want to do is cook a stew in a scooped-out pumpkin, have eggs inside potatoes roasted in the ashes, and drink a mug of brown-paper tea. (In Teenagers' Weekly next week you'll see how it was done.)

One of the good things about this programme is the live play which stars that excellent actress Neva Carr-Glynn as Ma Gillipop. The play, planned and produced by Richard Parry, aims at illustrating the fun that can be had at home.

On occasions it takes to psychology. A recent one in which two teenagers went to a movie that frightened them, came home, had their fears dispelled, and went off to bed in gales of laughter was very well done.

It impresses me as a programme mothers could happily leave their children alone with, assured that they would not have to deal with the anxieties and worries that beset children over some TV programmes.

### ★★ NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE

In this absorbing political satire, Peter Finch adds another laurel to his ace-high acting as Johnnie, a cynical backbencher who woos reelection from gullible voters and "yes, sirs" his way to a Ministerial job.

A Labor M.P. from Yorkshire, Finch enjoys a placid life in the Commons and personal prestige — visiting his constituency only when it's vital to his career.

The women in his life are manoeuvred to his self-promoting game.—State, Sydney.

In a word . . . SLEEK.

problem:

Want to slim

but

hate to diet?



delightful

answer:

Reach for Ryvita instead of heavier breads. You'll soon lose unwanted inches—and gain fresh vitality. Ryvita is rich in whole rye vitamins, minerals and proteins. Crisp. Sustaining. Delicious—with any meal. Always fresh, because Ryvita is sealed in packets.



make your daily bread

# RYVITA

Makes you fit—keeps you slim.

YR721

NOTHING EQUALS  
**Warmray's**  
amazing efficiency!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

• TRIPLE PURPOSE • SLOW COMBUSTION

• AIR CONDITIONING HOME HEATER

THE "H.D." STANDARD has over

7,000 cu. ft. heating capacity.

Equipped with non-jamming shaker

grate. Burns any solid fuel.

Ceramic Grey, Hawaiian Cream,

or Mahogany porcelain enamel.



Sold by Stores, Builders' Suppliers and Hardware Merchants Everywhere

**WARMRAY PTY. LTD.**

Manufacturers and Wholesale Distributors

Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney • 25 2216

If unobtainable locally, phone, write or call for illustrated brochure

and name of nearest Agent.



The secret of Warmray's efficiency is the patented heating tubes (shown here), which are built into the firebox. The air in the room passes through these tubes continuously, thus maintaining an even, overall warmth.





Just minutes  
away ...  
the goodness  
of Heinz!

## Lovely! HEINZ NEW PROCESS TOMATO SOUP

Young and old agree it's the best tomato soup they've ever tasted! And no wonder! You can taste all the true tomato flavour...that rich, lively flavour everyone wants in a real Tomato Soup. Make a date to discover how good tomato soup can be! Serve generous helpings next soup-time. It costs no more to enjoy Heinz — the world's best soups!



\* Simply double the quantity  
with water or milk.



## HEINZ TOMATO RICE ... a new, full-of-goodness soup surprise!

Looking for something tasty, something different? Then Heinz new Tomato Rice Soup is just for you! Real tomato goodness plus selected long-grain rice, plus extra celery flavour! Terrific! Same low HEINZ price — and — you double the quantity with water!

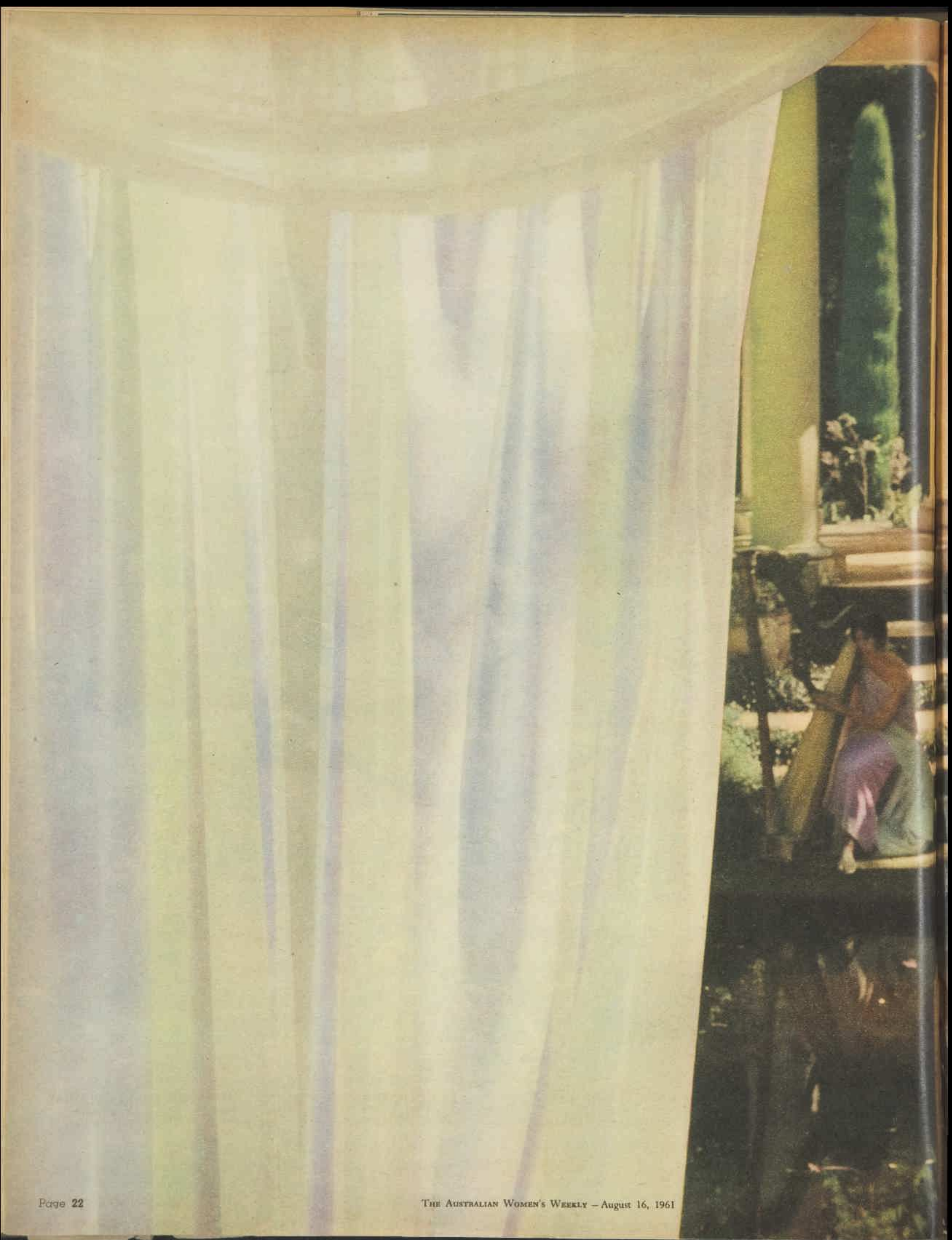


# "THE BLUE and THE GRAY"



● This is a new and interesting TV series about the American Civil War and the brothers Canfield, who fight on opposing sides. The brothers are Ben (Darryl Hickman), who joins the Northern forces, the Blues, and Jeff (Dick Davalos), who fights with the Southerners, the Grays. In this picture the boys are with Gigi Perreau, the girl they left behind them (unspoken for by either) at their hometown of Harper's Ferry.









## The Theme is Beauty with Curtains of 'Terylene'

A gracious room is enhanced by a fabric you can choose for beauty alone—'Terylene' curtains need so little care and their loveliness is lasting.

In curtains  
that are forever  
beautiful . . .

**'TERYLENE'**  
*gives a fine performance*

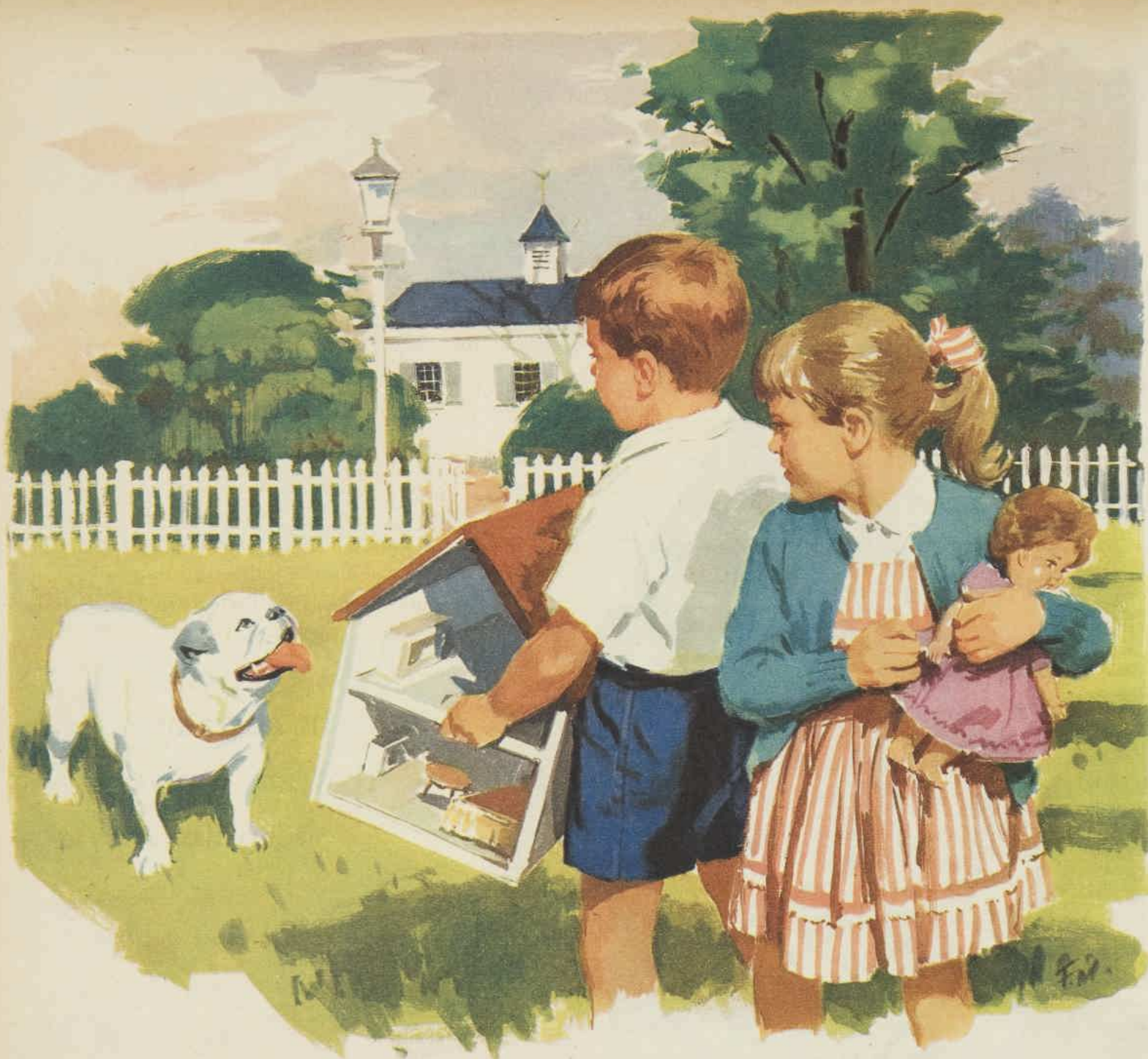
- Unaffected by sunlight, mildew or a lifetime of laundering.
- Easily washed, they dry swiftly and need little ironing.
- They keep their shape permanently, never shrinking or dropping.



IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES  
OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

370





## Averting a crisis...

Just about the most important job a man has is to make sure his family cannot lose their home — come what may. Fire insurance looks after the possibility of destruction of the property. An A.M.P. Mortgage Redemption Policy takes care of the possibility of destruction, by death, of the income from which mortgage repayments are made.

For example, a man aged 35, with a debt of £5,000 on his home to be paid off over the next 25 years could,

for less than the price of a packet of cigarettes a day, keep the balance in his mortgage account covered and, assuming he lives to pay off the mortgage in full, emerge with a £1,000 basic policy, plus bonuses, in full benefit!

Men with mortgages need to know more about the A.M.P. Mortgage Redemption Policy. It is described fully in an A.M.P. folder, "Leave a Deed not a Debt".

Any A.M.P. Office or Agent will be glad to give you the folder, without obligation, if you write or ask for it. →



L253



## AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

HEAD OFFICE: 87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY. Offices in cities and towns throughout Australia and New Zealand, and in the United Kingdom.

A.M.P. MEMBERS ENJOY THE UNQUESTIONED SECURITY AFFORDED BY FUNDS OF £500,000,000 WHICH THE SOCIETY SEEKS TO INVEST TO THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO MEMBERS.



# Nightingales in Central Park

A lighthearted short story

By **ROBERT A. KNOWLTON**

**A**ll over the city, at the hour when afternoon fades into evening, pretty girls are waiting for their men; but, because pretty girls are New York's only surplus commodity, nobody ever notices them.

They wait discreetly in hotel lobbies, selfconsciously in cafes, impatiently in restaurants, wondering what office crisis has delayed him this time; and when he finally arrives, out of breath and full of rueful apologies, the girls smile brightly and say they just at that moment got there themselves. Pride is thereby assuaged and contact made, and the blessing is that no one has noticed their solitary ordeal—no one at all.

Laura Averill realised she could sit indefinitely in this comfortable white-leather-and-chrome chair without attracting anybody's attention but the waiter's. In a way the knowledge was a comfort, but in another way it was depressing. She was well brought up and reasonably modest, and therefore happy to be inconspicuous. On the other hand, she knew without conceit that she was looking her best; and her trim best, when wrapped in a genuine Mainbocher copy, was very good indeed.

She studied the mirror from her handbag, glancing up quickly each time the door opened. Other girls' men entered and hurried to other tables, but still no Brian; and this, she told herself, was a pity, because she had plans for Brian that went far beyond the dinner and theatre he had promised. There was nothing specific about these plans, except their purpose.

They were based on an irrational but nevertheless certain awareness that some evenings, some rare evenings, the weather and the mood and the opportunity join together so perfectly that a girl can't lose. Tonight, she thought, I'll have him in the palm of my hand; don't ask me how I know; I just know.

Beyond the suit, beyond the terribly expensive perfume, beyond the cool onshore breeze that means I'll need his arm around me in the taxi, this evening is right. Earthquake and hurricane can't stop what's going to happen tonight.

By ones and twos they arrived, the young men from the offices and agencies, and she looked at them with a condescending eye. Few of them were six feet three and so agreeably lean as Brian; and not one, she would bet, was already an officer of the biggest museum in town.

To page 60

*Laura and Brian stood perfectly still as they listened for the birds' call.*



Illustrated by Maudson



# NEW for Baby Care

## Johnson's COTTON BUDS



FOR EYES



FOR NOSE



FOR EARS

For Baby's delicate cleansing needs



New... hygienic ready-to-use Johnson's Cotton Buds are made specially for baby's safety... and your convenience — Can't slip, twist or come off.

- Baby Soft! Made of purest cotton, tight spun to stay firm.
- Baby Size! Just right for Baby's special needs.
- Baby Safe! The Johnson & Johnson name is your guarantee!

PRODUCT OF Johnson & Johnson

CB 356



WORLD'S MOST COMFORTABLE SURGICAL STOCKING

**Scholl** ELASTIC YARN SOFT-GRIP

It's a pleasure to wear these surgical stockings. Double-expansion mesh, so soft yet strong, gives perfect support to varicose veins. It's seamless, unobtrusive, cool, light, ventilated. Soft-Grip ribbed top and instep ensure supreme comfort for any length of leg — no ridge, no bulkiness, no constriction. All fittings. From Chemists, Stores, Surgical suppliers, Scholl Depots.

- ALSO • SCHOLL NYLON SOFT-GRIP
- SCHOLL NYLON MESH

A short short story complete on this page

# John's Child

By JOAN AIKEN



"Let's have a look at Junior," Dr. Lynd said to Susan as she gazed at the tiny bundle in her arms.

It was too hot, it was too slow. The queue had been shuffling up the bench for an hour now, from a bleak, white-walled waiting-room along a green-painted corridor, round one or two screens.

Last month and the month before it had not been so bad; the weather had been cooler, Susan herself had not felt so tired, so utterly cast down.

"It really is wicked," one of the other expectant mothers grumbled, "making us wait in a queue for the clinic."

"But they're awfully understaffed," another woman explained quietly.

"But, still, they ought to provide chairs to sit on! And when you do get to see the doctor he just gives you a once-over that seems to last half a minute, and then you're out again."

"I know," Susan murmured; "as if you were an envelope addressed to someone else."

"I go in with a lot of questions I mean to ask, and then I'm out before I've even got my mouth open," the woman beside her laughed.

"They make you feel they're doing you a favor to see you at all," the embittered voice started up again. "And yet who's paying for the Health Service? Us! What I say is—"

"I think I'm going to faint," Susan said suddenly and clearly. The green linoleum on the floor swayed and came up at her in a sickening swoop. Someone caught hold of her arm and there was a concerned, friendly flutter among the other women.

"Here, you go in next. You have my turn."

"No," said Susan, ashamed. "I'm all right again now. Truly. You've been waiting longer than me."

"Shan't be long, dear. I won't even try to ask him any questions this time!"

Susan tried to raise a grateful smile. To her horror she found tears swimming in her eyes, but luckily the woman had gone through the doorway.

I will bear it, Susan told herself fiercely. I won't be so stupid. Six months have gone by now since John died. He'd say I ought to be braver than this. It won't be long now; and then I'll have his child to look after, to remember him by.

And the rest of your life, a cold voice inside her said, without John; with his memory becoming daily tinier and tinier, like the bright entrance, far, far away, where you came into the cave. Until you forget him entirely.

She shut her eyes. I won't let it happen, she swore. I'll never forget him, never.

"Mrs. Fearon," the nurse said impatiently, "come along, please."

They were quick and most efficient. Dr. Lynd glanced at his watch; so many mothers seen, so many more to see, and the evening rounds still to do.

Susan tried not to hate him. I mustn't blame him, she thought, because he can't possibly know that John was killed in the car crash. He cannot know how terribly alone I feel, how I long for just a little friendly, human contact instead of this hurried, impersonal examination.

"Right," said the doctor. "Thank you." Already his head was turned toward the door, toward the next patient. Susan had ceased to exist for another thirty days.

"It's not right!" Susan said suddenly and furiously. "I'm not a machine! I'm a human being and I deserve to be treated as a human being. I don't believe you even know what I look like—so long as my blood pressure's all right, you wouldn't notice if I had a black eye."

"Come, come, Mrs. Fearon," the doctor said. "We're doing our very best for you. If there was anything wrong we'd tell you, but there isn't. You're going on perfectly satisfactorily. Now, don't waste any more time, please. You're holding up the queue."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Susan muttered tiredly. "Yes, you're right, of course. You're doing your best, I suppose." She picked up her coat, brushed past the nurse's glare, and cut through the second door.

When the time came for her to go into hospital Susan

packed up her things collectedly, remembered to turn off the gas, cancelled the milk and the daily paper, and put herself into a taxi. All very efficient and sensible.

Only, when she arrived at the hospital, she did an emotional, illogical thing; she asked if her baby need be delivered by Dr. Lynd, if some other doctor could look after her.

They were kind, but firm. Sorry, Mrs. Fearon, but special arrangements could not be made for individual patients; there just were not the doctors available.

Susan capitulated. She had to, of course. And, anyway, she thought, John would say I was being a nitwit to bother about who delivers the baby, as long as it's efficiently done.

But I want him brought into the world with kindness, John's child. John's son. Not just delivered like a parcel.

Presently, wrestling with the darkness of pain, she didn't much care if it was Dr. Lynd or not, only wished he would come. They had left her alone in the labor room, and it seemed as if hours had gone by. Someone had brought her a cup of tea and gone away again.

Occasionally Susan heard footsteps outside. They never came in to offer her sympathy.

John, she thought aching. Why isn't he here? The time I broke my arm John sat by the bed all day and read "Huckleberry Finn" aloud to keep my mind off the pain. He brought me lemonade and a bunch of flowers.

A nurse bustled in, followed by a tired, white-looking Dr. Lynd.

Then the nurse darted out. Dr. Lynd washed his hands. Susan thought he was going to leave the room, too, but he paused by her a moment.

"Mrs. Fearon, isn't it?" he said, unsmiling. "I haven't forgotten the trouncing you gave me."

Susan opened her mouth to reply, but at that moment pain took her, sudden and savage as red-hot pincers in her back. She could not speak. She fixed her eyes on his in frantic, unspoken query, and he nodded.

"It's all right," he said. "We're helping you. Here. Breathe this if you want to. Press and relax. Easy. That's the way."

His hands, kind and steady, were like rocks in a tossing sea.

A long, tangled time later the nurse, smiling cheerfully, put a cocoon-like bundle into her arms, and Susan looked at the tiny, wrinkled, protesting face. It was John's son!

"He's himself, too, though," the doctor said. "Don't forget that."

Susan looked up, surprised. "Did I say something?"

"You said quite a lot. I'm sorry. If I'd known before about — about your loss, I'd have —"

"It doesn't matter," she said. "Doesn't matter now. I was horribly rude to you. I shouldn't have said what I did."

"All you said was that I forgot to treat you as a person. We're so rushed, you see," he apologised. She nodded. "But you forgot to treat me as a person, too. Doctors are people as well, remember."

"I suppose they are," she said.

She looked at him carefully for the first time, as he leaned against the table smiling at her. His young face was marked by lines of fatigue and worry.

"Drink that tea while it's hot, Doctor," scolded the nurse. "You were up all night, don't forget."

"In a moment," Dr. Lynd said, turning back to Susan. "Let's have a look at Junior first."

Yes, he was a person, too. With a wife, perhaps, and a family, waiting for him to come home while he snatched a few precious moments to talk to a woman who had been rude to him.

Was it because she had been so wrapped up in her own grief that she had thought everyone against her, Susan wondered.

And, watching him hold the baby, she began to see how the anguishing memory of John might in time become a part of herself, not forgotten, but remembered calmly, even with happiness.

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1961



# 'THE BEAUTIFUL ONES

BY LAUREN  
COOPER

**S**WEEPING the magazine off her lap to the sofa beside her, Margaret called brightly, "Hi, there!" In the mauve light of the late afternoon she was a striking woman who, as her friends insisted, looked entirely too young to have an 18-year-old daughter. Now she was aware that, in her effort to hide a sudden overwhelming compassion, she was smiling stiffly at the handsome young couple who hesitated in the living-room doorway.

Young couple, indeed! What a way to describe Jane and Tommy! Jane was Margaret and Mike's only child, suddenly transformed into a beautiful woman with a miraculous ripple of wheat-colored hair surrounding the ivory face that had acquired a blush-pinkness since her meeting with Tommy three months earlier.

And, of course, she looked twice as delicate standing beside dark, intense Tommy, whose air of ready-to-fight-the-world bravado made Margaret keep forgetting she was supposed to address him as "Tom."

"Come all the way in, kids. No loitering allowed." She was striving for the proper adult-to-adult casualness. Oh, these beautiful babies! Her heart seemed to wince at the sight. She stood up, holding a hand out to each of them. "Mike's in the kitchen fixing something tall and cool."

Even in this dusk these youngsters were gorgeous; they seemed to glow as if they'd brought bits of sunset in on their shoulders and their smiles. Then

To page 61

*Pleadingly, Tommy asked Mike's permission  
to marry his daughter, Jane.*





read it in....

# Everybody's

## The JACQUELINE KENNEDY REVOLUTION

Americans are wondering how they got by for so long without a glamor girl in the White House! This week's EVERYBODY'S tells how Jacqueline Kennedy is causing a revolution among American women.



### HOW TO GIVE YOUR HOUSE A COLONIAL ACCENT

American Colonial homes are just right for Australian conditions. EVERYBODY'S shows you how you can add a Colonial look to your house and two colorful examples of the true Colonial style.



### NO GLAMOR FOR THE GLOUCESTERS

—they like it that way. Read how the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester mix with royalty and the "man in the street" with equal enjoyment—and get away with it!

### WORLD CLASS FICTION

#### "L for Lion"

What happens when nobody believes that a child really saw a lion! Plus short, short story and our gripping mystery serial.

### WANTED

#### A TOP WOMAN FOR TV

Who will it be? This week's EVERYBODY'S puts the spotlight on Australia's best known women TV personalities. Who they are, what they do — and is one of them capable of becoming top woman?

### SPRING FASHIONS

#### McCall's PRINTED PATTERNS

#### for Spring Sportswear

The accent is on color in McCall's new season sportswear. Pages of colorful pictures and ideas — McCall's patterns, too!

...there's more for Everybody in

# Everybody's

ON SALE NOW





# The Distant view

Conclusion of our two-part serial  
... Ben faces up to his decision

By STANLEY KAUFFMANN



AT thirty-one BEN PORTER, a rising executive in a New York public relations office, had begun to find the taste of success a little sour. The noise and bustle of New York, the pace run by Madison Avenue businessmen was suddenly all too apparent to him after he met JOANNA CRIF-FITH, who worked on a newspaper. A few months later she invited him to spend his holidays with her at her family's home in a small seaside town in Maine.

The peace and quiet of Smithport appeals strongly to Ben, and when Joanna agrees to marry him they plan to live there if Ben can get the job of town librarian. Once before Joanna had hoped to return when she had been engaged to WHIT BIGELOW, but the engagement was broken when he accepted a promotion in his city job.

Back at his office, Ben is introduced by EILEEN, the secretary, to his new assistant, KATHY CLARK, and immediately they are set to work on a campaign by Ben's partner, PAT ROBISON, for a new client, JERRY BEAUMONT, who insists they make use of an old scandal against his rival, ALEX STODDARD. Kathy and Ben are drawn together working on a plan to dissuade Beaumont from this course, and are elated when they succeed. NOW READ ON.

A LITTLE after nine that night Ben and Kathy finished reading proofs of the letter. It was ready to go to press. Ben looked at Kathy and said, "Your hair's a mess and your nose is smudged. Will you have dinner with me?"

"I simply cannot resist flattery," she said, delicious with happy exhaustion.

He took her to his favorite place, around the corner from his apartment — not only because he wanted to give her a really good dinner but because he was sure they would be serving at this hour.

"This is dreamy. How did you ever find it? I didn't see any sign out front."

"There isn't any. My wife found it. My ex-wife, I should say. And we took an apartment around the corner just to be near it. I still live there."

"Good evening, Mr. Porter," said the waiter, approaching with a menu the size of a mainsail.

"Good evening, Miro. We're not too late, are we?"

Miro made a gesture of reassurance. "Perfect. Now the rush is over the chef can concentrate on you."

Ben ordered pate and fish soufflé, and steak Chateaubriand with sauce Bernaise. With the fish he ordered a half bottle of Pouilly-Fixe, and with the steak he ordered a half bottle of Beaujolais.

She thought: I'd settle for scraps and bones if you would say what I want you to say.

She had heard some time before that Ben was divorced.

—Eileen had mentioned it once—and she was extremely curious to know more about it. But she let the conversation range far and wide until the steak and the second bottle of wine had been finished and her weariness had been replaced by fresh strength and confidence.

"Ben," she said, "do you mind my asking? How long ago were you divorced?"

"No, I don't mind at all. It was almost six years ago. We didn't live together much more than eight months." He felt easy with this girl, inclined to talk. "Grace is nice, very pretty. We just simply weren't for each other."

"I see. Or do I?"

"She wanted someone — well, more contented. To her I seemed very restless. And to me she seemed to — to get settled too early." He smiled as he remembered. "She said I had a Seven Seas complex."

"Is that bad?"

"I suppose so, if it's carried too far. You've got to be able to perceive what's around you if you want to stay out of the booby hatch. Still, I must confess . . ." He halted.

"Must confess," she prompted.

He chuckled. "One thing you can depend on I'm not going to say, 'Why am I telling you all this?' I'm telling you because I like talking to you."

She gripped her hands to restrain them from going out to him. "Well, talk some more. You were confessing."

To page 30

## NEW Fortagen

the most pleasant way  
to give your children  
MORE VITAMINS

Every 2 teaspoons  
of Fortagen provide the minimum  
daily requirement of these 8 vitamins:

- VITAMIN A For clear skin, eyesight, proper development.
- VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub> For nerve functions, and releasing energy value from foods.
- VITAMIN B<sub>2</sub> For healthy mouth, skin and eye tissues.
- VITAMIN B<sub>6</sub> For muscles, blood vessels and nerves.
- VITAMIN B<sub>12</sub> For production of normal red blood cells.
- VITAMIN C The "fresh fruit" vitamin for maintaining resistance to infection.
- VITAMIN D For sound bones and teeth.
- NIACIN For aiding growth and digestion.

As a drink . . . or a sprinkle . . . or a spread—children love Fortagen! Fortagen is a balanced concentration of the natural goodness of malt, milk and eggs made even more delicious with pure chocolate flavour. 7 oz.—6/- 14 oz.—9/6 42 oz.—25/-



VACUUM PROCESSED FOR PURITY  
SOLD ONLY BY YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST

AWF6.61

A modern touch in any home — practical

## brass



for that deep rich glow of polished brass

## BRASSO

gives a brighter longer lasting shine



Brass Indian Rose Bowl—Farmer's, Sydney.

OS

Page 29



He nodded. "That there's some truth in what Grace said. Which is why we were right to part. I've always had the feeling that things weren't good enough, that my life could be simpler. Truer." With a private smile he said, "Well, perhaps it's going to be possible."

"Why not?" said Kathy. "You're the king. Of you."

He looked at her. "Just so." Miro was hovering near them, reluctant to hurry them, but now Ben noticed that the place was deserted except for them. "Have you ever had Strega?" he asked.

"Hum? I don't even know what it is."

"A liqueur. Italian. I have some in my place. Would you like to come up for a nightcap? Then I'll put you in a cab."

"Why," she said, trying to keep from answering too quickly, "why, it

## Continuing ... THE DISTANT VIEW

—if it's not too late. If you're sure you'd like me to."

"Of course I'm sure. Have you finished your coffee?" She nodded. "Miro. Check, please."

He opened the apartment door and fumbled for the light.

She went past him into the room and took it in with a glance — dark golden draperies, dark red sofa and easy chairs, bookshelves to the ceiling. "Oh, this is nice. This is very nice. You know what I feel?"

He closed the door. "Give me your coat and tell me."

"As if," she said, slipping off her coat, "this room had sense. It's a nice, intelligent room."

He folded her coat carefully over

from page 29

a chair. "Enough. You'll make it impossible to live with."

Moving about imperially, she said, "And it's so luxurious to feel some space around you. I've been in that hotel room for three months, and this makes me feel as if I were up for parole."

"Why don't you get an apartment?"

She shrugged. "When? Things have been insane ever since I got here. No time. Maybe in a week or so, after the Stoddard thing, I can start."

She flopped down on the sofa. "One thing I do like about hotels — lots of towels, every day. I love towels."

"I knew in the moment I laid eyes on you," he said, nodding. "I said to myself, 'Son, there's a girl who loves towels. Not just great huge ones, but all kinds — big ones, little ones, she loves them all. That girl has heart.' He went out into the kitchen."

"You've disappeared," she called. "Don't worry, I'll find my way back. I dropped a trail of crumbs."

He took down the bottle of Strega and two small glasses, and put them on a tray, then settled back in an armchair with his glass. "Happy days."

"Like today." She sipped again; and said, "Had you finished? About your wife, I mean."

I think so. Nothing more to tell. She's married again — the manager of a department store in Hartford. Three children. Very happy. God bless them."

She bridled a bit at the hint of dismissal in his voice. "What's the matter with Hartford and children and kissing your husband goodbye every morning?"

"Good heavens," he said, surprised at her response, "there's nothing wrong with it. It's just a matter of choice. Myself, I wanted to keep flexible. For — I didn't know what for — a big change." He knew now what for. He continued quickly, "You've never been married, have you?"

Huzzah, she thought, using Ben's own expression — personal question! "No," she said, "not even once. In college a boy and I thought we were engaged, but it was just silly hand-holding stuff."

"Is that all there's been? Surely not."

She studied her glass. "There was a man in Detroit I was quite serious about for a time. I — I might have thought about marrying. But he never asked me."

He burst into laughter. Laughing still, he managed to say, "That — that's the saddest thing I ever heard."

Part embarrassed and angry but part genuinely amused herself, she said with a smile, "You beast. Darn this Strega." She finished and put down the glass. "You just brought me up here to get me to tell all, and shame me."

"No." He shook his head as the laugh tapered off. "I brought you because we were having too much fun to stop." She looked so small, so confiding, that now he felt like confiding in her. She was a friend, he felt. "And because I want to tell you a secret. I want you to know — because I want to thank you . . ."

She knew she was blushing out of pleasure and curiosity. "Goodness, that's — that's well, go on!"

"Well, that's what my secret ties in with what I said before — about wanting something better out of life. After the Beaumont do I'm resigning."

**T**HE first immediate reaction was a stab. She thought: Leaving before there are strong bonds between us? What chance will I have?

Ben continued, "You're the first in the office to know. I'm resigning, and I'm going up to a little fishing town on the coast of Maine."

Now the stab was replaced by a sense that she hadn't understood correctly. "For how long?"

"To live there. To take a simple, rewarding, gratifying job: town librarian. And to live — like an uncramped, unhurried, uncompetitive human being."

She interrupted him before he could mention Joanna. "Do you mean to say you're quitting?"

"Yes, the thing that thousands of men talk about I'm going to do. And I —" She got to her feet and faced him accusingly. "What's going to become of us all? I may possibly be just a little tight right now but I mean it absolutely. It's the thing I mean most of anything. What's going to become of us?"

Unruffled, he said, "Pat will get someone else and everyone will go on being more and more successful. That's what will happen."

She swept this reply aside. "I don't mean the firm — I mean everybody. What's going to become of the world if all the good men just want to get out of it?"

Now he saw that she was not merely surprised, she was shocked; and she was quite serious. So he answered seriously, too. "But Kathy, isn't that sort of how you can tell the good men — that they do want to get out of this mess?"

"But that's what's so awful!" she insisted.

"Kathy," he said, "you're still new at it. To you this is the big town, all sparkling and glamorous and —"

Indignantly she interrupted, "You must think I'm a complete boob. You really do, don't you? You think I'm taken by all the surface trimmings. You think I don't see that people are cut and bleeding all up and down Madison Avenue — under their two-hundred-dollar suits?"

"Then why am I wrong to leave?"

"Because," she said as earnestly as she could, "we've got to make it work." To her he looked like a tower of light and strength beginning to recede. Her voice, she thought, was the only link to bring him back. "What a century!" she said. "All those years and years to get here, and what have we made of it all? A life in New York and Detroit and a hundred other places that's

To page 44

## Dial and disappear on washdays..



FREEDOM! Your Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer leaves you free to join in the family fun while your wash does itself — automatically!

## The Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer

... does everything but the ironing

Suddenly you are free from all the drudgery and work of washday! Yet you see the cleanest, whitest wash of all hanging out to a bright, bright dry. Bliss!

This is the machine that "mothers" you . . . that makes washdays cease to exist!

### A never-ending washday vacation

You can take a holiday on washdays. While you're miles away, or just in the garden perhaps, your precious clothes are being washed with loving care. The unique

Kelvinator one-speed, all fabric washing action safely washes everything from the kiddies denims to your daintiest nylons. That's because the exclusive off-centre agitator creates a washing action that is gentle and safe — yet so thorough it gets the grimeiest clothes sparkling clean.

Every item is gently, but ever so thoroughly, washed 3 ways, rinsed 4 times, spin dried and left ready to hang on the line. That's totally automatic washing!

You've never seen such a bright, clean wash!

Kelvinator Totally Automatic Washer (Model W89) illustrated — with "Magic Cycle" Pump and Filter Fountain — 218 gns.  
Model W69 with Filter Fountain — 199 gns.

That's because your wonderful Kelvinator spins soil out behind the special perforated liner . . . doesn't strain it back through your clothes. But, best of all, owning a Kelvinator is easier than you think! Ask your Kelvinator retailer and he'll tell you how it's done.

KL257

Choose **Kelvinator** for Better Living

HOME APPLIANCES REFRIGERATORS • WASHERS • FREEZERS • AIR CONDITIONERS • RADIO • TELEVISION



# SPRING PATTERNS

7366. — Softly styled afternoon dress (below) has a box-pleated skirt, self sash, and easy bodice-top finished with three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

7368. — Chic one-piece (right). The skirt is styled with an unusual pleat arrangement. Saddle-stitching is used for the trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

● This section — here and on following pages — is for the woman who likes to be her own dressmaker. The designs are new and trend-setting, but not ultra. Each fashion has a well-constructed pattern which includes a step-by-step instruction chart. Address orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

7371. — Pretty shirtwaist dress (below) in flower-printed muslin. The design would look equally attractive made in an all-over flower silk or cotton. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Making requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

7372. — Summer party dress (below) designed with a bare-armed bodice-top and streamer-ribbon sash. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. embroidered cotton, 1½yds. 36in. plain material, and 2½yds. ribbon. Price 4/6.





# SMART BUDGET



7346.—Fashion news—a dress in scarlet sheer wool has an open-shell neckline, dropped shoulders, and gay little puffed-up sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material or 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



7345

7345.—Variation on the two-piece look, slender slacks and sleeveless top. The top has the season's bloused silhouette. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires: Slacks, 2½yds. 36in. material; top, 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



7344

7344.—New for resort wear—the dress that bares one shoulder, made in stripes. The design above has a bow-tie belt to match the bow on the shoulder. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.



7348

7348. — Established spring silhouette, slender skirt and bloused bodice. The combination is shown in this classic day dress. Note, too, the smooth shoulderline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



# SEWING

● These eight smart and wearable designs can be made from a pattern. The designs, exclusive to us, have the hallmark of the new season. Order a pattern now and be the first with spring's freshest look. Send orders to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



7347. — Afternoon and late-day separates. The easy-fit sleeveless jumper top has a self-material bow trim and a high-to-the-throat neckline. The skirt is slender. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



7352. — Short-cut theatre-cum-evening coat has back fullness, collarless neckline, and ultra-large deep-set three-quarter-length sleeves, attractively cuffed. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



7353. — Bare-shouldered Empire-line dress, pretty for dancing and partying. The silhouette releases fullness from a high waistline and is becomingly bow-trimmed. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



7356. — Popular for spring, the soft two-piece with a jumper top. This one is self-belted. More current fashion news is the flattering all-round-pleated skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



## Can friends criticise your most-noticed room?



Your friends may not talk about your toilet,  
but can you be sure what they think?

Now, there's a new, easy  
way to keep your toilet bowl  
fresh and bright—HARPIC!

Just sprinkle Harpic in the  
toilet last thing every night  
and flush away in the morn-  
ing. While you sleep, Harpic  
cleans thoroughly and leaves  
the toilet free of germs. Even  
that lime-scale caused by  
hard water is removed—the  
entire toilet bowl is kept  
sparkling and hygienically  
clean. And being delicately  
perfumed, Harpic keeps  
your bathroom or toilet  
sweet-smelling.

Ask for Harpic at your store.



Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered  
and septic tank toilet bowls.

Harpic cleans round the S-bend—where no brush can  
reach! It cleans more thoroughly above, as well as  
below, the water, because Harpic stays on the sides  
of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long.  
When flushed away next morning, the entire porcelain  
is sparkling clean.

**HARPIC** REGD.  
**TOILET CLEANSER**

Safe for cleaning Septic Tank Toilet Bowls HPI57P

## 'CHESTY' PEOPLE

CAN

## BREATHE AGAIN

WITHOUT

"WHEEZINESS" AND BRONCHIAL CONGESTION

The combined action of a  
single Dō-Dō Tablet brings  
striking relief to "chesty"  
people. It eases the breathing,  
helps open up the congested  
air passages and clear them of  
the mucus which restricts easy  
breathing and makes it painful,  
"wheezy" and laboured.

But Dō-Dō's effect is doubly  
beneficial because it helps to  
relieve the nervous tension—  
the symptom many sufferers  
fear most and often regard as  
the root cause of their trouble.

On this very point in an article  
in a leading medical journal  
the writer explains that a com-  
bination of sympathomimetic  
and xanthine substances with

the addition of a sedative may  
not only be better than either  
drug given alone but actually  
help to relieve this nervous  
tension which often accom-  
panies and sometimes actually  
brings on attacks.

IT IS UPON THAT VERY  
PRINCIPLE THAT THE  
Dō-Dō FORMULA IS BASED  
AND THOUSANDS OF  
SUFFERERS HAVE FOUND  
THAT—

1. Dō-Dō's combined action  
has meant easier breathing  
plus reduced nervous tension.
2. Dō-Dō is remarkable. One  
dose brings almost instant  
relief.
3. Dō-Dō can be taken on  
awakening for daytime relief  
and at night for a good  
night's rest.

If, therefore, you suffer from Shortness of Breath, Bronchial Congestion,  
Wheezing, Catarrhal Accumulations in Throat or Chest, Worrying Day  
or Night Coughing Attacks—

Ask your chemist for Dō-Dō Tablets

24 TABLETS 5/9

Concluding SPRING PATTERNS

## TO MAKE YOUR OWN

● These three new  
fashions were chosen for  
easy dressmaking. One of  
our specially constructed  
paper patterns makes  
home sewing a pleasant  
project. Sew now for  
spring. Address orders to  
Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd.,  
Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



7370. — This cool,  
scooped-necked one-  
piece is self-belted at the  
normal waistline. The  
graceful skirt fullness is  
achieved by unpressed  
pleats. Sizes 30 to 36in.  
bust. Requires 4½yds.  
36in. border-embroid-  
ered cotton. Price 4/6.



7369.—Gaily printed  
cotton is the material  
choice for this beach  
ensemble of belted  
tunic and shorts. Sizes  
32 to 38in. bust. Re-  
quires 3½yds. 36in.  
material. Price 4/9.



7369

7367. — Sleeveless  
one-piece dress has a  
contrasting dicky  
front closed with a  
single button. The  
skirt has slight full-  
ness. Sizes 32 to 38in.  
bust. Requires 3½yds.  
36in. material and  
½yd. 36in. contrast.  
Price 4/9.



7370

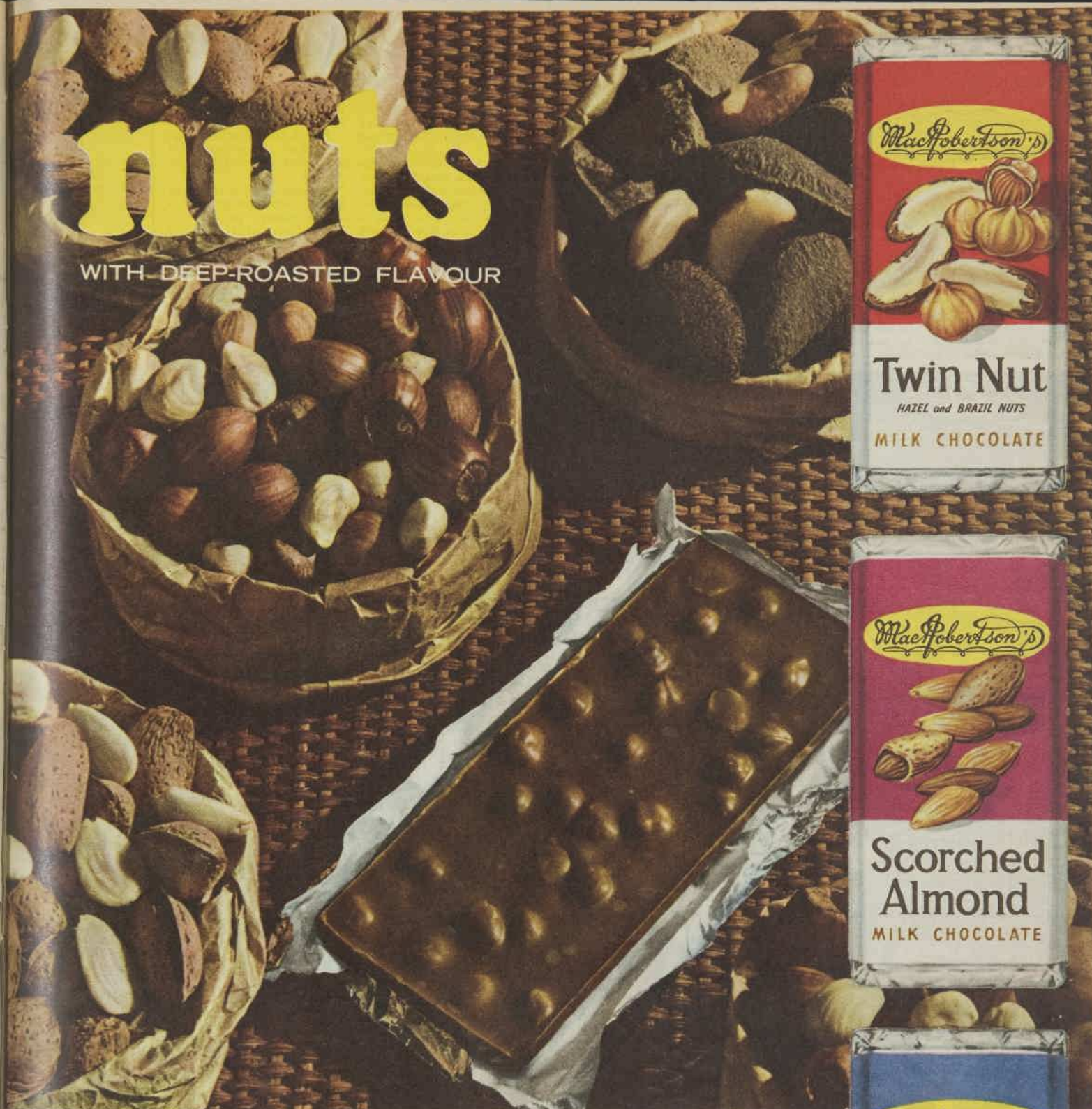


7367



# nuts

WITH DEEP-ROASTED FLAVOUR



they're beautifully blended with whole milk chocolate, in

## MAC.ROBERTSONLAND

First we comb the world to select the finest, plumpest nuts you can imagine. Then comes the MacRobertson special deep-roasting process — and finally the flavour blending with "whole" milk chocolate. That accounts for the superb taste difference you get from MacRobertson nut chocolate blocks. Treat yourself to MacRobertson's Twin Nut, the only combination of hazel and brazil nuts; Scorched Almond, filled with succulent almonds, or Hazel Nut, with juicy, whole hazel nuts. Try these other combinations from MacRobertsonland, too — Fruit-Salad, Cherry Nut, Ginger and Nut and, for dark chocolate fanciers, "Old Gold" Nut.





# PROPER PREPARATION is a MUST for HARDBOARD

**R**EMODELLING your home is an exciting business, but in your impatience to make a start don't overlook the importance of properly preparing your hardboard before you fix it in place. It will pay off handsomely in the pride and satisfaction of a really professional job.

The most important thing to remember is that hardboard is not just a cheap and easy way of covering up holes. It is an excellent material in its

own right and deserves proper treatment.

To get a smooth job it is absolutely essential to wet down every sheet of Masonite brand hardboard at least 24-hours before using it.

No matter how eager you are to get on with the job, do not skip this preliminary preparation.

Without it, you run the risk of getting bumps and waves on the surface of your work, which is not fair to hardboard, and no satisfaction to you.

This will only happen if you do not prepare the hardboard by wetting it down for 24 hours.

It is due to the fact that hardboard is an all-wood product and, like the wood it is made from, can absorb a certain amount of water out of the air.

To make hardboard, wood chips are converted into wood fibre, and using great heat and pressure made into a dense, strong, supergrade board, superior to the timber it comes from.

During this process, however, the normal water content of the wood fibres is removed. This must be replaced before the board is fixed, or the fibres will swell as they take up moisture from the air after fixing.

When this happens, your nice, flat hardboard cupboard door or wall panelling will expand slightly and develop highly undesirable waves and bulges.

So before you start any work with hardboard, get 3 to 4 pints of water (for a 12ft. x 4ft. sheet) and an old broom.

Sweep the water with a scrubbing action into the back (screen) side of the board until most is used.

It is a good idea to perform this operation in some place where the family won't fall over the sheet of hardboard, because it has to stay flat down for 24 hours while it absorbs the water.

Where you are using a number of sheets for a job, stack the wetted boards flat, back to back.

If you are living in a flat, you may be stumped for somewhere to carry out the wetting.

The solution is simple. Just buy or borrow a sheet of plastic (polythene), put it down on the floor, and lay the sheet of hardboard on top.

People building week-enders may find it helpful to know that hardboard can be wetted with salt water, but make sure you wipe the dry salt off the board before using.

Let's turn now to fixing... the business of getting hardboard to stay put on walls, doors, floors, furniture faces, or wherever you want it.

Until recently, fixing was usually done mechanically; that is by different kinds of nails, screws, and so on.

Now, however, more and more builders, tradesmen, and do-it-yourself homemakers are using adhesive fixing with new, enormously strong synthetic adhesives such as the one sold by the name BM600.

Adhesive fixing is better than mechanical fixing, as the strong bond formed gives a tight fit, and the continuous hold on the hardboard prevents any rattle or hollow sound in the finished work.

BM600 must be handled with respect, as it is highly inflammable. It is thinned with the solvent BM601 which has a flash point below 73 degrees Fahrenheit.

Used with commonsense and according to the directions supplied, synthetic adhesives are easy and safe.

The best way to apply it is with a lambswool roller.

First roll a strip of adhesive down the wall, or stud if putting hardboard on to a timber frame, then roll a strip down the hardboard along the line of contact with the wall strip.

There is a short cut which saves measuring when putting hardboard straight on to a brick wall.

Just roll a first coat of adhesive on the hardboard, in strips 16" apart, then press the board lightly to the wall.

Pull the board away, and the marks left on the wall by the board coat will be a guide for rolling on the wall strips.



This article is No. 2 in a special series on the use of hardboard in the modern home.

by **MICK MARSHALL**  
Building Trades Adviser

paint coat, so clean off any suspicious paint with a wire brush, and dust off well before applying the synthetic cement.

Adhesive fixing is the best way to fix hardboard.

It will save you a lot of money if you are renovating an old house with walls in tolerably good condition, as you avoid the expense and trouble of plugging battens in the walls by fixing hardboard direct to the wall.

When attacking the job of fixing in short bursts, use your lambswool roller in a bottle and keep it covered with solvent.



Apply adhesives with roller.

Synthetic adhesives develop maximum bond strength from 24-28 hours after fixing but continue to "cure" about a fortnight.

Caulking is the last subject to talk about today. It is very important to caulk joints when you use Masonite Tempred Presdwood, Tempred or other tempered hardboard around baths, sinks, and troughs.

Make completely sure you have a waterproof joint between the hardboard and the fixture by applying a seal coat of first quality paint to the edge of the sheet, carrying the paint up on the screen side in a strip 6" wide.

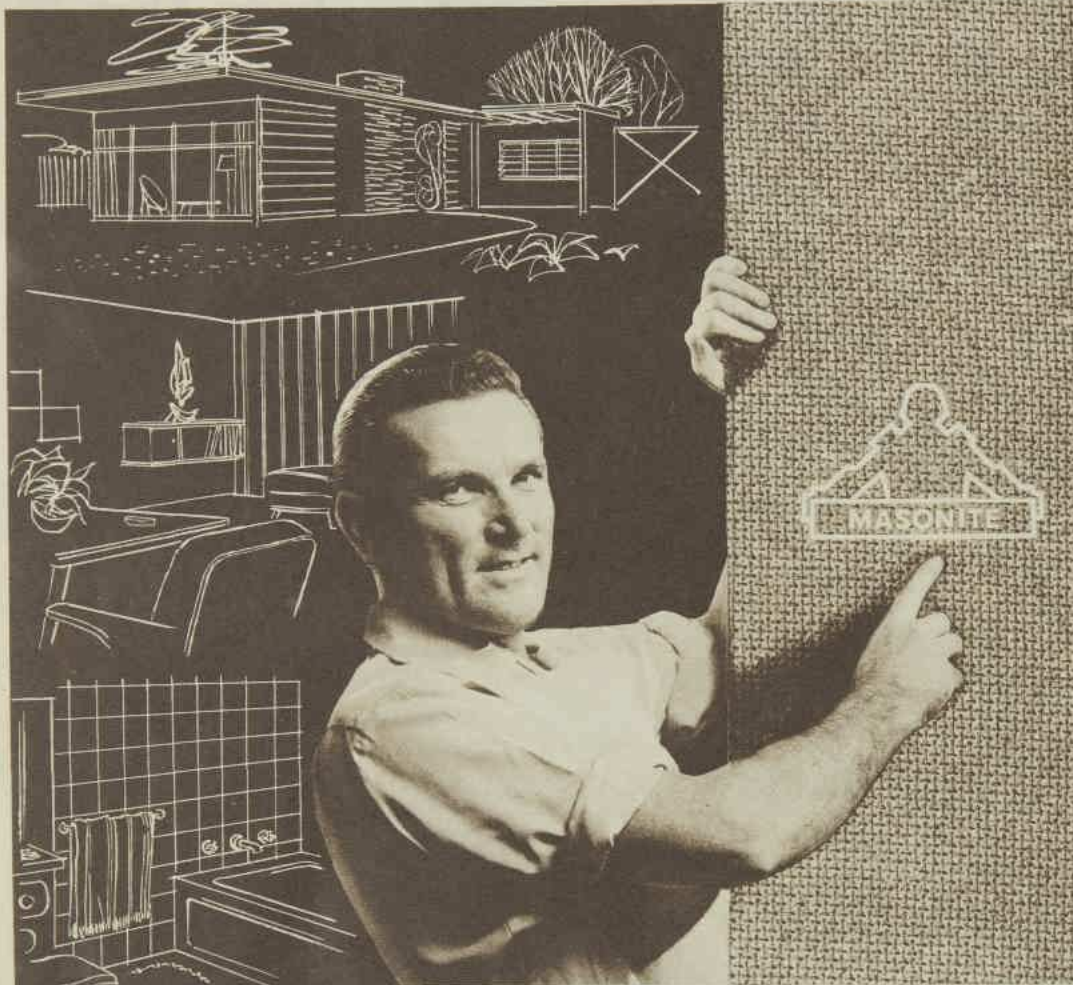
When the paint is dry, apply caulking compound along the joint between board and fixture.

Then carefully fit the board, wiping off any excess caulking compound when the board is in place.

Unless joints close to walls are caulked properly, water will get past your hardboard and cause deterioration and break-down of the supporting timber framing.

**Next Week:—** Plain and decorative jointing hardboard, new mouldings and how to put your walls to work.

[ADVERTISEMENT]



THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS INSIST ON...

## MASONITE

BRAND

the only  
**SUPERGRADE**  
Hardboard

Wherever homes are built for modern living... in scattered country towns or booming suburban development areas... you'll find Masonite brand hardboards put to a thousand different exterior and interior uses.

Not all building hardboards are Masonite, however. Masonite is the only supergrade hardboard, backed by years of experience and research, and subject to strict, unswerving quality control.

Masonite's name is your guarantee, when you build or use hardboard to modernise the house you live in.

Masonite brand hardboards will not shrink, warp, crack, swell, splinter,

remain easy to saw, nail, screw, plane; take paint like a second skin; store without deterioration... combine low-cost economy and modern beauty.

Across Australia, Masonite proudly keeps faith with home-builders. And on blizzard-swept Heard Island, too, Masonite serves the Australian Antarctic Expedition. Their huts are covered on the outside by Masonite Tempred Presdwood.

**MASONITE...  
an all Australian!**

All Masonite brand hardboards are made right here in Australia. Millions of home owners have already discovered the many ways that Masonite panels can help improve family surroundings. The increasing types and varieties of Masonite hardboard panels can be used for both exterior and interior applications. Both the builder and the do-it-yourself homemaker will find these dense seamless panels economical and easy to use. Masonite panels create luxurious settings anywhere in your home.



Wet down back of board.

To make the bond, firmly tap the hardboard to its backing along the line of adhesion, using an ordinary hammer and a block of wood covered with felt, or else a rubber hammer.

You have a fair bit of leeway in manoeuvring hardboard into position, because although tacky, the synthetic adhesive is not stuck until firmly tapped.

Remember, however, if the wall is painted, that the bond will only be as good as the



## MASONITE

BRAND

Australia's only super-grade hardboard

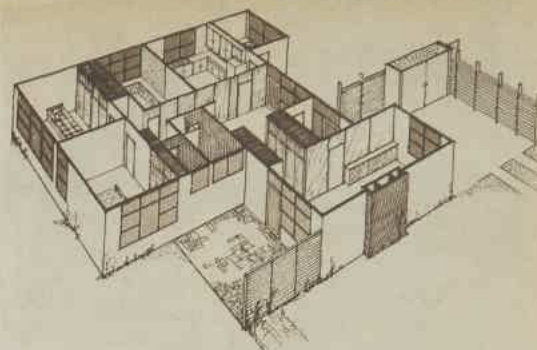
Made in Australia



# \$2000 "Hardboard in the Home" Contest

● Almost everyone has ideas about decorating a home. Yours could win the big first prize or one of the other handsome prizes in this interesting competition based on the uses of hardboard.

BUILT-IN furniture is clearly shown in this roof-off view of the house with six rooms, four of which you are asked to decorate in this exciting contest.



If you're a handyman who can design and make built-in furniture using hardboard, do renovations and repairs, or make toys, your talents will give you wider scope in this contest, which is being conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly with The Masonite Corporation (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

There are four sections in the contest:

## SECTION 1 — House Interior

At the top of the page is a roof-off drawing of a six-roomed house.

You are asked to select any four of the six rooms and plan a decorating scheme for each of the four — choosing hardboard for ceiling, walls, and any built-in furniture shown in the house plan in the various textures of hardboard

available. These textured hardboards can supply your color scheme or you can choose colors in paint on plain hardboard.

The floor plan, published in last week's issue, shows the walls in the six rooms numbered so that you can identify them by number when you set out your entry.

The house, which is Plan No. 301 in our Home Plans Service, was described last week.

Use the "exploded" walls, also published last week, to assemble color samples for the four rooms you choose.

When you have decided on your colors and textures, make up a list, numbering each wall of each of the four rooms as shown on the floor plan and adding ceiling color or texture. Here is a sample:

- Room 1 — Living-room:
1. Pink-beige.
  2. Pink-beige, built-in cupboard/beige with "Star" Pegboard doors.
  3. Pink-beige.
  4. Feature wall of "Seadrift" dark mahogany, pink-beige shelves.

Ceiling, white.

Your choice for another three

## THE PRIZES

GRAND CHAMPION, chosen from any of Sections 1, 2, or 3 £1000

First Prize — Section 1 . . . £100

First Prize — Section 2 . . . £100

First Prize — Section 3 . . . £100

Second Prize — Section 1 . . . £50

Second Prize — Section 2 . . . £50

Second Prize — Section 3 . . . £50

Three prizes of £25 each in Sections 1, 2, 3.

Special Section — First Prize . . . £80

Special Section — Second Prize . . . £25

Each week for four weeks a total of 20 progress prizes of £5 each in any or all of the four sections.

rooms should be set out in the same way.

● To make the contest as simple as possible, two special guides are available at all hardware stores which stock Masonite and from all our Home Planning Centres.

One guide shows samples of the full range of Masonite colors and textures.

The other guide shows "exploded" views of each room (similar to those published last week), enabling you to experiment with the various colors and gain a clear picture of the completed room, plus contest details.

For Section 1 send a written entry or use the special entry guide.

## SECTION 2 — Built-in and Movable Furniture

Any home carpenter or would-be carpenter will have lots of ideas for this section. Cupboards, bookshelves, small tables, wardrobes, vanity tables, screens can be made of hardboard, either textured or plain.

Your entry should contain a drawing or photograph of the piece of furniture and, if possible, drawings of the separate pieces used, with measurements marked and brief instructions for making it. It does not matter if your drawings are rough, if they are clear.

## SECTION 3 — House Renovations and Repairs

This section is for the home handyman or handywoman. There may be lots of renovations in your house that you can describe for this section.

You may have used panels of hardboard to surface walls which were too badly damaged to be repaired or perhaps you used hardboard sheets to build in a verandah or add a new room to the home. A photograph or rough drawing should be sent with description of the repair.

## SPECIAL SECTION — Toys or Small Household Items

Hardboard can be used for a doll's house, doll's furniture, toy motor-cars or trains, and small items like table-mats, trays.

Send drawing or photograph with measurements and instructions for making.

Do not send the actual article.

Conditions governing the contest were published last week.

**COUPON**

**Hardboard in the Home Contest**

"AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY,"  
Box 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Section .....

Nearest Masonite Dealer (if known) .....

# Those Books Go Out More Than I Do!



## STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

WHILE YOU

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and

tooth decay. Protect your teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it too!

FOR WHITE TEETH AND FRESH BREATH... MORE PEOPLE BUY COLGATE THAN ANY OTHER DENTAL CREAM IN THE WORLD!



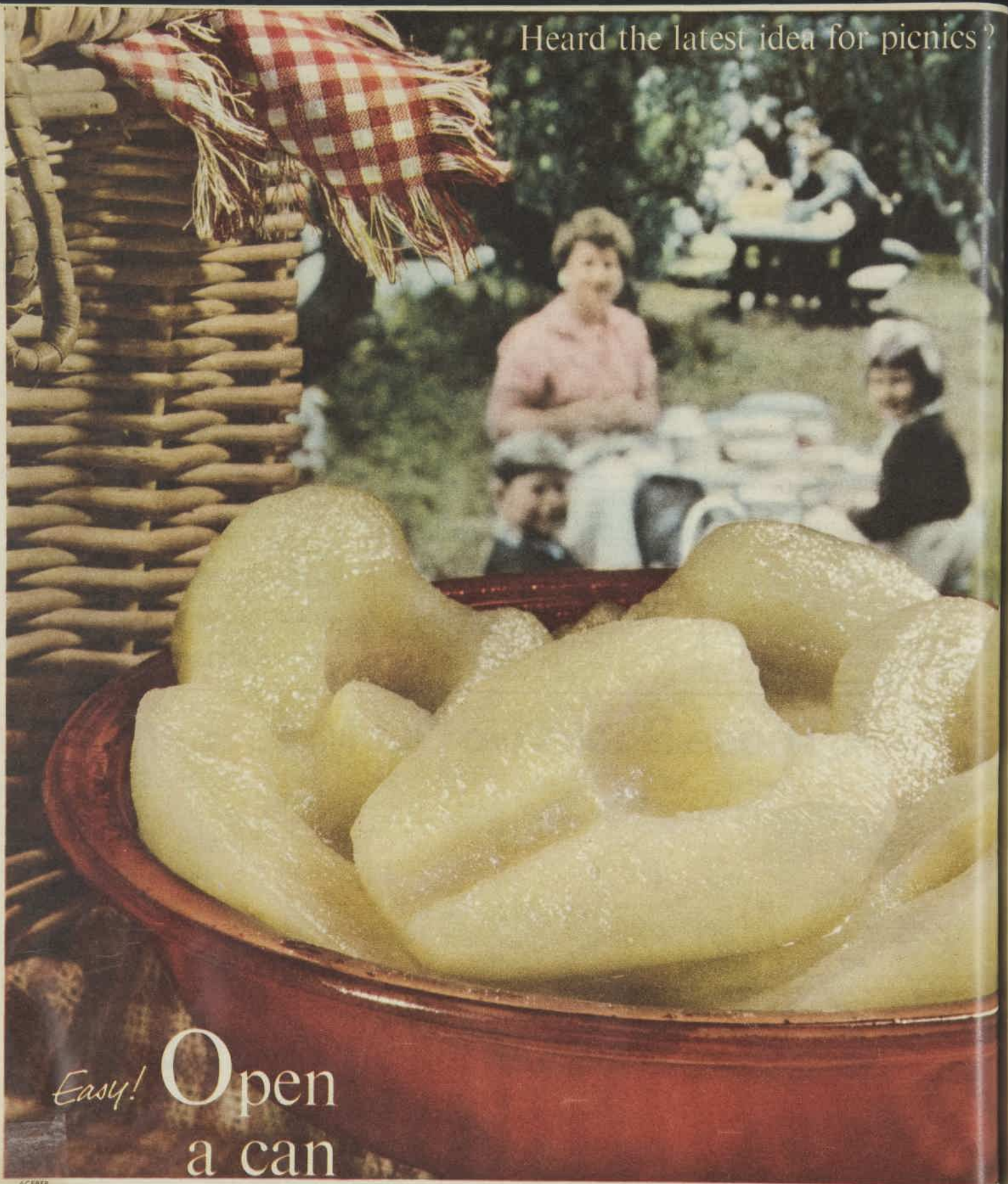
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

★ Get the big family size and save 3/-

Just one brushing with COLGATE STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY as no other toothpaste can — ANY COLOUR—ANY KIND!



Heard the latest idea for picnics?



*Easy!* Open  
a can  
of perfect  
pears

READY TO SERVE WHENEVER YOU WANT THEM... perfect, juicy pears! When you serve pears from a can you know you're getting premium fruit, picked at the peak of the season. So — next time you're picnicking, enjoy a fresh-up flavour break — take along a can of pears.



AUSTRALIAN CANNED FRUIT SALES PROMOTION COMMITTEE

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1964



# School's in for two-year-olds

By ROBERT FELDMAN, in New York

● A prominent American educationist intends to tell Australian teachers and parents that children should start school at the age of two instead of five or six. But they'll need their mothers with them, he says, and the school "day" should be limited to about two hours.

THE expert is Dr. John H. Niemeyer, 53-year-old president of the Bank Street College of Education in New York, chairman of the U.S. National Kindergarten Association, and a participant in the White House Conference on Education.

He will be guest lecturer at a conference of the Australian Pre-School Association in Hobart.

At Bank Street School, an experimental school which he runs in the heart of New York's Greenwich Village, the pupils toddle in from the age of two.

At the moment this "pre-school" class is limited to ten — plus their mothers — although many other mothers clamor to get their two-year-olds in.

The ten babies, a racial cross-section from ordinary middle-class families, were all happily at work when I dropped in recently.

Things were humming, too, in other classes, where busy, self-assured youngsters of three and four were gaining their scholastic head-start in a care-

fully managed environment, of whose advantages they were as oblivious as they were of the one-way glass through which they were being observed.

Years hence their early good fortune will show up in greater learning potential and better social adjustment.

This, at least, has been the general finding in follow-up students — the Bank Street old boy is usually brighter and more competent.

The penalty he must pay for this — that of being a stand-out in a class of average-to-dull scholars —

is a melancholy fact that gives concern to Dr. Niemeyer but does not deter him.

"Advantaged children will always be somewhat out of step in certain environments," he conceded. "Believe me, it is a great tragedy to see boredom written on the faces of seven-year-olds as they sit through a lesson they put behind years earlier."

"But who is out of step? Those of us who want to encourage a child to develop to his highest potential in social skills and competencies? Or those who wish, in effect, to hold him back?"

Dr. Niemeyer, a leading figure in U.S. pre-school education for the past decade, believes these nursery schools to be a necessity rather than a luxury.

As concern grows in America over the quality of education, he and others have been stressing the importance of the so-called "root years" — the years from two to six — when learning habits and social patterns are established.

The two-year-olds' programme at Bank Street, which is in its sixth year, consists of unadulterated play.

Since two-year-olds are too young to be cut off abruptly



Dr. Niemeyer

from Mum, the mothers of these Bank Street pupils are kept handy in an adjoining room, connected by an open door. As the term progresses, and play activities get more interesting, there is less and less running out to mother.

"Play," Dr. Niemeyer said, "is not tantamount to idleness, regardless of what our grandparents believed."

"Play, in fact, is the highest level of learning."

"Most normal children of three and four have a real hunger for playing with other children, and even two-year-



● "Play is the highest level of learning," Dr. Niemeyer believes.

olds show a need for 'parallel play' near each other.

"This social drive can be cultivated by a good teacher who uses play equipment as a conductor uses the instruments of an orchestra. Words are linked with experiences, leading to the mastery of the symbol of our society."

"This is, in fact, the way to teach reading—well before a child is able actually to comprehend the written word. Children learn an oral vocabulary, every word of which is connected to experience."

"The poor readers of later years are children who see or hear a word visually, but nothing happens in the nervous system to set loose a meaningful memory."

Dr. Niemeyer respectfully suggests that all Australian parents send their 3- and 4-year-olds to nursery school, even if it costs money.

If an established nursery school is not available, he recommends that parents organise to build one and run it co-operatively.

A co-operative nursery school modelled on a popular U.S. pattern is said to be easy to establish, cheap to run.

Only one trained teacher need be hired, and mothers take turns as the teacher's assistant and in running the twice-a-day car pool. Fathers build the relatively simple equipment required. Parents handle business affairs at monthly meetings.

A church basement or someone's large spare room would do as premises.

As for the Niemeyers themselves, their daughter, Nancy, toddled off at the age of two and a half to a private day school in New York. She's now a graduate student in South-East Asia studies at the University of Hawaii.

SEE MAGNIFICENT

## MALAYA

A MUST-STOP ON ANY TOUR



A 'BANGAU' OF A MALAY BOAT

Exotic, colourful Malaya . . . land of rubber and tin . . . of ancient shrines and temples . . . of lush, tropical beauty . . . ancient cultures and Eastern pageantry.

Malaya is your logical base for any destination in the Orient, or the perfect stopover for your journey to Europe.

Kuala Lumpur, a modern metropolis strongly infused with Oriental charm, is the capital. A bustling city of 350,000 people just 3,600 air miles away from Sydney.

Modern air, road and rail transport cover the entire country and there are excellent hotels at all key points.

Beautiful Penang harbour, lined with every

kind of vessel, sampans, junks, ocean liners . . . an island of mosques, temples and shrines whose beauty is tropical witchery.

Historic Malacca shows you Portuguese forts of the 17th century . . . medieval Europe in the heart of the Orient.

The fascinating East coast where Malaya's master-craftsmen produce timeless creations of hand-tooled silver-ware and woven brocade.



Blue skies and golden beaches

Your Travel Agent can tell you all about Malaya, or write for free brochure to: High Commissioner of the Federation of Malaya, Canberra, Australia — or Department of Tourism, P.O. Box 328, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.



Modern, air-conditioned hotels for your comfort



Government Offices, Kuala Lumpur



Chinatown, Kuala Lumpur



Ubudiah Mosque, Kuala Kangsar





SAVORY PIES illustrated above are: Australian combination pie, mushroom tuna pie, and steak and kidney favorite. The recipes for these and other savory pies are given on this page.

# PARADE OF PIES

- This four-page feature contains 22 delicious recipes for pies — sweet and savory, hot and cold. Some of the recipes are new, others are old favorites, but they are all easy to make.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**  
Our Food and Cookery Expert.

**S**TRICTLY speaking, a pie has a covering crust and a tart is an open pastry shell, but nowadays most people refer to them all as pies, reserving the word tart for the old-fashioned jam varieties or the small patty-tin size.

Simple basic recipes for pastries are in the panel on the opposite page. In all the other recipes in this feature which specify just a pastry-case in the ingredients any type of pastry can be used.

Level spoon measurements and the 8-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all these recipes. Savory and sweet pies are grouped together.

## STEAK AND KIDNEY FAVORITE

Double quantity of shortcrust pastry, 2lb. blade or chuck steak, 4 kidneys (soaked in salted water 10 minutes then skinned), seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 large sliced onions, 1lb. washed and sliced mushrooms, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 1 cup stock or water.

Chop steak and kidney into small pieces, toss in seasoned flour. Heat fat in saucepan, add meat, stir over heat until browned. Add onion and mushrooms, continue cooking further 5 minutes. Add sauces, seasonings, and stock, stir well. Cover, cook until meat is tender. If desired, meat could be pressure-cooked 30 minutes. Cool meat. Roll out half pastry and fill into pie-plate, spoon in meat and top with remaining pastry. Trim and press fancy pattern round edge with teaspoon. Make a rose and few leaves from leftover pastry, arrange on top. Glaze with egg-yolk or milk, cut few slits in top. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake until pastry is golden brown.

## AUSTRALIAN COMBINATION PIE

Two tomatoes (skinned and thickly sliced), salt, pepper, oregano, 1lb. bacon rashers (rind removed), 1 cup chopped parsley, 9 eggs, 1 quantity puff pastry, little beaten egg-yolk or milk for glazing.

Grease 8in. or 9in. pie-plate thickly with butter. Arrange layers of sliced tomato, bacon, parsley, and whole uncooked eggs in plate. Season each layer. Roll out pastry on floured board to about 1½in. bigger than top of pie.

Cut small strip from outer edge. Glaze pie rim, place strip round edge. Glaze, top with puff pastry round. Trim edge and glaze pie. Slit edge of pastry at intervals, cut 4 slits in top. Bake in very hot oven until golden brown.

## MUSHROOM TUNA PIE

One quantity savory crumb crust, 1lb. sliced mushrooms, 2oz. butter, 1 lge. tin cream of mushroom soup, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons cornflour, 1½ cups milk, 1½ cups frozen pre-cooked peas, ½ cup chopped red pepper (parboiled), 1 lge. tin tuna or other fish, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Press crumb crust into 9in. or 10in. pastry case; stand aside while preparing filling. Saute sliced mushrooms in heated butter; drain. Combine soup and onion in saucepan, heat slowly. Blend cornflour and milk together, stir into soup. Bring to boil, stirring constantly. Simmer 3 minutes. Fold in half the peas and pepper and all tuna and lemon juice, season with salt, pepper. Spoon into crumb crust, garnish with remaining peas and pepper, bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

## CAULIFLOWER AND OYSTER FLAN

One quantity cheese pastry, 1 small or half a large cauliflower, salt, ½ pint white sauce, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dozen oysters, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper.

Roll out pastry on floured board, turn into flan ring or 8in. tart-plate. Trim and decorate edge, bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Prepare filling: Wash cauliflower thoroughly, break into flowerets. Place in saucepan of boiling salted water, cook until just tender. Drain, fold into heated sauce with bearded oysters, lemon juice, red pepper. Turn into pastry case, replace in moderate oven to reheat.

## CHEESY LUNCHEON PIE

One unbaked 9in. shortcrust pastry-case, 4 to 6oz. salami or similar luncheon meat, 2 eggs, 2 cups cottage cheese, 2 cups mashed potato, ½ cup sour cream, ½ cup chopped onion, 2 tablespoons chopped red pepper, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons butter.

Slice salami or luncheon meat, arrange in bottom of pastry-case. Beat eggs until thick and lemon-colored, add cottage cheese, potato, cream, onion, red pepper, salt, and pepper. Mix in thoroughly. Turn mixture into pie-case, dot with butter. Bake in hot oven ½ hour, reduce heat to moderate, cook until set.





**SWEET-FLAVORED PIES** shown above are apple harvest pie, ginger rhubarb delight, and minted fruit custard tart. See recipes among the delicious sweet varieties in this four-page feature.

#### GINGER RHUBARB DELIGHT

One bunch rhubarb,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 tablespoon finely chopped ginger, 2 tablespoons sago, little red coloring, 2 cups sweetened apple pulp, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon mixed spice, 1 quantity simple biscuit pastry, 1 egg-white (beaten slightly), extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar.

Wash and chop rhubarb roughly, place in saucepan with sugar, water, ginger, and sago. Bring to boil, simmer gently, stirring occasionally, until rhubarb is soft and sago has swollen. Add apple pulp, lemon rind, and spice; mix well. Color if desired with little red coloring. Cool. Roll out three-quarters of pastry thinly on floured board, fill into 10in. pie-plate. Trim edge, leaving 1in. overhang all around. Fill pie with prepared mixture. Roll out remaining pastry thinly, cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. strips. Arrange in criss-cross fashion over top of pie, allowing end pieces to overlap edge. Glaze edge, fold outer edge of pastry neatly over rim of tart-plate. Pinch large frill round edge, glaze with egg-white, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 15 to 20 minutes.

#### APPLE HARVEST PIE

Double quantity champagne pastry, 3 cups unsweetened apple pulp, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups apricot jam,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup soft breadcrumbs or cakecrumbs, 6 thin slices cheddar cheese, mint sprigs.

Roll out half pastry thinly, line 9in. or 10in. pie-plate. Heat jam and juice together until well mixed. Fold into apple pulp, add lemon rind, grated crumbs. Mix well together, fill into pie-case. Roll out remaining pastry thinly, cover top of pie. Trim edge, pinch frill, cut few indentations in top of pie to let steam escape. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 minutes or until pastry is lightly browned and crisp. Allow pie to cool. Roll cheese slices into horn shape (heat slightly under grill if cheese tends to break). Arrange on top of pie and garnish with mint.

#### MINTED FRUIT CUSTARD TART

One quantity crumb crust mixture, 3 cups milk, 4 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons custard powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup honey,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup condensed milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 4 egg-whites, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream, 1 cup fruit mince (bought or home-made).

Press crumbs into well-greased 8in. or 9in.

pie-plate, chill while preparing filling. Blend custard powder with milk in top half of double saucepan, add egg-yolks, honey, condensed milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until thick. Allow to cool slightly, fold in vanilla, egg-whites (which have been beaten stiffly with the salt), and whipped cream. Spoon into pie-case, chill well. Arrange fruit mince in spiral fashion on top of pie.

#### PAPAW CHEESE TART

One quantity simple biscuit pastry, 2 cups diced fresh or tinned papaw, 4 passionfruit, juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  orange, 6oz. cottage cheese, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups sugar, 2oz. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 eggs,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 teaspoon brandy.

Roll out pastry, line 9in. pie-plate. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Remove from oven. Place papaw in bowl with passionfruit pulp, orange juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of the sugar. Rub cottage cheese through fine strainer, add remaining sugar, mix well. Add butter, beat until light, blend in sifted flour and salt. Add eggs alternately with milk which has been flavored with brandy; beat well. Place fruit mixture in partly cooked pastry-case, top with cheese. Return to moderate oven, bake until filling is set.

#### PASSIONFRUIT MALLOW TART

One quantity simple biscuit pastry, 2oz. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, pulp 3 passionfruit, 1 tablespoon cornflour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, 1 egg-yolk.

Marshmallow: Half cup hot water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup castor or icing sugar, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-white, extra passionfruit pulp.

Roll pastry to  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness on floured board. Line 9in. tart-plate, trim and decorate edge. Prick pastry with fork, bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool, prepare filling.

Filling: Place butter, sugar, water, cornflour, and lemon juice in saucepan. Stir over heat until mixture boils. Add passionfruit pulp, continue stirring, simmer 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add beaten egg-yolk. Cool slightly, pour into pastry-case. Prepare topping: Dissolve gelatine in hot water, allow to cool, add lemon juice. Beat egg-white stiffly, gradually add dissolved gelatine, then sugar, beat until thick. Pile on filling, trickle extra passionfruit pulp on top.

More recipes on pages 42, 43

## BASIC RECIPES FOR PASTRIES

Below are the basic recipes for making the various types of pastries. Detailed lessons on pastry-making appeared in our Cookery Course of May 3 and May 10 this year.

#### SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter, squeeze lemon juice, 4 tablespoons water.

Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter. Mix to dry dough with lemon juice and water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly, roll to shape and size required.

#### CHEESE PASTRY

Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, dash cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. butter, 2oz. sharply flavored grated cheese, squeeze lemon juice, about 1-3rd cup water.

Sift flour, salt, pepper, baking-powder into basin, rub in butter, add cheese. Mix to dry dough with lemon juice and water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out.

#### PUFF PASTRY

Half pound flour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 1 egg-yolk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift flour and salt and mix with egg-yolk and water and lemon juice to make a light dough. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly until smooth and elastic, roll into thin oblong sheet. Squeeze butter in clean cloth to remove excess moisture, then spread butter on half the pastry to within  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of edge. Glaze edges, fold other half of pastry over the butter, and press edges together. Turn folded pastry so fold is at left side. Roll away from self into oblong shape. Fold into three, turn fold to left, roll again. Fold and roll in this manner seven times. After every second rolling chill until butter is firm. After last folding, roll to required size and shape. Makes  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.

#### CRUMB PIE CRUST

Four cups crushed cornflakes or biscuits, 6oz. butter (melted),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown or white sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon.

Combine all ingredients, mix well. Press into well-greased pie-plate, chill well before filling.

Note: For savory crust, use savory biscuit crumbs and grated cheese instead of sugar.

#### CHAMPAGNE PASTRY

One and a quarter cups self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons cornflour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon milk.

Sift flour, cornflour, and salt, then rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to dry dough with egg-yolk and milk. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead lightly, roll out.

#### BISCUIT PASTRY

Three ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 6oz. plain flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon water.

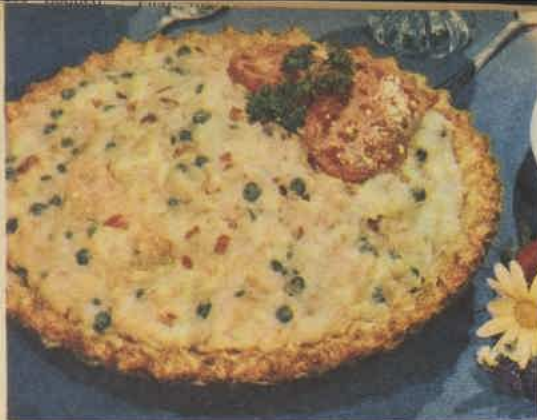
Cream butter with sugar until fluffy, beat in egg. Work in sifted flour and baking-powder, add sufficient water to make mixture pliable dough. Roll out on floured board or press into tin or pie-plate.

#### SIMPLE BISCUIT PASTRY

Four ounces self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, 2oz. custard powder, pinch salt, 3 tablespoons sugar, 6oz. butter, 4 tablespoons milk or water.

Sift flours, custard powder, and salt into basin, rub in butter. Add sugar, mix to firm dough with milk or water. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out.





#### SAVORY BRAIN PIE (Illustrated at left)

One quantity cheese pastry, 6 sets brains, 1 small onion (sliced), few thin slices lemon rind, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 cups milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup frozen or cooked peas,  $\frac{1}{2}$  red pepper (finely chopped and cooked in salted water), parsley.

Roll out pastry on floured board, line 9in. pie-plate. Trim edge, pinch frill, prick base well. Bake in hot oven about 15 minutes or until golden-brown. Wash brains, soak 10 minutes in salted water.

**VERSATILE** savory brain pie (left) in which other meats can be used instead of the brains. Recipe is given above.

#### Concluding PARADE OF PIES

## SAVORY AND . . .

#### CHIPOLATA PIE

One baked shortcrust pastry-case, 1 egg-white, 4 tomatoes, salt, pepper, 6 shallots, 2 rashers bacon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{2}{3}$ lb. chipolata sausages (cooked),  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cooked mashed potato, milk, butter, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, tomato wedges, stuffed olives.

Brush pastry-case with egg-white to seal it. Cover with sliced tomatoes, dust with salt, pepper. Add layer of finely chopped shallot, then layer of chopped bacon. Cut all but 6 of sausages in halves, add layer to pie. Repeat layers, finishing with tomatoes. Spread potato (mashed with butter, milk, and cheese) over top. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Decorate top with whole cooked sausage and tomato wedges. Reheat, serve garnished with stuffed olives.

#### DEVILLED KIDNEY FLAN

One quantity shortcrust pastry, 6 sheep kidneys, 2oz. butter, salt, pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 4 tomatoes, extra butter, bacon rolls and parsley to garnish.

Roll pastry to  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness on floured board, line 8in. flan or tart-plate, trim edges. Prick base and sides with fork, bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Meanwhile, soak kidneys in cold salted water  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour, remove skin and core, slice finely. Melt  $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of the butter in pan, add kidneys, saute 5 minutes. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce; cook further 3 minutes. Arrange kidney mixture round edge of baked flan. Melt remaining butter in pan, add beaten eggs, parsley; season with salt, pepper. Stir over heat until set. Spoon into flan, next to kidney circle. Peel tomatoes, cut in quarters. Place in pan with little extra butter, saute 3 or 4 minutes. Lift carefully into centre of flan, place in moderate oven until thoroughly reheated. Serve with grilled bacon rolls and parsley.

#### CANADIAN-STYLE PORK PIE

Two and a half cups diced roast pork, 2 cooking apples,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, nutmeg, 1 cup pork gravy, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 quantity shortcrust or puff pastry.

Grease pie-dish, arrange alternate layers of diced pork and peeled, cored, and sliced apples. Season each layer with salt, pepper, add sprinkling of nutmeg on apple slices. Add parsley, gravy. Glaze edge of dish, place rolled-out pastry on top. Trim edges, decorate with pastry rose and leaves. Make  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. slit in top. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, continue cooking further 25 minutes. Serve piping hot.

#### MEDLEY MERINGUE PIE

One baked 8in. shortcrust pastry-case, 1 tin creamed corn, 1 chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 tomatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs, salt, pepper, 2 egg-whites, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, little butter.

Spread pastry-case with corn, sprinkle with salt, pepper. Cover with half onion and parsley mixed together. Saute sliced tomatoes in little butter until soft, arrange in pastry-case, dust with salt, pepper. Add remainder of onion and parsley and sliced eggs. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold in cornflour. Pile on top of tart, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake in moderate oven until meringue is set and brown.

#### VEAL AND BACON PIE

One and a half to two pounds fillet of veal,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon rashers (rind removed),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1oz. melted butter, 2 tablespoons milk, pinch nutmeg, grated rind of  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon, stock, 1 quantity puff-pastry.

Cut veal into thin slices approximately  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. Cut bacon into pieces and place piece on each strip of veal. Combine all remaining ingredients, except stock and pastry, mix well. Place tablespoon of mixture on each piece of meat; roll up, secure with cocktail sticks or coarse thread. Arrange in large ovenware dish, pour sufficient stock or water flavored with little vegetable extract to two-thirds fill dish. Cover with close-fitting lid, braise in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Remove from oven, cool, remove threads. Roll out pastry to  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, moisten edges of dish with water, cover with pastry. Make 2 slits in top; brush surface with beaten egg-yolk or milk, bake in hot oven further 20 to 25 minutes or until pastry is cooked.

TRY SPAGHETTI  
THIS EXCITING  
NEW WAY



THE TASTIEST MEAT SAUCE  
MADE IN NEXT-TO-NO-TIME  
WITH SPICY BRAISED STEAK  
AND ONIONS FROM KRAFT



Now you can have a delicious new flavour with your spaghetti meals . . . and it's made in a very few minutes . . . with Kraft savoury meat sauce. The flavour of prime steak, simmered till it's really tender, and spiced with tangy onions, blends right through the spaghetti . . . gives it a flavour, colour and aroma that no one could resist! Rich in Kraft Goodness®, Braised Steak and Onions makes the "delightful difference" when served with vegetables; and it's great on hot buttered toast, as a quick, cheery snack. In 4-oz., 12-oz. and 16-oz. cans.

#### Try this exciting new KRAFT recipe SPAGHETTI with BRAISED STEAK and ONION SAUCE

Cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. spaghetti in fast-boiling salted water. Drain and rinse. Place on a serving dish. Keep hot.

Melt 1 dessertspoon shortening in a saucepan and cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped celery until soft. Add one 8-oz. can tomato soup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and one 12-oz. can Kraft Braised Steak and Onions. Heat, stirring constantly, till heated through and sauce is smooth. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over spaghetti. 3 servings.

#### KRAFT GOODNESS®

There's no guesswork in Kraft Goodness. Each can contains a perfect product, created and quality tested in the Kraft Kitchen.

Another member of the **KRAFT** family of fine foods



## ... SWEET

### BANANA CREAM PIE (Illustrated at right)

One quantity biscuit pastry, 4 tablespoons flour, 4 tablespoons butter, 3 cups milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 2 eggs, 4 bananas, 1 tablespoon lemon juice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream (whipped and sweetened).

Roll out pastry thinly, line 9in. pie-plate, trim edge. Cut small fancy shapes from leftover pastry, arrange round edge of plate, glaze each with little milk to help them stick. Prick base well, bake in hot oven 15 minutes or until browned lightly. Prepare filling. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, cook 1 minute. Stir in milk and sugar, continue stirring until thickened, simmer 3 minutes. Add vanilla, lemon rind, and egg-yolks, cook further 1 minute without boiling. Cool. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. When nearly cold, slice bananas, dip in lemon juice. Spread  $\frac{2}{3}$  of banana slices over base of pie, reserving remainder for decoration. Spoon cooled custard over. When cold, decorate with whipped cream and banana slices. Serve well chilled.

### EASILY MADE LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Twenty-four plain sweet biscuits, 1 and 1-3rd cups sweetened condensed milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup lemon juice, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 2 eggs (separated),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Line 8in. pie-plate with biscuits, crumbling several to fill spaces between biscuits in bottom of pie-plate. Pour sweetened condensed milk into mixing bowl, add lemon juice, rind, salt, egg-yolks. Beat until blended. Pour into pie-shell. Add cream of tartar to egg-whites, beat until stiff but not dry. Add sugar gradually, beating until mixture stands in peaks. Spread over lemon filling. Bake in hot oven 5 to 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Cool before serving.

### MINTED CHOCOLATE PIE

One baked 9in. biscuit pastry pie-shell, 1oz. chocolate (melted),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 or 3 drops peppermint extract, 2 eggs, sweetened whipped cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup almonds (blanched, toasted, and slivered), 4oz. grated chocolate.

Cream butter until soft, gradually add sugar. Blend in cooled chocolate, peppermint extract. Add eggs one at a time, beating 5 minutes after each addition. Pour filling into pie-shell. Chill until firm. Just before serving, decorate with whipped cream topped with almonds and grated chocolate.

### RUM MOCHA PARFAIT PIE

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons instant coffee, 1 teaspoon rum,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot water, 1 pint chocolate ice-cream, one 8in. baked shortcrust pastry-case, whipped cream, chocolate shavings.

Dissolve gelatine, instant coffee, rum, and sugar in hot water in saucepan. Add ice-cream in pieces, stir until melted. Chill until thickened but not set (about 30 to 40 minutes). Turn into pie-shell. Chill until firm (about 30 to 40 minutes). Garnish with whipped cream and chocolate shavings if desired.

### SOUR CREAM RAISIN PIE

One unbaked 9in. biscuit pastry case,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 2 tablespoons flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, 1 egg (beaten), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups thick sour cream, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups raisins.

Combine sugar, flour, cinnamon, nutmeg, salt. Blend egg and cream together, add to dry ingredients, mix thoroughly. Stir in raisins, pour into prepared pastry-case. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 25 minutes or until a silver knife inserted comes out clean. Serve warm.

### SNOW WHITE CHERRY PIE

One quantity biscuit pastry, 1 lge. tin or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups cooked cherries, 1 egg-white, 1 cup desiccated coconut, 1 extra teaspoon flour, 1 teaspoon melted butter, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Press pastry over base and sides of greased 8in. or 9in. pie-plate. Pinch edge, prick base, bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Remove from oven, cover base with drained cherries. Pour over cool cherry sauce (see below). Beat egg-white until frothy, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved. Stir in extra flour, coconut,

melted butter. Spread over top of cherries and sauce. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes. Cover top with piece of paper after 10 minutes.

**Cherry Sauce:** Juice from drained cherries (2 cups),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cornflour (blended with little water),  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon, few drops red food coloring.

Place cherry juice and sugar in saucepan, stir over heat until sugar has dissolved. Stir in blended cornflour, stir over heat until sauce boils and thickens. Add cinnamon and few drops food coloring, simmer 3 minutes; cool.

***SLICES of bananas dipped in lemon to prevent darkening decorate this cream pie. Recipe is given at left.***



**Salada**  
THE AMERICAN CRACKER  
BAKED OVEN CRISP BY  
BROCKHOFF

**Salada**  
BAKED OVEN CRISP BY  
BROCKHOFF

Any season, Any weather . . .

SOUP 'n **Salada** go together!



Serve crisp, golden SALADA Crackers with a bowl of piping hot Tomato Soup . . . and here is savoury satisfaction . . . soup flavour beyond your dreams! That's because SALADA is so delicious in itself — unique in its toasted, salty tang . . . its crispness. Truly a perfect cracker . . . SALADA is the touch of

cleverness that makes any good meal better! Try breaking SALADA into soup with your next meal . . . you'll love the extra flavour SALADA gives to all soups.

Here's a hot and hearty idea! Spread a crisp Salada square with butter and grated cheese . . . float on top of Tomato Soup just before serving . . . Looks great . . . tastes even better . . . lots of nourishment too!



Baked Oven-Crisp  
by

**BROCKHOFF**



squeezing the best men to death. All they ever think of is getting out! From the day they begin. Whether it's Italy or France or Maine, some day getting out of it."

"Precisely. Just what I'm going to do."

"But the business world is the thing we've made," she said, almost imploringly. "It's what everything's fed to. It's where we are. What's going to happen if all the good men just escape — if they won't stay around and make it better?"

"Make what better?" he asked stubbornly.

"For heaven's sake, Ben! All the low-lives are breathing down our necks with everything rotten and terrible. Dirty dodges and crooked politics and conform, conform, and crush-crush-crush everything free and pretty and worth while. And—"

He got up impatiently. "And do

you think that if I stay and write publicity for Beaumont that will cure it? The world will be better?"

She was shaking. She was careful not to shout. "I'm certainly telling you," she said, "that what you did yesterday is what we all need. When you refused that disgusting dirt and sold them a sane, constructive programme you did a good thing, a helpful thing, something that helped everyone else to breathe whether he knows it or not."

In a way he was sorry he had told her his plans, because it had upset her so. In another way he was glad, because he was getting a glimpse of depths in her that he had never suspected.

"Kathy," he said quietly, "you're

a very remarkable girl. You really are. But aren't you being—"

She leaped on this. "Don't tell me I'm sweet and young and naive. Our world is nine-tenths poisonous junk. I know that as well as you do. But it's our world! And it will get even junkier if the people like you just get sick of it and quit. Somebody's got to mind the store—because it's the only store we've got."

"Ah, well," he said hopelessly, as if they were simply not communicating.

She muttered, "Fishing town in Maine."

## Continuing . . . THE DISTANT VIEW

from page 30

He couldn't help smiling; her outrage was, after all, complimentary and touching. "And now all you've done is make it tough for me to thank you. Which is how this whole thing started."

Without turning, she asked, "Thank me for what?"

"It's especially important to me for Beaumont to win. You helped me with the plan that's going to do it. I just wanted to thank you. That's all."

"Why is it especially important? So you can leave a hero?"

"No," he said patiently. "There'll be bonuses if we win, and I need mine badly. To help buy a house in Maine. You see, I'm getting married up there at Christmas . . ."

was drained white. "That tops it," she said tensely. "That goes right ahead and tops it. You have the nerve to thank me—for helping you to marry someone else."

To him it was as if a pane of glass had been smashed—a thick pane that had invisibly separated them. Stunned, he said, "What do you mean—someone else?"

Deliberately she slapped his face, full and hard. "Now you know," she said evenly. "All about me. And now you can go to hell."

She turned and snatched up her handbag and her coat and ran out the door.

He watched her go. He said nothing and he made no move to stop her. The door slam echoed for a moment. Then he walked abstractedly, fairly rapidly, around the sofa, until he reached the exact spot he had just left. He picked up a cigarette. He walked to the window. He smoked.

Joanna noticed a difference—not in Ben's feelings toward her but in his feelings toward himself. When he held her, when he kissed her, she knew this was the man who wanted to marry her, who made her feel miraculous and rare. But when they talked, his eyes sometimes would wander and go cloudy. His voice faltered in the middle of sentences; sometimes he would forget to finish them.

The election was to be on Friday. On Monday night she made dinner for them in her place and afterwards they sat on her sofa and, with his arm around her, they chatted or didn't chat.

By and by she said, "Oh, I almost forgot. I got you a little bottle of Strega. Do you want some?"

"Hm?" He looked at her as if he needed a translation. "Strega? No, thanks very much, darling. I don't think so." He sat back. "I'm afraid I have to be running along soon anyway. Large day tomorrow."

She stroked his hand. "Poor sweet. I won't try to dissuade you. You must be tired."

He shook his head. "That's what's so funny, Jo. I'm not the least bit tired these days. Well, yes, a little, I guess, but not really. Not really. I can't explain."

The next morning, after a feverish, twisting, shame-ridden night, Kathy felt too wretched to go into the office—indeed, to go out at all. The day after that she could have gone in, but she decided not to.

She spent the weekend walking about New York and going for long bus rides and taking the ferry to Staten Island. She decided that she hadn't been foolish in any extraneous way; she had simply been herself. If she had done anything foolish, it was a vein that was very much part of her—she would always have it, and there wasn't much sense

To page 45

## INTRODUCING CAREFREE COMFORT

New Modess Vee-Form is V-shaped . . . softly contoured to echo the lines of your body.

*How remarkable!*

New Modess Vee-Form fits smoothly, forgettably, for it's wider in front, nicely narrow at back.

*How natural!*

New Modess Vee-Form has a new soft cover and a full length safety shield.

*How necessary!*

New Modess Vee-Form has an undetectable deodorant.

*How wonderful!*



New:  
Modess  
VEE-FORM



Johnson & Johnson

Also available: MODESS regular with MASSLINN or GAUZE cover, and MODESS SUPER.

## PRIZE RECIPE

THE £5 prize this week in our regular recipe contest is won for delightful apricot crispies—an ideal afternoon-tea biscuit.

Chopped walnuts and popcorn mixed with other ingredients make a delicious topping, and the apricot jam adds the final touch of flavor.

Spoon measurements are level.

### APRICOT CRISPIES

Six ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 3oz. butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon water.

Topping: One egg-white, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup chopped popcorn, 1 tablespoon chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 tablespoons apricot jam.

Sift flour and salt, rub in butter, add sugar. Beat egg-yolk lightly with water and add to dry ingredients, mixing to firm but not crumbly consistency. Knead lightly on floured board, roll out thinly, cut with small round fluted cutter. Place on greased oven-slides.

Topping: Beat egg-white with salt until stiff, gradually add brown sugar, mix well. Mix melted butter with popcorn and walnuts, add to egg-white mixture. Flavor with vanilla. Pile on top of biscuit shape. Make depression in centre of each with handle of wooden spoon and fill with little apricot jam. Bake in moderate oven 17 to 20 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. J. Clifford, 15 Resolution Street, Warrane, Tas.



in moaning about and regretting it. She would finish out the Beaumont campaign through the election on Friday because she couldn't leave Pat in a jam.

Then, whether Beaumont won or lost, she would resign and hunt for another job. Ben might be leaving himself in a month or so, but it was a month she didn't care to spend with him. The one last week, until Friday, would be difficult enough.

The worst thing, she realised as she climbed into bed on Sunday night, sure she wouldn't sleep, was not that she had revealed love to a man who didn't care for her. That hurt; that was agonising enough. But what was worse was to find that he wasn't the man she thought he was. Not a fighter but a runaway. Just because the fight wasn't already won.

Tuesday night Joanna and Ben went to a party but left early. They walked home much as they had always done; but still she felt he was somehow veiled.

At her door she asked, "Coming up?" "Love to, if I may," he said. But she felt it was a bit constrained, as if he were saying it because anything else might make her think there was something wrong.

She led him up the long two flights of stairs while a tiny serpent's tongue of fear flicked in and out of her heart. Ben knew she loved him, just as she knew he loved her; but did he realise how much she depended on him? He was her love and her husband-to-be; but did he know he was also her rescuer?

She made some coffee, and when she came out of the kitchenette he was standing at the window, staring out. Something in the very look of his back gave her a twinge. She decided to have it out, to speak, if only to prove to herself that her worries were baseless.

**T**HEY sat and sipped the coffee and she said, "Tell me. Is there something on your mind?"

He said thoughtfully, "I don't know. That's the truth, Jo."

"Well, then, tell me about it. What's bothering you?"

"Jo, all I know is that I thought I had only one idea in my head—and well, I've still got that idea. Very strongly. He hesitated. "But perhaps there are others, too. Other ideas. I don't know."

Now the fear licked at her again—cold, moist, sudden. A sixth sense, possibly born of self-protection, of sorry past experience, made her intuitive.

"I think it's just that the date when you're going to resign is coming closer and closer. And theory is one thing, dearest, but actually doing it is awfully harsh and real. It's not easy to wrench away."

He considered this. "Is that it?"

"Part of it, I think, dearest. It—it's like being infatuated with someone at the same time you know he's shallow. The hardest thing is breaking off. Actually parting. Then it gets easier—very fast."

He nodded. "Maybe that's it. Just that act of parting is coming closer. Maybe that's it."

It took some time for the little licking tongues of fear within her to subside. She kept hearing a subtle tone within, a tone in the way he said, "Maybe."

Ben was surprised at himself. After that strange evening with Kathy, after the turmoil it stirred in him had settled somewhat, he was surprised at what remained. Of the two explosions in that evening, one kept echoing. He was so firmly fixed on Joanna that Kathy's revelation of her feelings did no more than embarrass him temporarily. But there was a chink in him, a crevice, that Kathy's other remarks had penetrated much more deeply.

What really remained in his mind was what she had said about his quitting. And why.

He was—he had to admit to himself—a bit relieved that she had stayed out of the office on the Thursday and Friday after their dinner. There was no point in pretending that nothing had happened; his attitude would be that he was too fond of her and respected her too much either to be offended at her criticism or to remind her of her revelation.

That was his plan. It crumbled on Monday morning when he saw her. Because she adopted it first.

She was cordial and straightforward and businesslike. As soon as he sat down she brought in some schedules for him to approve, and she looked him in the eye so firmly that he was the one to become a little uneasy.

The things Kathy had said that night kept tapping at the cast iron of his fixed

## Continuing . . . THE DISTANT VIEW

from page 44

ideas, beginning to chip off flakes. It was annoying. Because, he thought, what she said isn't true. Nothing has changed. Smithport is still the blessed place.

But then, right in the middle of a conference with Pat and Sid, with the fur flying, Ben found himself enjoying it as much as he ever had. Perhaps more. It perturbed him. He ought to be enjoying it less. And he thought: If Smithport still looks the same to me, then what's happened?

... Maybe it's just that this work here isn't as terrible as I thought. Or maybe now there's some point in it.

Sometimes, especially after he had seen Joanna and kissed her and held her and thought of the tranquil,

peaceful life ahead of him, his doubts seemed ridiculous. Why should one impassioned outburst by a green girl upset him so? He remembered Thoreau's famous line: "Most men lead lives of quiet desperation." Well, he wasn't going to be quietly desperate on Madison Avenue for the rest of his life . . . like so many others.

Still, a possibility plagued him which had not even been a possibility before. One might perhaps become quietly desperate even in a quiet place. The thought was in his mind these days, and he supposed it sometimes showed. But he didn't want

to speak about it yet to Joanna. Not until his own mind was clearer. And certainly not until after the Stoddard election . . .

On the train going up he hardly had a chance to speak to Kathy; both of them, and Pat, were busy with newspapermen and with stockholders travelling to the election doing last-minute canvassing.

By five o'clock the speeches had ended and the voting began. As pre-arranged, Ben then flew back to New York on the five-thirty plane. There he would wait word of the results from Pat, who would remain in Coldfield with Kathy to handle Beaumont's Press relations. Ben was to be in New York so that he could talk to the papers there.

In the plane he leaned back with his eyes closed, but there wasn't a chance of his sleeping. His mind returned to the meeting: to Beaumont, short, dynamic, handsome; to Stoddard, grey, reserved, dignified; to the thought that a decision of some importance in American affairs was being made there and that he had played a part in it. Then his thoughts went away to Smithport: a picture all compounded of untouched beauty and still delight.

The image of a counterweight came into his mind. Before, it had seemed to him that Smithport was solid and real, and the flimsy New York life floated emptily in mid-air. Now the business life seemed to have taken on a validity and weight of its own to counterbalance the other—which

To page 52

### Cleanness and whiteness are no longer enough!



**Blue**

# OMO adds brightness

Your Blue Omo wash comes out cleaner, whiter—and brighter. That's because Blue Omo is the detergent with a difference . . . a unique blue brightener. No blueing needed. Next washday, see new brightness, feel new softness and smell

a new, fresh fragrance in all your wash. Use Blue Omo.

**BLUE OMO LIFTS OUT DIRT!**

Those Blue Omo suds lift out dirt. They surround it, hold it away from clothes . . . then rinse away in an instant.

**BLUE IS FOR BRIGHTNESS!**





# Cookery Course

## CAKES. PART 2

### — Rubbed-in mixtures, sponges

IN this second lesson on cake-making, rubbed-in mixtures and sponges are discussed.

#### CONSISTENCIES

Consistency of cake mixture is important because when it is:

Too dry: Causes uneven rising, dry crumbly texture.

Too moist: Causes sinking in middle, heaviness, fruit sinking in fruit cakes.

Consistency of mixtures is governed by method of mixing:

Soft consistency: Too thick to pour, drops from spoon in lumps. Correct for creamed mixtures such as orange cake and some rubbed-in mixtures such as gingerbread.

Firm consistency: Too sticky to handle, but holds its shape when dropped from spoon. Correct for rubbed-in mixtures such as rock cakes.

Pouring consistency: Spreads slowly when poured into tins. Correct for sponges.

#### RUBBED-IN MIXTURES

Below are directions for making and baking rubbed-in mixtures:

##### TO PREPARE TINS

Rock cakes, etc: Grease slab-tins. Gingerbread, etc: Grease square or round tins, place circle or square of greased paper on base.

##### TO PREPARE MIXTURES

1. Sift dry ingredients thoroughly. 2. Add shortening cut into small pieces, rub in with fingertips until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. This is important because shortening insufficiently rubbed in makes a coarse, uneven texture.

3. Add sugar and any other dry ingredient or flavoring such as dried fruit, etc.

4. Add liquid, beaten egg, milk, etc., all at once; mix quickly and lightly to firm consistency.

##### BAKING TIMES

Rock cakes: Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Gingerbread: Moderate oven; time depends on size and depth of tin.

#### SPONGES and SWISS ROLL

A good sponge is light, moist but not soggy, tender and soft to touch, delicately and evenly browned all over.

Plain sponges: Use plain flour with baking powder, or bicarbonate of soda and cream of tartar; or use self-raising flour.

Extra light "blowaway" sponges: Use mixture of half self-raising flour and half corn-

flour or arrowroot; or use mixture of plain flour, raising agent and cornflour or arrowroot.

##### TO PREPARE TINS

Sponge sandwich: Grease tins, place square of greased paper on base.

Swiss roll: Completely line base of greased tin with greased paper.

All sponges: Dust greased tins lightly with sifted flour, shake out excess.

##### TO PREPARE MIXTURES

1. Weigh or measure ingredients accurately. Pay special attention to measurements of raising agents.

2. Beat egg-whites with pinch of salt until they stand in peaks and hold their shape. Use wide-topped basin to allow air to be beaten into mixture.

3. Add sugar a spoonful at a time, continue beating to meringue consistency.

4. Add egg-yolks, beat until well mixed.

5. Fold in sifted dry ingredients and liquid lightly and quickly, using down-and-over movement, not stirring or beating. Mix only until no dry flour is visible.

6. Pour carefully into prepared tins, allow mixture to spread evenly. For sponge sandwich divide mixture as evenly as possible between 2 tins.

##### BAKING TIMES

Swiss roll: Allow 10 to 12 minutes in moderate oven.

Sponge sandwich (3 or 4 egg mixture): For 7in. or 8in. tins, allow 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven.

##### TESTING AND COOLING

Sponges: When cooked will shrink slightly from sides of tin, leave no impression when lightly pressed with finger. Leave sponge sandwich in tins 2 or 3 minutes, turn carefully on to cake-cooler. Avoid breaking (sponges are very soft).

Swiss roll: Loosen gently from edges of tin, turn carefully but quickly on to cloth or paper sprinkled with castor sugar or sifted icing sugar, peel paper off base. Roll up lightly, leave few seconds, unroll, spread with filling, re-roll.

##### FOR BEST RESULTS

Beat egg-whites and sugar thoroughly to dissolve sugar as much as possible. Use rotary, hand, or electric beater.

Fold in dry ingredients without beating, stirring, or unnecessary mixing. Use table-spoon, spatula, or flat wire whisk.

Do not shake or jar sponge if changing oven position of tins. Do not move tins until mixture is set.

Oven door should be opened as seldom as possible; close door gently to avoid creating draught, which could cause cake to fall.

## BASIC RECIPES AND VARIATIONS

#### ROCK CAKES

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 3 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons sultanas, 1 egg, 4 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour, salt, ginger, rub in butter. Add sugar and fruit, mix until fruit is covered with flour. Add beaten egg mixed with milk and vanilla, mix to firm consistency. Place on greased tray in small rough heaps. Bake in moderate to hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Variations: Omit sultanas and vanilla, replace with: (a) 2 tablespoons chopped raisins and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind; (b) 3 tablespoons chopped dates and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind; (c) 2 tablespoons finely shredded peel and 2 tablespoons chopped nuts; (d) 2 tablespoons shredded peel, 2 tablespoons desiccated coconut, 1 or 2 extra tablespoons milk and 1 teaspoon rind to flavor.

#### GINGERBREAD

Two and a half cups plain flour, 1 dessert-spoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 1 table-spoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon spice, 4oz. butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons golden syrup or treacle, 1 egg, 1 cup milk.

Sift dry ingredients thoroughly, rub in butter. Add sugar, mix to soft consistency with golden syrup evenly mixed with beaten egg and milk. Fill into prepared tin, bake in very moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes according

to size and depth of tin. Cool on cake-cooler. Ice or leave plain and cut into blocks.

Variations: (a) Add 2oz. shredded peel and 2 tablespoons sultanas; (b) Add 2 tablespoons raisins and 1 teaspoon grated orange rind.

#### SPONGE SANDWICH

(Made with 3 eggs.)

Three eggs, pinch salt, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, (or 1 cup plain flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder), 3 tablespoons hot milk or water, 1 dessert-spoon butter, flavoring such as vanilla, grated citrus rind.

See directions in lesson above for mixing, baking, testing, and cooling.

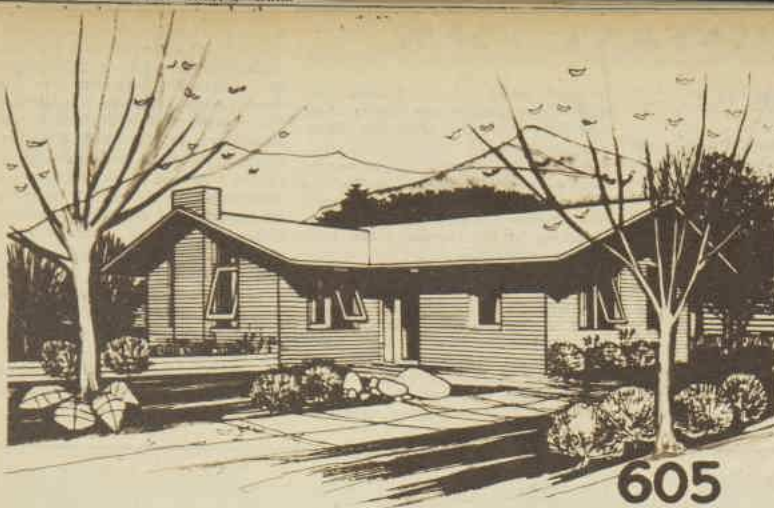
Variations: Two 8in. tins: (a) Use 4 eggs, add 2 tablespoons cornflour to self-raising flour; (b) Use 4 eggs, increase sugar to 1 cup, self-raising flour to 1½ cups, milk or water to 4 tablespoons, use same quantity butter as 3-egg sponge; (c) For golden spice sponge: Use 4 eggs, reduce sugar to ½ cup, add 1 table-spoon honey, sift 2 teaspoons spice and 1½ teaspoons cocoa with flour. Reduce liquid to 1½ tablespoons; (d) For chocolate sponge: Sift 2 tablespoons cocoa with flour, increase milk to 4 tablespoons and butter to 1½ dessert-spoons.

#### SWISS ROLL

Three eggs, pinch salt, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons hot milk or hot water.

See directions in lesson above.

### NEXT WEEK: Icings and Frostings, Part 1



605

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows interesting T-shaped design giving a sheltered entrance porch and outdoor eating area.

# THE PANTRY MAKES A WELCOME RETURN

● In this week's Home Plan, a walk-in pantry, 3ft. 6in. square, opens off the kitchen, giving that extra storage space usually missing in most small homes.

THE U-shaped kitchen opens into an area marked on the floor plan (below) as "Bar." This area can be used as a dining nook, a sewing space, or as a children's play area easily supervised by mother in the kitchen.

A large open fireplace is the focal point of the living-room, and the plan shows how the furniture can be grouped around this fireplace.

Each of the three bedrooms is large enough for two single

beds, and there are built-in wardrobes in each room.

The laundry has been designed to include a washing-machine, trough, and ironing bench, which could be reduced in size to take a drying cupboard. This room opens to the backyard on one side and provides an alternative entrance to the toilet block on the other.

Specially designed for the suburban site, this T-shaped house could be built on a site with a 60ft. frontage or turned round to fit on a 45ft. to 50ft. block. Our Home Planning Centres can advise you on the best way to place the house on your own land.

This house built in timber will be 11.48 squares and cost between £3450-£3900. In brick, £3700-£4200 over an area of 12.28 squares.

These building costs are approximate only, and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your own site, please con-

sult your local Home Planning Centre (addresses below).

Plans for the house above and a wide range of other designs, both traditional and contemporary, are available through the Centres. For £10/10/- a complete set.

#### Our Centres

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd. (W0200.)

HOBART: FitzGerald & Co. Ltd., Collins Street. (Telephone 27221.)

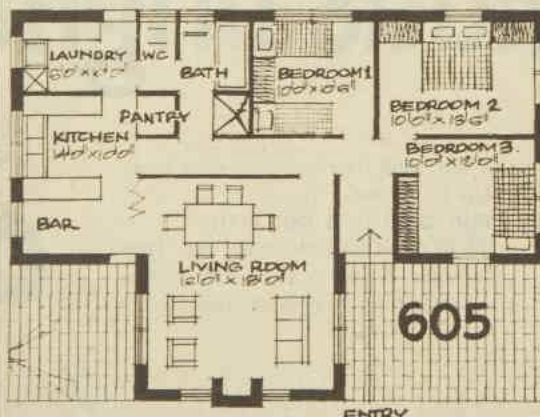
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott & Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven Street. (Telephone 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. Address all mail to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O. Sydney. (Telephone B0951, ext. 220.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Telephone 50121.)

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale Street. (Telephone 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop Street. (Telephone X6111.)



FLOOR PLAN shows the small walk-in pantry off the kitchen, and fireplace in the living area.

## LUMBAGO AGONIES!



are things of the past now that amazing A.R. TABS are available. At the first sign of searing lumbago pain take A.R. TABS. Wonderful A.R. TABS spread right into the agonised area and their soothing effects soon allow you to straighten up without fear. In just a few days all the pain goes. Gentle, yet powerful, A.R. TABS give complete relief from lumbago agonies. A.R. TABS, 8/6 and 15/- at all Chemists.

## A.R. TABS

## CORNS are just a memory

I suffered dreadfully from corns until I tried Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads. Instantly pressure and pain vanished. They're wonderful — and they remove corns so easily. Sizes also for callouses, bunions. 3/3 pkt. at Chemists, Stores, Scholl depots.



Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS





*hair colour...so alluring...  
yet so easy with Napro bubbles*

One quick Hi-Liter shampoo transforms uninteresting hair with colour that lasts for weeks... Copper Glow (shown here) for auburn lights... Gipsy Fire for black cherry lights in brown or black hair... Sunray Gold for a golden gleam on fair or brown hair... Pink Champagne for a rose tone on grey or blonde... Sable Brown enriches faded brown hair... French Plum sets brown and black hair aglow... Smoke Grey tones white or grey hair.



Choose from this  
handy counter selector.  
Ask to see the special shade chart.

**colour shampoo by Napro...3/3**



I think  
of it!  
A *biscuit*  
you can use  
as instant  
pastry!



Peek Frean's  
**GOLDEN  
PUFFS**

Whenever you need flaky pastry there's no need to go past versatile Golden Puff Biscuits. Simply take them straight from the packet and pop on top of meat or sweet dishes. Add jam or cream for special afternoon tea treats; or spread with savoury fillings for party specials. So quick, so economical — and always so successful! Every good grocer sells these biscuits of 1,000 uses. Be sure Golden Puffs are on your shopping list!

P.S. Write today to Peek Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Box 113, Ashfield, N.S.W., for your free Golden Puff recipe leaflet.

## CANNED FRUITS RECIPE CONTEST

● Our Canned Fruits Recipe Contest closed on August 9, and the judges are now busy selecting and testing recipes from thousands of entries received.

THE judges are delighted with the new and interesting ways in which housewives have used the three featured canned fruits — pears, peaches, and apricots — in the recipes submitted.

A total of £2000 will be awarded as cash prizes in this contest. They include the Grand Champion Prize of £1000 for the best recipe entered in any of the three sections, and first prizes of £100 in each of the sections.

Below are the three recipes which win progress prizes of £10 each this week. There will be three more progress prizes next week.

### SECTION 1: PEARS

Progress Prize of £10 to Mrs. G. Robson, "Rose Cottage," Gawler, S.A.

#### PEAR-NUT CURRY

One small can halved pears, 4oz. mixed nuts, 1oz. dripping, half green apple (chopped), 1 chopped onion, 1 diced potato,  $\frac{3}{4}$  pint milk, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon curry paste, 1 tablespoon sultanas, 4 hard-boiled eggs, 1 dessertspoon flour, pepper and salt, 3 cups boiled rice, butter.

Rub top sides of pears with little curry powder, set aside to color. Roast nuts few minutes, then chop (walnuts and cashews give distinctive flavor). Melt dripping in saucepan, fry the apple, onion, nuts, and potato, being careful to keep pan moving. Add curry powder and paste, pepper and salt. Thoroughly blend, then stir in the milk. Add sultanas and simmer gently  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. When potato has cooked add flour (blended with little milk), cook 5 minutes. Chop 2 hard-boiled eggs, add to mixture. Arrange in serving-dish with border of rice, placing pears at intervals round dish. Dot pears with tiny portions of butter and place under grill a minute. Slice remaining eggs and garnish just before serving.



FRUITY BEEF SQUARES is an interesting dish combining corned beef and halved apricots. See recipe in Section 3.

### SECTION 2: PEACHES

Progress Prize of £10 to Mrs. M. Lynde, 133 Indooroopilly Rd., Taringa, Qld.

#### PEACH CHOCOLATE TEACAKE WITH SPICY SAUCE

One-third cup butter, 2-3rd cup brown sugar (firmly packed), 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch bicarbonate of soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups rolled oats, 4oz. semi-sweet chocolate pieces, 1 large can drained peach slices,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup whipped cream, 1oz. flour, extra 1oz. sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon, 3oz. cream cheese.

Beat butter and brown sugar to a cream, add egg. Gradually add milk and mix in sifted self-raising flour, soda, and salt. Fold in rolled oats and chocolate pieces. Spread mixture into greased shallow cake-tin (8 x 8 x 2in.). Cover top of cake with peach slices. Mix together the whipped cream, flour, sugar, and cinnamon; spread on top of peaches. Rub cream cheese through sieve, sprinkle over top of cake. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Cut into squares, serve warm with spicy sauce.

Spicy Sauce: One cup peach syrup, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon corn

flour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, strip lemon rind, 1 teaspoon butter, pinch cinnamon.

Boil peach syrup. Blend sugar and cornflour with little water and gradually stir in the boiling syrup. Add lemon juice and rind, simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Remove from heat, add cinnamon and butter, stir until dissolved. Remove lemon rind and serve.

### SECTION 3: APRICOTS

Progress Prize of £10 to Miss S. E. Phelps, Flat 5, 40a Birriga Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

#### FRUITY BEEF SQUARES

Cooked corned beef, mixed mustard, 1 dozen pickled onions (small), 1 can apricot halves (16oz.), cloves,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup apricot syrup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup brown sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Cut beef into  $\frac{1}{4}$ in.-thick slices, then cut into 2in. squares. Arrange in greased lamington-tin. Lightly spread with mustard, place 1 onion in centre of each, top with drained apricot half, rounded side up. Spear centre of each with clove. Heat apricot syrup, brown sugar, and vinegar; spoon over apricots. Bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes, basting few times with the glaze during cooking, serve with vegetables as desired.

Your face  
is only as beautiful  
as your skin

And wonderful NIVEA CREME makes your face and skin more beautiful than you could ever dream possible! NIVEA CREME softens, smooths — restores natural oils and moisture with Eucerite — a unique ingredient that feeds the skin, leaving it romantically clear and soft. Keep NIVEA handy. Use it every day as a double-duty beauty treatment — for cleansing and as a foundation cream. Be beautiful of face and skin... be a NIVEA girl! NIVEA CREME is available at chemists and stores everywhere. Very sensibly priced, too.

In tins, giant economy tins, tubes, and Liquid Nivea in bottles.

**SKIN needs  
NIVEA**

#### FREE OFFER

Send your name and address to Smith & Nephew (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 342, Broadway, Sydney, for a free sample tin of Nivea.



Another fine **SCN** product  
Smith & Nephew



SN276WW.66



*"Who'd go back to the good old days NOW?"*



## 1941 WASH BOILERS

Got out the dirt all right — if you waited long enough! Rinsing and wringing? Sorry. You had to manage those the best way you could!



## 1951 WRINGER WASHERS

Not so much waiting for the washing part to be done. But wringing and rinsing still tiring and slow.



# 1961 HOOVERMATIC!

**NEW 61**

**WASHER**

REG. TRADE MARK

**Washes cleaner than boiling... spins drier than wringing and handles 12lb. of clothes at once**

When you look back — how washers have improved! But you don't realize just how much until you see the new 1961 Twin-tub Hoovermatic washer. This year, Australia's favourite washer is better than ever. Refinements packed into this new model

make Hoovermatic even more efficient, even more a joy to have in the home on washdays. So do what the great majority of women are doing — and head straight for Hoovermatic! Price 128 gns. Heater model 7 gns. extra

**FEATURES THAT MAKE HOOVERMATIC AUSTRALIA'S MOST POPULAR WASHING MACHINE**



**Twin tubs for twice the speed.** While 6 lb. of clothes are being washed, another 6 lb. are being rinsed and spin-dried.



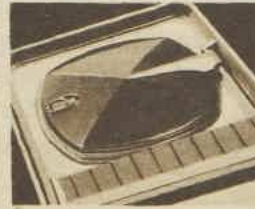
**Boiling-action.** Hoover's unique pulsator sends sudsy water through and through clothes. Washes cleaner than boiling.



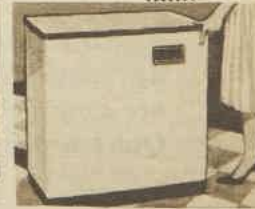
**Double-rinse and spin-dry.** Every load is rinsed twice leaving clothes suds-free. Then they're spin-dried in seconds.



**Automatic timer.** Switches off the washing action at just the right moment. Never any needless over-washing.



**Safety lid for spin tub.** Automatically brings spinning to a stop the moment it's opened. So safe for curious little fingers.



**No installation.** Superb finish. Beautiful 1961 colour-styling. Vinyl-covered top. No special plumbing — glides on castors.





There ought to be a better word than delicious...

Seems everyone wants them first! No wonder. With summer just around the corner that special flavour somehow tastes even better. Together with that crispness which welcomes milk, it adds up to a perfect way to start any day. Remember, too: your Kellogg's® Corn Flakes are now richer in vitamins than whole grain corn itself. Quite a dish these Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

*"The best to you each morning"*

just for

**Kellogg's**

**CORN FLAKES**



# Maybelline

America's Top-selling  
Eye Make-up

Maybelline offers everything for Eye Beauty—quality unrivaled...at unbelievably low prices...in a wonderful range of precious jewel colors that give eyes shimmering, glimmering loveliness. That's why Maybelline is so necessary to every woman who wants to be as lovely as she was meant to be. Maybelline is a specialist in Eye Beauty!

Maybelline  
Automatic, Cream and Solid Mascara  
Fluid and Pencil Eyeliners  
Cream and Slick Eye Shadow  
Regular, Automatic Eyebrow Pencils  
Eyelash Curlers  
Agent: Doward & Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne



## SAFE, SURE SOOTHING FOR BABY

Baby troubled with teeth? Then Steedman's Powders will bring safe, sure, swift relief! Made to a prescription in line with modern medical trends, Steedman's Powders restore regularity to baby's system when upset, feverish or constipated.

## STEEDMAN'S POWDERS

Available Everywhere



I could hardly believe it,

## HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4.10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo's I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

## Curlypet

# AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Some people's mothers-in-law are a nuisance. The whole trouble with mine is that she's so determined not to be a nuisance that when she comes to stay we each work flat out in a marathon race to outdo each other in being helpful.

SHE'S really a darling and I'm very fond of her, but having her staying in the house wears me to a frazzle.

The race begins first thing in the morning. She's a natural-born early riser, and while I'm blearily bringing in the milk and the morning paper in my dressing-gown, she appears in the kitchen already bathed and dressed and determined to help me with the business of breakfast and cutting lunches and getting the family off.

Of course, this is one-up-man-ship on her part, because later I have to take twenty minutes off to shower and dress, and there's no way to stop her getting on with the chores while I'm doing it.

The visitors I love having are the ones who believe me when I say, "Don't get up in the morning, I'll bring you some tea and toast when I've got rid of the family."

That's really easier. The early morning routine is high pressure in most households, and no amount of willing help from a visitor is as useful as having a clear go at your own particular morning system.

With the good, obedient sort of visitor who stays in bed until the worst of the rush is over, it's so pleasant, when the family has gone, to take in a breakfast tray, pour yourself a cup of tea out of her pot, and settle down for a gossip.

I think being a mother-in-law must be one of the hardest roles to play—and it is a role, too, that I'm sure doesn't come naturally to anyone.

When I said that to Hugh the other night, he said, "Well, you'd better start putting in some work on your part, you'll probably be one yourself in six or seven years' time."

I hadn't thought of that! Mothers-in-law always seem to be people who belong to the generation before you, never to your own.

## Mother-in-law's "tact" backfires

MY mother-in-law's chief fault is that she will take my side in any sort of argument.

I suppose it unreasonable of me to complain—probably I'd resent it a great deal more if she took Hugh's part.

But if Hugh, feeling Mondayish, bellows down the hall, "You'd think with three able-bodied females in the house someone could sometimes put things back where they belong," we know he's lost his clothesbrush for the umpteenth time.

But his mother will say, "Darling, must you speak like that? Poor Margaret has so much to do—I think she really manages rather well."

This has two unfortunate consequences: (a) it puts Hugh into a bad mood, when he'd only been indulging in a perfectly amiable bellow to relieve his feelings and (b) it makes him wonder whether perhaps I am a dreadful housewife, when he hadn't been thinking it at all.

## Are they wiser —or deader?

THE children love having their grandmother in the house. She plays favorites, but the favorite changes from visit to visit, so they all have their turn.

This time Katherine is a little out of

favor with her, because she has no interest in politics.

"At seventeen she ought to be agin something," says her grandmother, who has always been rabidly for or against something ever since I have known her.

Here I find I'm a bit in agreement with her.

It's a thing that puzzles me about this generation—are they wiser than we were or just a little deader?

In my day students of Kay's age were continually steamed-up about something—they held indignation meetings about the actions of remote governments, they took noisy sides in every controversial question, and they were always signing petitions demanding that somebody be locked up or somebody else set free.

Twenty-five years ago, of course, students had grown up into the tail-end of the depression; they'd grown up believing that World War I had been fought to end wars, and they'd grown up absolutely certain that their parents' generation had made a muck of the world and they could put it right.

I suppose the atom bomb has blasted that violent optimism out of Katherine's generation, but it seems sad to me that they are so little interested in setting the world to rights.

We're always being told that they're an ungovernable and undisciplined teenage generation, but don't they accept our politics, ethics, and economics rather tamely?

I'd like to see them crusading for something or other, even if it was a thing I absolutely disagreed with.

Perhaps they're wiser than we were—perhaps they know already at their tender age that politics don't alter anything.

If that's the reason, then somehow we've cheated them out of half the fun of being young and knowing that the world is their own oyster.

## Grandma doesn't understand cricket

SO, with Katherine out of favor because she's not carrying any sort of banner, Diana is reaping the rewards of being a grandchild.

Diana meets her grandmother in town after school on Friday afternoons and they shop, go to a five o'clock ("nothing trashy, something that will make her think"), and then have a meal in town.

This doesn't bother Kay, and it's so good for Di.

She has always resented the fact that she has had to tag along two years behind her sister ("Oh, how I wish I was an only child," used to be her constant cry), and she adores these twosome excursions without her immediate family.

Mike, of course, wouldn't have time for this sort of thing even if he were invited.

It seems that he has discovered that his grandmother, for all her interest in the world around her, doesn't really know the difference between a yorker and a wrong 'un, and therefore is not to be taken very seriously.

Perhaps it won't be so hard for me to be a mother-in-law after all.

My daughter-in-law, if I ever have one, is going to have my deepest sympathy.

Unless Mike changes a lot in the intervening years, the poor girl will be a perpetual cricket, tennis, football, and golf widow.

# WINTER with INTIMATE makes you a warm and wonderful woman



## INTIMATE BY REVLON

Intimate Eau de Parfum. A subtle blend of sandalwood, musk and oriental woods. A fragrance that never shouts, but oh, how it whispers. Intimate Moisture Lotion. Softens and beautifies while leaving your skin delicately perfumed for hours and hours. Intimate Talc. High-speed windmilled processed for extra fine texture. Intimate Soap. Leaves hands and face deeply cleansed. Hand milled to last longer. Holds its fragrance to the last silver.

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES



You Can  
Taste the  
Difference

## VENCAT THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

MADE BY:  
P. VENCATACHELLUM, MADRAS, INDIA

"We're 20,000 feet below," the cave explorer wheezed.  
"With coughs and colds like ours we've gone too far," his men all sneezed.  
But one spoke up, "We can't turn back. With fame just round the bend, I have some Woods' to keep us fit until our journey's end."  
WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND for Coughs and Colds

ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?  
Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home. See our Home Plan this week.



... reality and falsity; it was between two realities. And that made a very large difference.

Tonight he would tell Joanna. Lovely Jo. He would trust her to understand and help.

He had given her a key to his apartment so that she could wait for him. It was her idea; she wanted to have a light supper ready when he got back. When he walked in she was waiting.

"Darling," she said. "How did it go? The evening papers said they were still counting the votes. Do you know anything yet?"

"Not yet. Pat will phone me here."

"Good. Now, darling, you just relax while I fix your tray. It's all ready."

"Jo." He took her hand. "Let that wait. I'm not very hungry.

Let's just sit down for a little while first."

She searched his face. "All right, Ben, dear."

"You know what, Jo?" He was staring straight ahead. He paused. "I think I enjoyed today."

With sickening familiarity, the fear flicked in again. "It must have been very exciting," she contrived to say.

"And it isn't only today." He got up and walked a few steps away.

To her it seemed very much farther than a few steps. "Ben, dearest," she said, "something's bothering you. You couldn't talk about it the other evening. Can you do it now?"

He hesitated. "It's just that — that I've been in busy situations before but they never quite affected me like

this. Even when I had fun doing my own job I always hated everything around it. You know that. And now," he said, "now the old distinction doesn't seem so clear."

"Oh, and now it was real fear that surged through her. She recognised the taste of it in her throat; it was an old enemy. She knew the question she had to ask. "Ben, do you want to change our plans?"

He turned swiftly to her. "Jo, dearest, I meant all the things I said about Smithport," he said, almost painfully. "Every single thing, I haven't changed my mind one jot about the life we could have up there

... But, I don't know, do you think this life here might have some value of its own? Do you think that's possible?"

The only way the escape could still be made — for both of them — was if she kept calm. So, calmly, she said, "No, Ben. I don't. I simply don't. And I'll want to hear what you think of the taxi-hopping life a month after you've started in the library."

It struck him so suddenly that it might almost have been the first time he had ever heard of it. His surprise confirmed how completely he had forgotten, how his mind had been weighing and balancing, had been reluctant. "Yes, I suppose I really must send in that application pretty soon."

you haven't mailed it?"

"I'm afraid not, Jo. I've been meaning to, but every time I've started, something else seemed to come up."

"But, darling," Joanna said, "wasn't that rather silly? I mean, the job is practically yours, but the application must be in by the twentieth. That's only four days off."

"I know."

She saw him standing there at the window and, curiously, it was as if he had split in two. One part was the young, vital, winning Ben whom she wanted as a man. The other Ben was her means of escape. And without the second Ben the first one looked different. She had to get the two back together again.

But calmly, "Ben, Dearest. Look at me."

He came to her immediately.

"Have you changed your mind?"

He shook his head. "I still think that Paradise will have a long way to go to be as nice as Smithport."

"But," she said, "There's a 'but' hidden in there."

He held out a hand as if he had an example in it. "Well, just suppose something, Jo. Only suppose it." Maybe there was a solution that would satisfy both of them, save them both. "Say we got ourselves a nice house, really nice, out of the city a bit. You'd be rid of your job, and you'd be out of the city you hate."

"Instead of Schooner Cliff and the lighthouse and Indian Head?"

"Just suppose it a moment. Oh, I know it isn't anything like Smithport, but it would be the country. And I'd still have a chance to stay on here for a while, to find out whether."

"No, Ben."

She halted herself, breathing hard. She said, almost whispering, "I want to escape. I want to be free. I want us both to live up there all the time."

Then the telephone rang.

"That's probably Pat," he said. "Excuse me."

**J**

JOANNA heard him say, "Uh huh . . . okay. About two tomorrow. Good-night." He hung up and said, "He couldn't talk long. All hell has broken loose. Beaumont elected only two directors out of nine. We lost."

He knew, in an objective corner of his mind, that the reason he didn't feel worse than he did was because he was already upset when he had heard the news.

"Oh, that's a shame," said Joanna. "I really am sorry. For you, darling. All that effort wasted."

"Sure seems so." He supposed that later he would feel the full impact of the defeat. Just now he was much more concerned with Joanna, with what she was making him feel. "Pat wants me to meet him tomorrow at two."

"Poor Ben. Will it be fiendish?"

"It's hard to say. He's naturally good-natured enough, but he does get frightened. And he wanted the Beaumont account."

"And now Beaumont will leave him?"

"Can't tell. But Pat sounded rather lonesome." He smiled. "You know what this does to my bonus. There goes the money for the house."

She was sorry about the money, but she was pleased to hear him say that. At least it related to their plans; it indicated some interest in them. "That doesn't matter, darling. We'll make out."

Strength came back to her and, along with it, irritation at having panicked so quickly and completely. It was ridiculous to despair. She would still win. Why, this abominable world had itself given her the weapon with which to cure Ben of his last lingering attachment for it. "You could have won this proxy fight. You know you could have — with that filthy scandal. You refused to use it, and fighting fair you lost."

"Oh, I'm not so sure the scandal would have won. One of the reasons I ditched it was because I wasn't so sure."

"But it was the kind of thing they wanted, wasn't it? They handed it to you, didn't they, as their own darling idea?" All not lost, she thought. Myself again. Serene, calm, womanly. And Ben shall be himself again — the two Bens rejoined. "And you know now that by doing the decent thing you lost. Ben, Ben, foolish dear Ben, is this the place to put the rest of your precious life?"

To page 53

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

PF 55.WW110c

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1961

# Here's *Multi-Mix* Baking

Now, quickly, easily and successfully you can make all your family's favourites — pancakes, pikelets, nut rolls, date rolls, tea cakes, scones and cookies! Multi-Mix is a blend of all the basic ingredients — carefully prepared and ready for you to use. How simple it is, now, to whip up and bake all your favourite recipes. And not just the 10 recipes on the pack, either. Open the Multi-Mix packet and you're half-way finished. No tedious mixing and blending. Try amazing Multi-Mix and see how *quick and simple* it is to bake *so many* scrumptious things!

**NEW Puffin MULTI-MIX** will guarantee you baking that's easier more successful!



Endorsed by *Betty King*

"Perfect results are guaranteed because only the best ingredients go into Multi-Mix," says noted *Home Economist, Betty King*. "For more recipes, write to me at Box 3680, G.P.O., Sydney."





Sue saw him frown and she knew the thrust had hurt. "Well, then . . . I think perhaps I'll go along home." Absence might be the best advocate now.

"Just as you like, Jo. Sure." But time was short and the advantages must be pressed. For both their sakes. "But don't you think, dearest, just to help you, I ought to take that application form with me and fill it out? I could bring it over for you to sign in the morning, and then we could mail it. All right?"

Without a word he got it out of the drawer of the desk and handed it to her. Then he said, "Thanks."

He took her downstairs and hailed a taxi for her and kissed her. She let the kiss last longer than she ever had done in public.

Joanna slept only fitfully and was glad of it, because she wanted to think. She knew the matters among the three of them — Ben, herself, and Smithport — were on the brink; she could still taste the fear that had surged through her. And always in the back of her mind was the image of Whit in the doorway, laughing at himself, and the six months of horror that had followed for her.

But Whit had been a dying man whom she had hoped to restore, a weakling. Ben was a fighter, was fighting now.

Fighting to be free, she told herself. Not like Whit, who just threw up his hands and sank. It's more difficult for Ben than he imagined it would be, but he'll fight. He must. He's fighting now. And I mustn't lose faith in him because at the last there's a struggle — because this place doesn't let loose easily. It will go his way. My way.

In a quiet corner of the dining-room in the Coldfield Inn, Kathy and Pat were having a late breakfast. She had gone to bed late and slept poorly. So had Pat, she could tell. Their plane didn't leave until eleven.

"Pat," she said quietly, "I'm resigning."

He glanced up over the dark circles under his eyes.

"Quitting?"

"Yes. You can have a week or two weeks' notice or you can fire me now. I don't care."

He shook his head. "I wouldn't have thought it of you."

"What?"

"Ben's always looking for life to be beautiful. The whole time we've been together, I'm

and hustle up business now, and I need a solid organisation behind me."

"You think Jerry will drop us?"

"Jerry likes to win," he said bluntly. "He thinks we sold him a sick pup. He was telling them about it at the bar last night."

"Do you blame Ben?" she said.

"Ben's always looking for life to be beautiful. The whole time we've been together, I'm

tion. That would give him plenty of time to read it and sign it, and still get down to Pat's meeting by two.

He made himself some lunch and had just finished clearing up when the doorbell rang. She was early.

He went to the door and opened it. "I'm glad you came before—" he said, and stopped. It wasn't Joanna.

It was J. H. Stoddard. The president of Stoddard Tool and Machine stood there calmly, just as he had stood on the platform in Coldfield yesterday.

Beaumont from getting to the top.

"You're wrong," said Stoddard. "He'll get there. He just won't stay there." He puffed. "Incidentally, was that Five-Point Plan your idea?"

"In some measure."

"Parts of it are good. I'm going to adopt them."

"Good luck," said Ben with a shrug.

"Thanks," said Stoddard dryly. Then, seriously: "Was it you who persuaded them not to use the stuff about my nephew?"

"Well, I and someone else. A girl in our office."

"I didn't know about her. Pass on my appreciation, please. Meanwhile, you have my own most genuine thanks."

Ben felt an impulse of affection for this stiff, shaggy, pipe-puffing man. "Mr. Stoddard, that's very nice of you. Really. But you didn't have to—"

Dryly Stoddard went on, "Do you know who's taught me more about corporation management than anyone else in the past twenty years? Jerry Beaumont."

"What?"

"I don't particularly admire his character, but he was right about us. We were stodgy and old-fashioned. We were playing it much too safe. We needed a

good joit. And he gave it to us."

"Your stockholders seem to think you're all right," Ben said ruefully.

"Habit. Most of them simply can't conceive of the company without a Stoddard at the head. Beaumont was an upstart to them; he never realised that. . . . Well," he said, "I know now that I've got to take the company out of the grandfather state of mind if I want to keep it for the grandsons."

"Good for you," said Ben.

"If I may say so."

Stoddard puffed. "Now what about you?"

Ben frowned in surprise.

"What about me?"

"You going on with this Robison firm?"

"Why, Mr. Stoddard?"

"One of the things we need to get us into the middle of the twentieth century is improved public relations. Of course our advertising agency does some for us — they handled the proxy fight—but I want our own close-knit publicity office right here in New York. At the nerve centre. We're going to expand, Porter. That's what I was talking to my friends about this morning. Factories have

To page 56

## RIVETS



She dismissed his implication with a gesture so casual that he must know at once that she was telling the truth. "It's not because we've lost. I decided this before yesterday. I just wanted to follow through on the Beaumont job for you. I'd have to quit, win or lose."

It was as if he were too tired to doubt her. "Okay, I believe you. Got another job?"

"No, it's for purely personal reasons."

He sighed and lighted a cigarette. "Okay. It's your business. I'm sorry, Kathy. I like you. But if you've got doubts, you ought to leave. I'm going to have to go out

the one who's had to get down in the dirt and scabble."

"Would you rather have won with the scandal?"

With a tough little smile, Pat said, "I would rather have won. Period."

She folded her napkin once, twice, a third time. "I don't like losing. I don't feel noble about it, I feel rotten. But I might have felt just as rotten if we had won the other way."

Pat nodded. "It's a tough problem, isn't it, kid?" He put out his cigarette. "Well, take a week's notice—okay?"

"Okay."

"And better come along to the office this afternoon for the post-mortem, at two."

"All right," she said — and wished even as she said it that she were hard hearted enough to keep from saying it: "Ben wasn't working to lose either, Pat. He wanted to win."

"Yes, to win the fight and to keep his dainty fingers clean at the same time. I'm not saying anything to you I won't say to him. There's always some poor fool behind the scene who pays for other people's ideals."

Ben spent Saturday morning over by the East River walking. It was a breezy but not cold November day, with low, scudding clouds and brief shafts of sunlight. The quick-changing weather — uncertain and unpredictable — fitted his mood. For he felt the winds of change in his life.

That blasted kid, Kathy. It was her fault that he was confused. If it weren't for that tirade of hers, he would never have doubted Joanna or the truth of moving away.

Still . . . how oddly Joanna had reacted when he told her his doubts. She had — for a while, at least — been absolutely and utterly shaken. Terrified. And her fear had a strange, impersonal tone in it, as if she were fending for herself. Protecting herself against him.

When he got back to the apartment she telephoned and said she would be over about one o'clock with the applica-

"Good afternoon," said Stoddard. "May I come in?"

"Good heavens," said Ben. "Why, certainly. Please. Do come in, Mr. Stoddard."

"Thank you." He was a man of about sixty, of middle height, barrel-chested and square-jawed, with shaggy eyebrows.

"Excuse me for dropping in on you this way," he said. "I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"Not at all," said Ben, still incredulous, closing the door. "I've got a friend coming along soon, but that's perfectly all right."

Stoddard dropped his hat and coat on a chair. "If we can have ten minutes, that will be enough, I think."

BEN, trying to steady his spinning mind, said, "Can I — can I get you anything, Mr. Stoddard?"

"No, thanks," said Stoddard, in a tone that indicated there was no need for preliminaries.

Ben grinned. "You just want to get to the point. Well, it's going to take me a few seconds just to believe that you're here. How did you—"

"Simple," said Stoddard. "Six o'clock plane from Coldfield. The one, incidentally, before the one your friends took. I was with some men this morning at a club over on Park Avenue. I looked you up in the phone book and saw that you were quite near. I decided to take a chance and not phone."

"I see," said Ben, sitting. "No, I don't really. But at least I understand what you've said so far."

Stoddard lit his pipe. "Do you know how I'm feeling today?" he asked.

"Well, I can guess. You beat us," Ben looked at him narrowly. "But you wouldn't have come here to gloat."

"No. I came to express my thanks."

For a moment Ben was puzzled. Then he understood. "How did you ever find out?"

"So easy it's pathetic. Your friend Beaumont had a few too many last night in the bar of the Coldfield Inn, and he began telling a few onlookers that he could have won, that he had the goods on me and was talked out of using them by his publicity people — particularly you . . . One of the onlookers was my personal assistant."

Ben shook his head. "It's little slips like that that'll keep

## Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 41. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"NANETTE." — Pretty summer frock in crisp no-iron polished cotton. Colors are deep green and olive; smoke and pale grey; tan and beige; royal-blue and aqua, all on a white background.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £5/9/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £5/12/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/19/11; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/1/6.

Postage on both cut out and ready to wear styles, 5/- extra.

### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words, short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4988W, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOW IN AUSTRALIA—NEW FORMULA

# LOXENE

MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**  
CLEARS DANDRUFF QUICKLY



How new-formula LOXENE with "Iolan" attacks and beats dandruff three ways!

1. New formula LOXENE with "Iolan" clears dandruff quickly.

The effective gentle antiseptic action of "Iolan" controls dandruff and helps stop it starting again.

The deep penetrating nourishment of "Iolan" conditions the hair and scalp and brings out a healthy, natural gloss.

Now your scalp can be cleared of dandruff quickly! That's the simple promise made and carried out by new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo — the only preparation on the Australian market containing "Iolan." And with "Iolan" added to its own gentle deep-cleansing action, new formula Loxene Medicated Shampoo gets results that dandruff sufferers would never have believed possible. It clears dandruff quickly. Used regularly, it controls it and helps to stop it breaking out again. It conditions your hair and scalp, brings out the full depth and gloss nature intended your hair to have. New formula Loxene is remarkably effective — and economical to use. You get eight generous shampoos in every 4/6 bottle. Clear dandruff now — get a bottle of new formula Loxene with "Iolan" and put it to the test. Your mirror will tell you how wise you were!



8 SHAMPOOS FOR 4/6  
SINGLE TREATMENT BUBBLE 1/3

LOXENE MEDICATED SHAMPOO WITH **IOLAN**

L3, 100, W.W.



Maggi Chicken Noodle Soup:  
plump succulent chickens... slow simmered  
to light lively-flavoured broth...  
enriched with golden egg noodles  
... that's the flavour secret of **MAGGI**



Only Swiss-style Maggi Soups have that  
real Home-Cooked flavour and goodness





## AUSTRALIAN NATURE

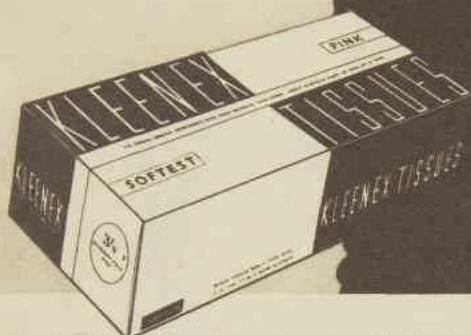
A SILVER-EYE (*Zosterops lateralis*) returns to hungry chicks in its neat nest. Silver-eyes, common in forest and agricultural areas from Cape York to Tasmania, and also in the south-west, are familiar sights even in town gardens. They hunt for aphids on rosebushes and shrubs in winter and spring, and like to take a peck at summer fruits like plums and grapes. They are easily distinguished by the white ring of feathers round their eyes. The cup-shaped nest is made of finely woven grass, horsehair, cobwebs, and sometimes moss. The eggs are a pale blue, and three or four are laid.

Picture by Mr. M. K. Morcombe, Armadale, W.A.



June Dally-Watkins, Australia's best known fashion and beauty consultant, and head of the June Dally-Watkins Organisation, talks about Kleenex and beauty:

"Often my models have to remove different kinds of make-up seven or eight times a day for as many as seven days a week! When this happens any girl's complexion is threatened. That's why I always advise the use of soft, kind Kleenex tissues. They are the only way of removing cosmetics safely and gently. And at the same time Kleenex removes make-up with complete thoroughness — and with ease."



## Every beauty kit needs **KLEENEX**<sup>®</sup> —the softest, gentlest tissues made!

*They're so kind to your skin . . . so easy to dispose of!*

Soft, gentle Kleenex tissues are a basic beauty essential for any dressing table. There's nothing . . . absolutely nothing to compare with them! Here are just a few of the 1001 beauty-care uses that depend on Kleenex.

Easiest, cleanest way to remove your make-up! Even kiss-proof lipstick, eye shadow and heavy evening make-up are all quickly wiped off by Kleenex. Just cream your face, reach for a Kleenex tissue, wipe gently and every single trace is absorbed.

Handy for hair sprays! Hair sprays are wonderful but not all over your face! Hold a Kleenex tissue against your forehead. Then spray . . . take away and you have a neat, clean hair-line!

Cleanest way to remove nailpolish! Use a strong absorbent Kleenex tissue with your nail polish remover. It's quicker . . . and there are no messy, smudged finger tips.



**Kleenex is so easy to dispose of . . . and it's by far the nicest way to remove any of your cosmetics because you can use a fresh clean tissue every time!**

For softer . . . natural waves! If your rollers are too thin and they give your hair "creased"

waves, try padding them up with Kleenex tissues! Wrap Kleenex around curl ends to keep the hair together. For eye shadow . . . and lipstick! To stop your eye shadow creasing . . . apply one coat . . . and blot with soft Kleenex tissues. Kleenex is perfect too, for keeping lipstick smooth. Stop it from streaking or coming off.



And of course, always Kleenex for colds! They're soft, gentle . . . and so much more hygienic. For every sneeze or sniffle use a fresh

Kleenex tissue . . . then throw away, germs and all. Saves so much washing . . . and helps prevent family infection.



Keep Kleenex handy always . . . on your dressing table, in the bathroom and at work. Only Kleenex tissues dispense one at a time! Choose from 3 sizes in Pink, Aqua or White. Remember! Always buy the super Wet-Strength KLEENEX tissue for heavy colds, cleaning car windscreens, draining fried foods . . . and so many household uses!

Continuing . . .

## THE DISTANT VIEW

from page 53

to be out of town, but I want eyes and ears and a voice right here.

"I thought you might head the office here. What do you think?"

Ben thought: Another complication; another choice. But he also thought: This is really being alive. He said, "When do you want to know?"

"Monday. I dropped in without phoning so you couldn't tell anyone I was coming. I wanted to measure you first, privately. I have. Now I'd like a fast reply. I'm at the Plaza, flying back Monday at twelve. Can you phone me before I leave?"

"I will. Without fail."

The doorbell rang. Stoddard

"Yes," he said. "The man I've been fighting for three months. It's remarkable."

"Don't tell me," she said. "Stoddard offered you a job. He was impressed by the fight you put up and he offered you a job."

Admirably he said, "You always had quick intuitions, Jo. You're absolutely right. He wants me to head a new publicity office he's starting in New York."

She nodded, feeling space intervene between them and her new-found courage freezing — not disappearing but hardening, strangely, coldly.

"Do you see, Jo? Do you see what it means? It proves that the Beaumonts aren't the only kind, that there's something worth staying here for."

## GARDEN CALENDAR

*A pretty spring garden — and spring will be here officially next month — demands work now on urgent chores.*

Eight pointers to springtime:

- Lift and divide chrysanthemums if you haven't already done so. Soon there won't be space to move them without damaging spring displays.
- Tuberoses and gladioli should be in by now. You can just make it if you get to work this weekend.
- Roses should have been pruned already and beginning to shoot. Spray them as soon as possible against mildew — particularly if your winter's been wet.
- Give a head start to your spring display of Iceland poppies, cinerarias, pansies, and stocks with regular applications of weak liquid manure. Once a fortnight is enough.
- Clean up the vegetable garden. Trench and fertilise the beds to receive the new season's crops. You'll be planting for the kitchen table next month.
- If you like home-grown potatoes, get them into the ground just as soon as the danger of frost is over.
- Hedges should be trimmed as soon as they start fresh growth, so they'll be in top condition when your garden display is at its height.
- Clean out seed beds and boxes and prepare for the first sowings of summer annuals.

said. "That'll be your friend."

"Probably. Excuse me."

As Ben went to the door Stoddard got up. "I'll be pushing along. I said it would only take ten minutes."

Ben opened the door, and this time it was Joanna, Joanna looking more ravishingly blonde and delicate than ever.

"Hello, Ben, dar—" She came forward to kiss him, then saw the other man and halted.

"I want you to meet a visitor of mine. Mr. Stoddard, may I present Miss Griffith?"

"Certainly," said Stoddard, his coat on, his hat in hand.

"How do you do, Miss Griffith?"

She recognised the name and she assumed the identity. "How do you do, Mr. Stoddard?"

"Mr. Porter and I have just finished our conversation," and I'm leaving." He turned to Ben. "I'll hear from you."

"Monday morning, without fail," said Ben. "I'm very greatly obliged to you for coming by, Mr. Stoddard. Whatever happens, I'll never forget it."

They shook hands. "Good, good," said Stoddard. "Good afternoon, Miss Griffith."

Ben closed the door behind him. Then he smote his palm with his fist in sheer exhilaration.

"Ben," Joanna asked evenly, "was that the Stoddard?"

**A**LL characters in the serial and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Worth your staying for, Jo, with me. Do you see that?"

"You're a few steps ahead of me, Ben," she said. "I thought you were going to find your real self in the library."

"Jo, try to see it with me. Please try. It's beginning to dawn on me that maybe all the rushing around—all the hustling and shoving that you hate, and, in a way, I hate, too—maybe it's what I do. Is that at all clear, Jo? Maybe this job—or some job like it with Pat or Stoddard or wherever—maybe that's my profession. Not the library."

With quiet intensity she said, "Ben, when you got the news from Coldfield last night you saw the whole mess, naked and ugly. Now because Stoddard said some nice things it all looks rosy again. Smithport doesn't mean a thing to you."

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "if that were true, everything would be easy! Great chunks of me are up in Smithport right this moment. That hasn't changed for me. But maybe this place has."

"Does all this mean that you'd rather stay in New York—and write releases about lawnmowers and pumps?"

"Someone's going to do it."

To page 57

King Solomon and King Canute. Each donned a knee-length bathing suit. Canute said, "When I shift this wave, go grab the jewels from the cave." But it was not their lucky day. The cold kings floundered in the spray. "Blow this," sneezed Sol. "Come home with me. We'll take some Woods' before our tea!"

**WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND** for Coughs and Colds

\*Trade Mark Registered—Kimberly Clark Corp.

KK633



## Continuing ... THE DISTANT VIEW

from page 56

"But what in the world is the difference?"

"None," he said. "Unless you care about what happens fifty years from now, and about your own tiny, insignificant contribution to it." After he said it, he realised he was quoting Kathy.

"I care about you," said Joanna. "And, Ben, I care about me. How can you think that what Stoddard said disproves anything? It's just the same monster with maybe a little cleaner face. Ben, are you going to take this job?"

"Oh, Jo, how can I say?" He got up and strode away. Obviously it was not the least electrifying to her that this mad had turned up here this morning, with or without a job to offer, to confirm that an honest, dignified, human life was as possible in business as anywhere else. And if she didn't see that, she certainly couldn't see the added complication that Stoddard's offer made. "Just for one thing, there's Pat."

To Joanna it was all mere evasion, not dilemma. But she would make still one more effort to bring back the other Ben. She took the application from her handbag. "Ben, this is all made out. It just needs to be signed."

He looked at the blue paper as if it were a crystal in which he could see the ocean and the cliffs and the pretty cosy streets. "It's one life," he said. "It's one possible, wonderful life. But I don't want to run away. I don't want to be a waster. A coward."

**T**HAT word. It smashed to the core of every indefensible secret in her. It stung. Each private nerve in her body rang with the swift shock, and she was on her feet and suddenly shouting. "Coward! Who's the coward — you or I?"

He stared at her dumbstruck—as if, unknowingly, he had uttered a magician's spell that had transformed her.

"Who's the coward?" she cried, her grey eyes gone almost black, her face pale. "It can't be me. Because I've made up my mind and I'm going to stick to it. I'm not afraid to escape. I won't be part of it any more — either here or in some two-by-four suburb. It's all absolutely the same and I don't want any more of it. I'm not going to keep on competing." She halted and breathed deeply. Then she held out the blue paper and said quietly, "Who's the coward, Ben? You must tell me. Do you want this?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake," he said, pierced by her unhappiness and also irritated by her seeming inability to understand. "I don't give a hoot about that blasted library!"

"You don't," she said matter-of-factly.

"Yes, of course I do," he said impatiently, "but what's really worrying me is you."

"Why, Ben?"

"Well, you've pegged your whole future to this idea of going back." "And you feel obligated to come with me, is that it? You think I need you to protect me, to take me away. I'll tell you something, Ben, that you won't admit to yourself. You've decided. You don't want to come."

"Joanna, I know what I promised. I'll —"

"What you promised!" she said scornfully. "Do you think I want your crumbs of obligation?" Oh, yes, the other Ben had vanished completely, the one who had longed for Smithport. And the man who was left here was alien, distant, almost distasteful . . . but she wouldn't slip back again; she wouldn't again be a doll, picked up and dandled for a while and then dropped!

The silky shackles of romance were falling from her at last and she stood alone. It was as if she had once needed a crutch in order to walk; but now that the crutch was gone she had discovered that she had the strength to walk by herself. She no longer had any need of him.

"I'll tell you something else, Ben," she said, "to make you admit the truth. Maybe I did rely on you once. But — you're right — I've pegged my future to this and I mean to make it so. I shall," she said, her teeth clenched. "I shan't be put off. I shall go anyway."

He breathed deeply. Then more quietly he said, "You know how I feel, Jo? Unintroduced. A stranger. Not because we're parting, and I suppose we are parting." Oh, yes, he knew that; he accepted that new truth as if it had always been there. "Not because of that, but because I see now you never really knew me. You never cared a thing about me. I was just a — a springboard. To

help you get out of New York."

"That's not the way it started," she said; but she was perfectly willing to imply that it was ending that way.

She turned to pick up her handbag and saw the blue paper, and she thought: Why shouldn't it be mine, the haven of the library? The whole arc of her future joined instantaneously in that small movement of turning; she even saw in a hopeful flash the summer visitors who used the library — and perhaps a man among them — all in the split second of her turning.

"I suppose I ought to be grateful," she said. "You did help me get started."

"Oh, well, anyone could have done

that," he said. "It didn't have to be me. It almost was Whit, I suppose. Couldn't it have been anyone — if he were willing to run away?"

Flatly she said, "That's offensive."

Then he confronted her fully. With all of himself. He said earnestly, "Jo, we've offended each other. You think I've betrayed you. And I think you never really knew my name, never really cared what might happen to me up there, so long as I would go. You just wanted someone to keep you company on the train. Me or Whit. Well, at least he and I have been of some service. We got you started."

She nodded, as one nods at a stranger whose words are of no importance. "Be a big success, Ben. A great big success. I shall be safely out of all that."

She started toward the door. As she passed him, he said, "Goodbye, Jo."

She didn't answer or look round. She went straight to the door and left. He stared after her for a moment, knowing, despite his anger, the sadness of farewell — and knowing, too, that he had chosen to answer great questions in his life. They loomed challengingly before him now.

He glanced at his watch. Quarter to two. He hurried into the bedroom to change.

Ben waited. Pat was on the tele-

phone in his office. Eileen, who had been summoned to take notes on this Saturday afternoon, was at her desk outside. In the office next door he could positively feel the presence of Kathy. Here in his own office, leaning against the edge of his desk, his arms folded, Ben waited.

It was the same office, the same desk, the same old Madison Avenue; but he was suffused with excitement, a sense of the new, of adventure, of the marvellous unknown.

It was as if the parting with Joanna had lighted a fuse. He didn't know yet what the explosion would reveal, but he was ready, happily expectant.

A decision to make this weekend, he thought. Stoddard's held out the life I want now, the way I want it. But there's Pat. I've already got an

To page 58



**This  
One powder  
for all  
the family**

First made for baby's tender skin, Johnson's is the one powder for every member of the family. Johnson's is absorbent—it absorbs moisture to keep the skin smooth and dry . . . neutralises irritants . . . lets the skin breathe naturally. Buy Johnson's—in the real economy size—for your family . . . Johnson's Baby Powder.

**NEW FOR BABY CARE**

Made specially for baby's delicate cleansing needs, Johnson's Cotton Buds are wonderful, too, for cosmetic and first aid use.

**BEST FOR BABY  
BEST FOR YOU!**





Fit as a fiddle because I get

# THAT E-X-T-R-A FOOD VALUE

in every dish with

**Bonlac**  
NON-FAT MILK

IT'S SO BENEFICIAL  
TO FAMILY HEALTH

Give the family the benefits of a nutrient-balanced diet with those EXTRA PROTEINS... EXTRA MINERALS... EXTRA VITAMIN B which give each meal that famous "Bonlac" extra food value.

Use "Bonlac" in

INSTANT COFFEE • TEA • SOUPS • ICE CREAM  
PUDDINGS • CAKES • SAVOURIES • PIES  
DESSERTS • SCONES • STEWS

It gives extra food value to every recipe!

Mixes easily into all  
ingredients, in  
powder or  
liquid form.



SAVE WITH  
EVERY  
SPOONFUL  
"Bonlac"  
makes non-fat  
milk at approxi-  
mately 4d. a  
pint, represent-  
ing BIG SAV-  
INGS in the  
family budget.



## TRY THIS MODERN RECIPE

and see for yourself how "Bonlac" adds extra quality... extra goodness... extra food value to your cooking.

### RABBIT or CHICKEN CASSEROLE

1 young rabbit (or chicken); 2 large onions; stale white bread-crumbs (about 2 cups); fluid "Bonlac" (made from directions on tin); salt, pepper. Soak rabbit for ½ hour, then break up into small joints. Dry. Slice onions finely. Place 2 table-  
spoons butter in pan and fry off rabbit quickly to brown slightly. Remove to plate, and fry onions, drain on paper. Into a deep ovenproof dish place layers of rabbit, onion and bread-crumbs (about 1" of crumbs) and continue until all mixtures are used, finishing up with bread-crumbs. Sprinkle salt, pepper on each layer and finally pour in "Bonlac" until only top of bread-crumbs is showing. Bake in slow oven until meat is tender. (1½ to 2 hours.)

Write  
for FREE  
diet and  
recipe  
book

Trufood of Australia Ltd.  
14-20 King Street, Melbourne  
Please send me your FREE Diet and Recipe  
Book.

Name

Address

BON, 1888A

Continuing...

## THE DISTANT VIEW

from page 57

obligation to him. He's been beaten and I can't leave him now if he needs me.

Then the door was flung open and Pat burst in. "Oh, you're here," he said. "Good." He shut the door behind him and hurried over to Kathy's door. He opened it and called, "Kathy, do you want to come in here?" Returning, he said to Ben, "There's been a slight development. I've been on that phone for forty minutes." Kathy came in, composed, and sat at the side of the room silently. He said, "This'll interest you, Kathy, even though you're leaving us." And before that news had a chance to register with Ben, Pat continued: "I've been talking with Jerry."

"How is he feeling?" asked Kathy.

"A lot calmer," said Pat. "You never know about these things. When I got Jerry on the phone, I hung on to him. I went over the whole Stoddard thing with him, step by step. I got him to admit how much good we did him in lots of ways, and then he even admitted that he had to take some responsibility himself for the Five-Point Plan."

"Jolly decent," said Ben.

"What next?"

"I sold, boy. I sold like I never sold before. And I made it! He extended our agreement for another three months."

"That's wonderful, Pat," said Kathy, far away on the little island of her chair, but nonetheless warmly.

BEN, before he could respond to this news of Pat's, had to accommodate himself to the news of Kathy's leaving. It was the least surprising thing in the world, of course, but still it tugged him curiously.

He had to say something to Pat. "You always were the world's best salesman, bar none."

"Okay, okay." Pat shrugged it off with a gruffness that showed he was pleased. "The big thing is, it changes our meeting now. This was going to be a post-mortem, but now it's positive. We've got to think about the future, not the past—and from Jerry's point of view. I'd like your reaction, too, Kathy."

"All right," she said dimly.

"Because," said Pat to Ben, "that's the main thing — to see it clientwise. That's where we went off the rails before, injecting our own personalities. It was a mistake — with Jerry especially. I always said we were working for Jerry, but in the clutch we let our own feelings enter the picture. I'm guilty—I did it, too. Well, from now on that's out. We really are working for him."

Ben thought: All right. Pat isn't really beaten—he's pulled himself out of the hole. But I suppose I still have a first obligation to him. If he'll only give me a chance. To live.

"Pat," he said, "I don't think our job is to battle the client, but—well, suppose he comes up with say, something like that scandal story. What then?"

"We use it."

Ben hesitated, blinked slowly. One more chance, he thought. Aloud he said, "What about us?"

"What do you mean?" Pat asked.

"I mean what about you? Pat Robison. Me, Ben Porter. Two human beings. What about us?"

"We work for him," said Pat calmly. "And so we accept his thinking."

"And our own feelings, our

own—if you'll forgive the word—standards, they don't matter?"

Pat said firmly. "We can't afford them. The price is too high. We're darned lucky to have this second chance, and we're not going to mull it by knowing better than Jerry."

"That's clear," Ben nodded. "You've made that good and clear." He kept nodding, as the world fell into place around him. "You know something, Pat? All day things have been getting clearer. First there were three choices. Then there were two. Now I'm down to one. You just made it for me."

"Did I?" said Pat mildly.

"Let me in on it."

Still nodding, Ben said, "You first. You, of all people, first." Simply and seriously he said, "Pat, I differ with you. I'm showing my difference the most drastic way possible. I'm resigning, too."

Was that a sound from the chair behind him, a small, surprised murmur?

"Why?" Pat grimaced, almost smiled, in bewilderment. "What's wrong?"

Ben considered—only for a fraction of a second—then he replied, "Well, I could say that nothing's wrong; we just differ. But it's not true. I think your viewpoint is wrong, Pat, plain wrong. And I want to get out."

Pat flushed and his jaw clenched. "Ben, here I do a hard uphill sell and—You think I should have fought him?"

"You made your sale," said Ben easily.

"You bet I did—the selling job of my life!" Incensed, Pat went on. "Then I walk in here and put it in your lap and—What is it with you? You got 'personal reasons,' too?"

Ben slightly puzzled, said, "They're very personal, but you can hear them."

Kathy interrupted. "Pat don't get it wrong. Ben and I haven't planned this together. I have nothing to do with his decision."

Ben thought: That's all you know.

"Well," Pat said, "it sure looks like some sort of conspiracy..."

"It's not," she said. "Our plans are quite different. I'm not leaving town."

"Leaving town?" Pat said to Ben. "Where are you going?"

"Wait," said Ben. Obviously Kathy still thought he was resigning to go to Smithport. She knew nothing of the new Ben, the several new Bens. How rich he felt to have this news to tell before her! "I'm staying right in New York. I've got another job."

And now did he sense a pulse behind him? On the chair at the side of the room, was there an almost audible sound as a little shock of interest, perhaps against her will, began to hum?

"What other job?" demanded Pat. "How long has this been cooking?"

"Not long. And I've only just decided to take it. Just this moment. You might as well hear this fast and straight. I'm going to work for Stoddard. Oh, don't worry, there hasn't been anything greasy. He approached me—only today. He wants a public-relations office in New York. He offered it to me."

"But—but, Ben"—Pat was plainly staggered—"that's crazy. Why, he—he's an old man. Even if he did win that fight, he's fifty years behind the times."

To page 59



**ELASTOPLAST**



THE NEW INVISIBLE ANTISEPTIC FIRST AID DRESSING

It's just that. Invisible. Even 'neath the sheerest nylons. It hides as it heals. "Invisible" Elastoplast is very modern, very effective, antiseptic, very sensibly priced, very handy. Every dressing individually sterilized and wrapped.



Another fine **3M** product  
Smith & Nephew  
Available at Chemists, Stores and Chain Stores.

**I'M POUNDS BETTER OFF**  
Because I Take **FORD PILLS**



Ford Pills keep me free from irregularity, sick headaches, tiredness and depression. I'm always sparkling with health and energy and never away from work. No wonder I'm pounds better off!

Ford Pills are safe and sure... and so economical, too! Regain good health, feel fit and well. Buy a tube of Ford Pills today.

Slim off your overweight—write for a free FORD PILLS DIET CHART to G.P.O. Box 4135, Sydney.

Get your Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere **FORD PILLS**

# Continuing . . . THE DISTANT VIEW

from page 58

"He knows it. He wants to catch up."  
"Is it money?" Pat asked.  
"Not really, or I'd have asked you to match his offer."  
"Then," said Pat exasperatedly, "in heaven's sweet name, what is it?"  
"Because he wants me. Because he wants the best of me and he'll expect that best to get better. Jerry doesn't care about me. He doesn't care whether anything's better—he just wants it bigger."

Oh, now the hum was louder from the chair at the side, and out of the corner of his eye Ben saw her sitting rapidly, taut, and straight. And though he knew he was saying these things only because he believed them in his soul, he was glad she was here, delighted to show her she had been wrong about him.

Pat stared at him a moment. "We've had a long association, and you're throwing it away just because I'm realistic."

Ben leaned across the desk and bore down on him. "Pat, it's high time you knew something. Our association was ending anyway. I was sick of that kind of realism. I liked doing my job but I was tired of everything else around me here. It seemed to be murdering me—I wanted to get out of business. Then something happened," he said, the small rigid figure on the chair still in the corner of his eye. "Something—oh, something like a slap in the face. And I began to see that just by being alive now, just by being here, I had a tiny piece of responsibility. To fix the things around here that I hate—not run away from them."

**B**EN raised his hand to stop Pat interrupting.

"Every day, Pat, all over this country, there are a billion little decisions made and they all fit together to absolutely make the air we breathe. And if the publicity men—and the salesmen and the bankers and whatever else—if they all respect their own humanity one tiny fraction more, why, who knows? Maybe the place will improve. A little. Anyway," he said, "we've got to try. Because we've made it what it is: a business world. And now we've got to make it liveable."

Then the string snapped, the arrow flew from the bow, and next to him, straining forward, stood Kathy—stood this flame, this blazing girl. And hoarsely, at the top of her voice, she was saying: "Why can't we? For goodness' sake, why can't we? Do you think human beings have come all these millions of years just to make a life the good men can't even stand? They can forget all the nonsense about looking beyond, about getting on ships and searching for beauty afar! That's for boys, that Seven Seas stuff. The adventure is right here—right on the thirty-third floor!"

Trembling with excitement, feeling tight and fine but not daring to look at her, Ben said to Pat, "Man, it was close. There was someone else with me, very lovely, very delicate and soft. We were going to live a new life, full of salt air and freedom. But then I saw there was just as much fear in her as freedom. Well, it hurts to give up its free life, but I'm glad to give up the fear."

"What?" muttered Pat. "What have your girlfriends got to do with—"

"You change," said Ben. "Without knowing it. Automatically. If you stay on board,

you automatically leave those who get off. That's plain as day now."

Pat looked from one of them to the other. Suspiciously he said, "Something's going on here. Something between you two."

"There is not!" said Kathy. "You hatched this together," said Pat.

"We did not!" said Kathy. "Not simultaneously," added Ben.

"Well, it doesn't matter. You both stand there and tell me I'm a rat—"

"No, Pat," said Ben. "I tell you I'm against you."

Enraged, Pat shouted, "Okay, then! Out! Both of you."

## FROM THE BIBLE

—Two versions  
—*"These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace."*  
(Authorised version)  
—John 16:33.

—*"I have told you all this so that in me you may find peace."*  
—John 16:33.  
(New English Bible)

The quicker the better. I'll need your office on Monday."

"It's yours," said Ben.

"Matter of fact," Pat said bitterly to Ben, "this is swell. This is great. The hardest job I had with Jerry was you. He knew you started that Five-Point thing, but I'd him on you, anyway. Okay, now it's a clean sweep. You can both blow. Go and be angels or whatever you damned please. I know what the score is now, but, brother, now I know how to win. Who needs you? Goodbye, both of you!"

He stormed out, furious, and slammed the door behind him. Ben, breathing deeply, feeling exultant and soaring, didn't know what to do.

Eileen helped him by coming in, some papers in her hand. "Was that Mr. Robinson?" she asked. "Who shot him out of a cannon?"

As if in reply, Kathy gave a little cry, a short, sharp cry, and turned and ran into her office and closed the door.

"Goodness," said Eileen, "I seem to have said something."

Ben heard Kathy's other door close, heard her feet go pattering down the hall. He shook his head. "What a girl."

"I seem to have upset her."

"No, no," said Ben. "She's upset, all right, but you didn't do it." He strode to his desk and began to take out the few personal things he kept there.

"What's going on," asked Eileen. "Have you resigned too?"

"Yep," said Ben triumphantly.

"Goodness," said Ben, "you don't know it," said Ben. "You're coming over with me to my new office."

"Well," said Eileen, pleased but placid, "that's nice. You must give me the address."

"Sorry for the rush. I have to catch Kathy." As he ran-sacked the drawer, he said, "I've just discovered something. I've really been discovering it all week, and now I know what it is."

"Do tell," said Eileen.

He paused. "There are girls who want you to be more of yourself, and there are girls who want to make you less. Sometimes the difference isn't clear right away. Well," he said, "it's clear now."

## \*\*\*\*\*AS I READ\*\*\*\*\* THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Aug. 14

**ARIES**  
MAR. 21—APR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 4.  
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sat.

**TAURUS**  
APR. 21—MAY 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 8.  
★ Gambling colors, black, red.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

**GEMINI**  
MAY 21—JUNE 21  
★ Lucky number this week, 5.  
★ Gambling colors, green, orange.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sat.

**CANCER**  
JUNE 22—JULY 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 1.  
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

**LEO**  
JULY 23—AUG. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, lt. blue, gold.  
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

**VIRGO**  
AUG. 23—SEPT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 7.  
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Wed.

**LIBRA**  
SEPT. 24—OCT. 23  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.  
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.

**SCORPIO**  
OCT. 24—NOV. 22  
★ Lucky number this week, 6.  
★ Gambling colors, navy, white.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

**SAGITTARIUS**  
NOV. 23—DEC. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 2.  
★ Gambling colors, white, black.  
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.

**CAPRICORN**  
DEC. 21—JAN. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 9.  
★ Gambling colors, rose, green.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

**AQUARIUS**  
JAN. 20—FEB. 19  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, mauve, lt. blue.  
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.

**PISCES**  
FEB. 20—MAR. 20  
★ Lucky number this week, 3.  
★ Gambling colors, grey, violet.  
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

With a smile Eileen asked, "Is that why Miss Clark just ran away?"

"She's got her pride," said Ben. "That's fine, that's great. I'll find her. And I'll tell her..." And as he began to say it, he realised it was true. He hadn't consciously thought it before, but now as the words started toward his mouth he saw all his past and all his dreams and possibilities converging swiftly in this starburst of truth. "I want a chance to fall in love with her. Properly. As she deserves."

"See you, doll," he grabbed his hat.

"Good luck," he heard behind him as he hurried out.

When he got downstairs, he saw that it was raining hard—something he hadn't even noticed through his office window. Cabs would be scarce on this street on a rainy Saturday afternoon. He stepped out the door, and down at the corner under a canopy was Kathy, presumably waiting for a cab. She didn't see him.

He ran over through the rain and came up behind her. "Hello, Kathy," he said. Startled, she wheeled and faced him. "Hello, Katherine," he said.

"Don't touch me," she said suddenly, tensely, her eyes hot. "If you touch me, I'll kill you."

He relaxed. He smiled. With the rain dripping off his hat, he shook his head. "What a girl. What a wonderful girl. What an absolutely terrific thing to say." He stepped forward and said roughly, "You silly kid. You silly, remarkable kid. What do you think I'm here for?" She stared at him

★ Those almost forgotten shares might suddenly become valuable. You get inside information which could show a profit. Some of you gamble on human nature and your intuition is correct. In some way you gain.

★ You may get an honor or the chance for a working holiday. Your marriage partner could move up the career ladder. A son or daughter may announce an engagement, or a grandchild brings rejoicings.

★ You'll be here, there, everywhere until you are spinning. You'll need to have a good memory and allow nothing to slip your notice. Check accounts or you may be asked to pay more than you should.

★ You may receive an account which is less than you anticipated, or you find your budget has yielded a profit. That surplus will be a temptation to spend, but wisely invested, it could be a winner.

★ Others look to you for leadership. Give any project a push to get it under way. If those around you hang back, help them. The man in your life may be hesitating. You could be the deciding factor.

★ You have undiscovered talents you may have kept hidden through lack of self-confidence, but a small incident is likely to give a lift to morale and bring new chances. The beloved will show admiration.

★ The more vigorous and energetic you are the more you'll benefit. If you have any project in mind, you can enjoy finishing it at top speed. Worries and problems can vanish if you refuse to brood.

★ Those with influence will help you on your way. If quite young, your parents may reach a decision which fills you with joy. If older, a request to the boss could meet with success.

★ To plan ahead is to have any situation well in hand, whether it concerns your job or a party. Keep that social diary up to date, allowing yourself time for a punctual girl will always be popular.

★ A present may be on its way to you. You might hold the winning ticket in a lottery if you alone hold it. You may be given tickets to an entertainment, and there meet an attractive stranger.

★ The man in your life may bring wonderful news that means much to you both. Advancement in his career might give the chance to fulfil a wish. You occupy the limelight because of a distinction won.

★ Beginnings are fun while enthusiasm is at its height, but you are frequently a slow finisher. Don't go cold on your idea because you strike a few snags. You can overcome them by persistence.

## terrified by RHEUMATISM



"For years I was terrified by rheumatism... steadily getting worse and in danger of becoming a permanent invalid. A friend recommended I try Mackenzie's Menthoids and my chemist confirmed his tremendous sales of Menthoids were a recommendation enough. I tried Menthoids as a last hope. Recently I met my doctor socially and he remarked how well I looked. I told him I was taking Menthoids and he replied, 'They certainly seem to be doing you good.'"

(Original letter in Head Office.)  
That woman's success story could be yours, if you suffer rheumatism, stiffness, headache or muscular aches and pains. Don't suffer needlessly! Get a flask of Menthoids from your Chemist or Store for 9/- (a month's supply), the economy size for 15/- (containing twice the quantity), or a trial size flask for 5/-.

**MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS**

**GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS**

A proud mother praises Curlypet. Baby's hair used to be straight but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Show, judges always comment on her lovely curls.

Curlypet is good for cradlecap too soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment 6/6  
**Curlypet**

## SWELLING

Rub THIS in and it DISAPPEARS!

**BAUME DALET** is a foot ointment which has been so successful on the Continent that chemists are now taking it up in this country. You rub it in and it DISAPPEARS and so, too, in a very short time, does the painful swelling and the hot, tired, aching throbs, and your feet feel ten years younger! Yes, **BAUME DALET** suits the right—releasing powerful healing ingredients to do their wonderful work right at the root of the trouble. Next time you have to "rub your poor toe", rub it with pain-relieving **BAUME DALET**. Ask your family chemist for **BAUME DALET**—6/- a tube.

## Longer, stronger nails

Here's what a typical NuNale user says:  
All my life my nails have broken off, even when very short. One day I admired the nails of a friend and she told me her secret—NuNale. I have been using NuNale for four months now and not once have I broken or split a nail.  
Miss D. C., Victoria.

**NuNale**  
only 4/6 bottle

**New! Nu Moon**  
Soothes, softens and beautifies ugly broken cuticles. Only 4/6 bottle.

Made under licence by **DRESSLER—MIRREEN—S.A.**

**UNUSUALLY HAIR**  
Removed in private at home by Electrolysis—THE ONLY WAY.  
This modern instrument is simple, safe and sure. No re-growth guaranteed. Full directions with outfit.  
£5 post free. Send now:  
T. MAKER, Box 1101, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Box 1186, G.P.O., Auckland, N.Z.



If you came right down to it they probably wouldn't even understand what an Assistant Curator of Avifauna was. They all had their little specialties, she was willing to admit. But how many of them knew as much about anything as Brian knew about birds? How many of them were sought after, and respectfully listened to, by scientists from all over the world?

Over the top of her mirror she peered again at the door, and, finally, as if her own will had worked the miracle, it swung open to admit the particular six-foot-three she wanted. As Brian approached the table her heart skipped predictably, and her lips relaxed into a bright smile that wasn't a bit forced. In ten quick strides he was standing before her; and, partly because she was thinking of her own happiness and partly because everything about Brian

Continuing . . .

## NIGHTINGALES IN CENTRAL PARK

from page 25

was unexpected, she paid no attention to the Arab beside him, an Arab with a white turban.

"Laura," said Brian, "It sounded like an invocation. 'I'm terribly sorry. This emergency came up just as I was leaving.' For the first time she noticed the little worry lines that creased his forehead."

"Don't give it a thought. I just this moment got here my—"

He wasn't listening. "This is Doctor Aziz," he interrupted. "His Excellency, Doctor Ali Hassan Mustafa Aziz, from the United Nations."

Slowly she swung her gaze to the Arab, whose hooked nose and hooded

eyes gave him the air of a benevolent hawk.

"He's lost his birds, valuable ones," Brian added.

"Really?" She couldn't transfer her interest on such short notice.

Aziz bowed and said gravely, "Bulbuls. Sometimes they are called Persian nightingales."

Birds. Of course. She could afford to be gracious to Brian's business friends. "You speak very good English," she said.

"They teach it quite adequately at Harvard. Miss Averill, I apologise

from the bottom of my heart. I am fully aware that three is a crowd, and I assure you I had no intention of barging in like this. But your Brian insisted."

"Of course I insisted," said Brian.

Laura murmured, "He isn't my Brian. Not yet."

"But you hope? Forgive me," Aziz held out his hand. "Brian, the birds can wait. I shall see you tomorrow."

"Nonsense," said Brian. "You can't leave now."

"Of course not," Laura echoed. If Brian wanted the man's company, Brian would have it. "Stay for a cocktail, at least."

"It won't be a cocktail," Brian said. "We don't have time." He sat abruptly, waving Aziz to a chair across the table. "Laura, do you mind if we eat right away?"

The worry lines, she saw, were deeper. "I don't mind anything," she said, "as long as I know what it's all about."

Doctor Aziz, I'm sorry you lost your gawwaws.

"Bulbuls. Their names are Akbar and Amina."

"And I know they must be terribly valuable."

"Not a bit. In my country they are as common as sparrows," Doctor Aziz informed her.

"Then I don't understand. Isn't someone sure to find them? After all, Persian nightingales don't roost on every statue in New York."

"That's it," said Brian sombrely. "That's just it. They might."

Aziz smiled. "I think we owe it to Miss Averill to begin at the beginning. The story is sad, but short."

"I'd love to hear it. We're not due at the theatre till eight-thirty."

"We're not due at all," said Brian. "Oh, but we are! Don't you remember? We're going to have a leisurely drink, and dinner at that little French place you discovered, then if it isn't raining, and it isn't, we'll walk across town to the theatre. Afterward —"

"I gave the tickets to my secretary."

HE looked so crestfallen, so apologetic, that her annoyance vanished in a rush of affection. She swallowed, then said, "I'm sorry, I'll be all right in a minute. It's just that I've never been stood up for a bird before, and I'm not sure what to say."

"You are right to be angry," said Aziz, "but please direct your anger at me, not Brian. The fault is mine. You see, I have an apartment on Central Park South, and because I am homesick I imported a pair of caged bulbuls to remind me of my country."

"Importation prohibited," said Brian.

"Quite true. But this I did not know and, since I am a diplomat, they passed through Customs without question. Today, while I was at the General Assembly, my manservant opened the cage to clean it." He spread his hands. "Unfortunately the window was also open."

She shook her head, confused. "And now two bulbuls are loose on the town? Is that so awful?"

"It could be," said Brian. "Believe me, it could be." His embarrassment was gone, and his voice was tense and purposeful. "Have you ever run across a starling?"

"Have I? You ought to see my office building. Every afternoon they settle there by the hundreds. The thousands."

"They eat, too. Do you have any idea how much they cost the farmers of New York State alone last year? Seeds stolen, crops damaged, berries ruined? Three quarters of a million dollars."

"Oh, they're a pest. I agree. I remember back in Iowa when I was a child—well, but that's starlings. What's so terrible about two little Persian nightingales?"

"Tell her what they eat, Aziz," said Brian.

Aziz held up his brown hand. "Grapes," he said, "ticking off one finger after another. 'Cherries. Apricots. Peaches. They fill the peaches with picks. Picks? Pecks—thank you. At home the worry is not so great, because we have much unemployment and many men can be hired to guard the orchards." He hesitated.

"As for the bulbuls being only two — Miss Averill, forgive me, but the birds are male and female, and for that reason—"

"I catch," she said. "They teach biology quite capably at Fort Madison High."

"Miss Averill, I have learned many new facts in the past hour. For example, these starlings that infest office buildings all across your great nation are descended, every one of them, from a few pairs released in Central Park in 1891." His dark eyes widened. "We may be witnessing the birth of the great bulbul invasion."

Brian said, "Where's our waiter? Laura, would you like a hamburger? That's about all we have time for."

She looked from Aziz to Brian and her heart sank. "Well," she said, "there go the old plans."

"We'll see that play some night next week. I promise. But we've got to get those birds back." Brian's hand reached hers across the table.

To page 61



IT'S AN ASTOR  
... that's the difference

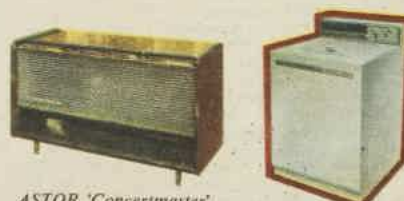
## ... AND THE DIFFERENCE IS CLEAR TO SEE!

Here's what happens when you combine design and technical leadership, 40 years of manufacturing experience and the skill of 5,000 people . . . The ASTOR 'Royal' 23" — the TV that sets new standards in sheer good looks and superb performance, backed by the proved service-free reputation of Australia's best-selling brand. The ASTOR 'Royal' comes in beautiful hand-picked timbers of Walnut, Mahogany and Maple, finished in the miracle glass-hard Polyester, which resists stains, burns and abrasions. It offers no less than 282 square inches of 'living presence' picture. Front sound with high-fidelity tone at its best. 13 channel tuning to take care of all present and future stations. See for yourself how magnificently the ASTOR 'Royal' 23" performs and looks in your own home. \*189 gns. (Lowboy, \*179 gns.)

With 'Fringemaster' chassis, 10 gns. extra.

**ASTOR**

'ROYAL' 23" CONSOLE



ASTOR 'Concertmaster' Stereo of the Sixties . . . the most glamorous ever! All-speed, all-size record changer, plus console radio, immense record storage too, yet only \*125 Gns.

ASTOR fully automatic clothes washer. Fills and heats itself, soaks, washes, rinses and spins. Fluid drive and hydro-balance! \*215 Gns.

\*Prices slightly higher in W.A., North Q'land and Tas.

A PRODUCT OF THE VAST RESOURCES OF ELECTRONIC INDUSTRIES LIMITED

1/1P AVT

Page 60

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1961



plains," she said. "I didn't wear this miraculous suit to dazzle the ushers." A waiter appeared at her elbow and she took a deep breath. "If you can't lick 'em, join 'em," she said. "One hamburger here."

"Two," said Brian. "You Aziz? . . . Three hamburgers, three coffees, and bring the check, please . . . Now, here's the drill. The sun's already set and in half an hour it'll be dark . . ."

Laura sat back and closed her eyes. One little pair of bulbuls breaks gaily, she thought, and a whole way of life goes up in smoke. He never even looked at the suit, and if any of that perfume drifted his way, he certainly didn't get the message. The stock exchange closes at three-thirty, she thought, the ad agencies shut their doors at five, but I had to settle for a type who runs night-time safaris through Central Park.

" . . . and the fire department will meet us at the Columbus Circle entrance," Brian was saying.

"Did you remember to call out the riot squad, too?" Laura asked.

He was unamused. "We need ladders," he said succinctly. "and lights. Not guns." He turned back to Aziz. "We'll have to play this literally by ear. Most of our native birds stop singing when it gets dark, but I understand bulbuls keep it up all night long."

"Especially in moonlight," Aziz said. "Perhaps you noticed the moon is full?"

"I noticed," said Laura grimly. "With any luck we'll hear them, then. They won't have gone far—they're classified as sedentary—so we'll spread out and walk east toward the zoo. The pond's on that side, you

## Continuing . . . NIGHTINGALES IN CENTRAL PARK

from page 60

remember, and they like to be near water. The sound truck's waiting at the zoo end," Brian went on. "A background of animal noises ought to add a realistic touch."

"Are we going to have music?"

"The sound truck," he explained patiently, "has a tape-recording of bulbul songs from the museum files. Bulbuls are gregarious. It might attract them."

"Nightingale," she breathed.

New York is never completely dark. By the time they reached the south-west corner of the park the street lights were on and the moon lighted the sky even more clearly than the city's reflected glow. Two fire trucks stood at the kerb in a ring of small boys, and as they approached, Aziz carrying a wicker cage and Brian with a long net under his arm, one of the boys skipped toward them.

"What you after, hey?" he

fided. "Two enormous birds, as beautiful as clouds at sunset, with golden crowns on their heads and tailfeathers like fire and rainbows."

"As a matter of fact, they're mud-colored," said Brian, "about the size of small robins."

The boy scowled at them disgustedly. "Wise guys," he said. "I hope that ol' lion claws you to pieces."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



"Imagine broadcasting the melody of nightingales over Central Park. Why didn't anyone ever think of it before?"

"It wouldn't be a very popular concert. They're supposed to sound like the splash of a stream over rocks, but actually it's more like a baby being burped."

"To be perfectly frank," Aziz added, "the bulbul says 'Blug.' Intermittently."

shrilled. "You after a lion, mister? A lion got loose, hey?" He gawked at Aziz. "You the trainer? Boy, that net looks pretty weak for any tough ol' lion."

"Do we dare tell him the truth?" Laura asked. "Do you think he is big enough to take it?"

"Best policy," said Brian. She squatted beside the boy. "We're chasing birds," she con-

"You took the words right out of my mouth," said Laura. Brian joined the firemen. "We'll work along the south edge first," he said. "You move up the street beside us, but no lights till we give you a yell. O.K.?"

The engine captain shrugged. "I draw my pay. Here or the station house. What's the odds? Bring in all the lights from Yankee Stadium, you

won't find no birds in Central Park at night, an' you know why? Birds hibernate. They hibernate nights an' come out in the day."

There was a silence, then Brian said, "Yes — well, just follow us along, will you?"

Laura and Aziz were heading down the concrete pathway when he caught up with them. "On the grass," he said. "Heels make too much noise."

She looked doubtfully at the dark turf. "My new shoes. Brian, they aren't made for steepchasing."

"Take them off, then. We have to listen for that song."

She glared at him. "What do we do when we hear it? Join hands and dance barefoot over hill and dale?"

"We turn around," he said. "We turn a complete circle to get a fix on the direction. When we've pinpointed them, I'll use my flashlight, and if that doesn't find them, we'll call the firemen."

"What makes you think they'll sit still for you?"

"They're quite tame, Aziz tells me. S-sh!" He stopped. "What's that?"

Laura held her breath and listened. The drone of traffic filled the air and at first it seemed impossible that bird song could compete with New York on a busy evening. Then she heard it.

Somewhere in the darkness a liquid murmur rose and fell, a soft cadence of vowels interspersed with little clucking noises. She touched Brian's hand. "Over there to the left," she whispered to him.

Slowly he raised his arm and snapped on the light.

"Hey!" cried an indignant voice. "What's a big idea?"

Two forms rose as one from the bench.

The voice thundered, "I oughtta hang one on —"

"Sorry," Brian mumbled. He stepped back quickly, his heel gouging deep into Laura's instep.

"Oww!" she yelled. She hopped one-legged across the grass. "Why don't you look where you're going?"

"For heaven's sake, hush. Do you want to scare the bulbuls away?"

"I couldn't care less if they flew back to Arabia," she cried, rubbing her ankle. "If this is how you like to spend your evenings, I'm glad I found out in time. Hiking through the fields like — like —"

"An eagle scout?" Aziz suggested.

She stopped skipping and began to giggle. "All right," she said, testing her weight on the injured foot. "It isn't broken and I'm sorry I got mad."

At the end of a half hour they had crossed the park, one halting step at a time. Twice they heard faint rippling sounds and they stopped, turning like dancers in a slow pirouette: but the first turned out to be the snore of a ragged sleeper, and the second time the beam of Brian's flashlight showed only a decrepit cat.

"That's that," said Brian when they passed the rim of the pond and reached the Fifth Avenue fence. "I didn't really expect anything right off the bat, anyway."

"Are we calling it quits?" she asked hopefully.

"Of course not. We'll let the

To page 62

Margaret felt that pang inside, that illusion of flower petals brushing against her heart, and she knew unmistakably that this was surely to be the night of the announcement.

She grinned and asked, "Or should we have ordered a bottle of champagne?"

"Mother, you're exasperating!" Jane cried, but the music of delight colored her voice. She looked up into Tommy's face. "I told you she was like this — so intuitive it's positively weird." Then she smiled at Margaret. "Tell me how you knew," she insisted.

Margaret responded with a sly glance. "Love has a special look," she said.

She wasn't going to mention that the terror on Tommy's features was altogether explanatory or that she'd recognised a nuance in the way they clung to each other now — as if each were the other's lifesaver on some turbulent voyage.

"Special look!" Jane scoffed. "Dusk is so thick in here that you can't even see us."

"Then let's say there's an aura," Margaret suggested.

She reached over to switch on the lamp beside the sofa. Yes, there was an aura. Tommy's apprehension was reflected even in Jane's features. "Do people in love begin to resemble each other so soon?" Margaret wondered. "I thought it took years and years of living and loving."

"Seriously, Mother," Jane said, lowering her voice, "would it be better for Tom to — speak to Daddy now or after dinner? What do you think?"

Margaret studied Tommy. She knew she couldn't endure the torture of seeing him struggle through dinner in agony, waiting to put his case before his prospective father-in-law. And if Mike were to sense the interview that lay in store, he would have trouble choking down his dinner. "I think Tom should have his word with Mike now. Then we can all talk about it during dinner."

"Don't you suppose," Tommy ventured, "that he might be in a mellow mood after dinner?"

He gave Margaret such a woe-begone glance that she wanted to fling a protective arm around him and assure him that Mike would understand how it was for a young man to ask for another man's daughter. She could remember the fright that had paralysed her and Mike nearly 20 years ago, before he'd loped toward the study to speak to her father.

Margaret had never learned the details of that conversation, but she recalled that it had taken a few days before Mike's face regained its normal color.

"Tommy," she said, "I think if you slipped into the kitchen now, you'd find it painless."

He nodded resolutely, still clutching the lifesaver that was Jane's hand. Then he squared his shoulders, brought Jane's hand to his lips for an instant, and moved toward the kitchen with the air of a man approaching the guillotine.

Margaret felt a small catch in her throat. Tommy was leaving the room a boy, going to ask for the privilege of a man's responsibility — a wife. Jane.

"We may as well sit down, Jane," Margaret said.

Jane nodded rather numbly, failing to remind Margaret that she now preferred to be called Jane. She spread her skirt and slid into the corner of the sofa almost primly. Margaret sat beside her, conscious of a certain awkwardness, a certain vague pain.

Finally Jane spoke, her voice tremulous. "This is absurd, feeling scared. It's so silly. It's only a formality — Tom's asking Daddy for me. A man doesn't actually ask, 'May I marry your daughter?' He says, 'Your daughter and I want to get married. Tell us if you like the idea.' That's the way it really goes, isn't it?"

"That's the way it goes," Margaret agreed. She didn't really know. How were men at a crucial moment like that? Surely not so helpless, not so shaky, as women.

"Then, Mother, I suppose they discuss the b-boy's prospects."

## Continuing . . . THE BEAUTIFUL ONES

from page 27

"I suppose so, Jane." She remembered that Mike had inquired discreetly and politely the second time Tom came here and had learned that Tom was a third-year law student whose ability had earned him an excellent part-time job in a law office. At that time even Margaret hadn't felt certain that Tommy would turn out to be "the one."

"But, of course," Jane rushed on, "you probably think we're

flinching is the heat of Jane's wrathful concern. She felt a quaking inside, and reminded herself that she was an adult and should be able to handle this situation. Hah! She was terrified.

"Mother, you're scared, too." "Not at all," Margaret replied with a brightness she wasn't sure was convincing.

## FOR THE CHILDREN

### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



impulsive and much too young —" She turned to Margaret, her eyes a furious blue, her fists clenched in her lap. Her voice rose shakily. "I wonder what Daddy's doing to Tommy!"

Margaret began to tremble, as if suspense were contagious. "The same thing I'm doing to you!" she cried, the words torn from her.

And all of a sudden she knew this was probably true. The scene in the kitchen very likely paralleled the scene here, with Mike cowering before Tommy the same way she was

"I'm fine, except I'm racking my brain, trying to remember what my mother told me so that I can tell you the same."

"The facts of life?" Jane suggested helpfully.

Margaret laughed. "The Number 1 fact of life is that you learn a new fact of life every day. But I don't think you ever become immune to apprehension."

"You mean I'll always worry about Tommy?"

Margaret nodded. "I know I'll always worry about Mike." She smiled ruefully. "I rather enjoy it."

Jane scrutinised her. "At the same time that you're miserable?"

"Yes, I guess so."

Jane shook her head. "I'm baffled. But happy."

Margaret gulped air. "That's a fact of my life, too. Especially at this moment," she said, and suddenly the tension in the room seemed to subside.

"I want to go for a walk with Mike later this evening," Margaret thought. "These beautiful kids — they're exhausting."

The door from the kitchen opened and the men entered. Mike, his face lean and a little weary beneath the smile, was carrying a tray with four tall frosty glasses. Following him was a pale pinched-looking Tommy, who appeared to possess barely enough strength to carry the plate of crackers entrusted to him.

Margaret observed Jane's concern and yearned to say, "He'll be all right in a few days." Instead, she brought out in her feathery voice, "Perfect timing, boys. We girls are parched."

Mike's hand was the slightest bit unsteady, and Margaret thought, "I'd hate you if you weren't a little nervous, too." There actually seemed to be paleness around his lips as he pulled up chairs for himself and Tommy on the other side of the coffee table.

Mike raised his glass. "This may not be the proper libation — but here's to marriage," he said quietly.

Solemnly all four of them clinked glasses. It was a lovely musical sound. Tommy began to pass the crackers and Jane seemed to glow with pride at his aplomb.

"He's her Number 1 fact of life," Margaret observed, "the same way Mike is mine."

And after some jovial and forced now-that-we're-all-adults banter, Margaret stood up. "If you'll excuse me, I'll see to starting dinner."

She was standing at the kitchen table when she became aware of someone beside her. She turned and found herself face to face with Mike.

His eyes were a little wild, his voice low and urgent. "I told them I was coming out to help you," he said. "I couldn't stand looking at them any longer — not just now." His face grew flushed and confused. "So smart and stupid, so everything-all-at-once." He put his hand on her shoulder. "I was looking at them — but I was seeing us."

Margaret closed her eyes. "Of course," she thought. That summer evening 20 years ago had been essentially the same — happy, terrifying, magnificent. "What a wonderful world we live in," she thought, "where the generations of love are as reprobitious as the seasons!"

"If I were a sentimental woman, I'd burst into tears," she said softly.

Mike's reply was a gentle laugh. "Your face happens to be a little streaked" at the moment.

"Nonsense," she said, blinking. "Tell me what you said to that poor boy to turn him so pale."

Mike said, "I just asked him the one question that your father asked me. I asked if he would love and take care of Jane."

"And what did he say?"

"Not much, considering that he's a bright boy. He stammered for 15 minutes, just about the way I did 20 years ago."

Margaret considered. "Well, that's good enough for me." Let a man be inarticulate if that was his way. But let his hand always be near yours, reassuring, so that you could never forget he was your Number 1 fact of life, your lifesaver on whatever turbulent voyage.

She smiled mischievously at Mike. "If you'll set the table, I'll bring in the plates, and we can terrorise the kids!" ("Those beautiful ones!" she added silently.) "for another hour or so."

(Copyright)

Page 61



minutes, then we'll move up about fifty yards and start back again." He cupped his hands and called, "Sound! Let 'er roll!"

From the shadows at the street corner came a muffled squawk and a gravelly voice rose to full amplification. "Friendly, fearless, four-square," it rumbled, "your choice and mine, the people's champion—McConaghe!"

The loudspeaker gave another cough and stopped; and in the appalled silence that followed an unmechanised voice that sounded strangely weak by contrast said, "Sorry, Mac. Wrong tape."

Laura doubled over, laughing noiselessly. Before she could straighten, the squawking began again and a tremendous "blug!" pulsed from the sound truck. "Blug!" it roared, like some primeval war chant.

Continuing . . .

## NIGHTINGALES IN CENTRAL PARK

from page 61

"Oh, no!" she gasped. Tears of laughter welled from her eyes. Smearing the mascara with her knuckles, she stepped back, teetered, waved her arms wildly, and disappeared into the pond with a splash that was barely audible over the sound truck's reverberating barrage.

As she struggled to the surface, she thought calmly, I hope I drown. That ought to teach him a lesson. Then she realised the lesson would be even more pointedly hers, and blowing a fine spray high into the air she called, "Help!"

Her foot scraped bottom and with another gurgling cry she stood up.

The water, she discovered, barely reached her waist. Pushing the wet and straggly hair from her eyes, she looked at her ruined suit and the pointed toe of one shoe bobbing away just out of reach.

Dimly, as from another world, she heard Brian shout, "Laura!" then, closer at hand, "Lights! Hey, lights!"

"Lights!" echoed another voice. The bright beam wavered toward her, then swung full in her face, blinding her.

The hand that seized her arm was

strong and the voice that urged her to take it easy was gentle, but her misery cut far too deep to respond to comfort.

"I would like to die, please," she said with dignity.

"Sure," he answered. "I know how it is. You'll feel better when you get into some dry clothes."

"I'm not interested in feeling better. I never want to feel better as long as I live."

"It's a shock." His voice was understanding.

Her feet were on the concrete path now, moving toward the lights of Fifth Avenue. "Will you kindly

His hand dropped. "Look, Laura, if I could leave now I would. But I'll put you in a cab at the corner and you'll be home in no time. I'll phone you tomorrow."

"Can't you get it through your thick head that I simply don't want to see you again? Ever." She marched forward, unmindful of the pebbles that bit into her bare soles.

"Laura, I feel sort of responsible for this, and I—" "You don't feel responsible for anything but your darned old birds," she said. "Goodbye."

Through her tears she saw another form appear, and she felt the warmth of a coat fall over her shoulders.

"He is impossible," said Aziz, "but, my dear Miss Averill, all men are impossible. It is better to learn this before marriage than after."

"He's s-stupid," she choked.

"Undeniably."

"Selfish, too."

"Beyond doubt."

"And blind."

"As a bat," Aziz agreed. "A brilliant description of the human male. Unfortunately, there is no choice. The human male is all you have."

THEY had almost reached the park gate now, and she turned to look sadly at this hawklike stranger with the snow-white turban. "But the awful part," she said, "is that he doesn't know a thing about birds."

"Ah, no," Aziz shook his head. "Your resentment is understandable, but now you go too far."

"Oh, I do, do I? He went too far when he hired that ridiculous sound truck. Do you think any self-respecting bulb would warm up to that blaring low-fi? He calls himself a curator, but I bet he never heard of trilling for birds."

"Nor, I confess, have I."

"Every child in Iowa knows that. You can call doves, cardinals, orioles—anything. You sit quietly on the lawn with a palmful of seeds and you go like this." She held out her hand and gave a low, staccato whistle. The trill grew higher, then faded into silence. "Sometimes it takes hours," she said, "but not when the birds are hungry."

Aziz stared at her. "Do that again."

"Why?"

"The peasants in my country," he said dreamily, "use the same call, only, of course, they wish to catch the birds and eat them. Miss Averill, for a homesick man this is more beautiful than a symphony. Please, once more."

"Peasants know it, but not curators," she said. "Curators are fools." She stood still and lifted her face and again the melodious whistle soared over the parched grass and concrete paths.

With her head thrown back and her arms outstretched she never heard the faint rushing flutter of wings, and only when she felt the tickle of tiny claws did she see the small brown forms gripping her wrist.

"Amina," Aziz breathed. "Akbar."

"Put them in the cage," she said gently. "The poor things must be starved. Central Park is no place for grapes."

"Lights!" shouted Brian from the shadows behind them. The brilliant white beam pierced the darkness, crawled toward her, and climbed her soggy dress toward her straight and dripping hair.

"Oh, put it out!" she cried irritably. She began to shiver. "We've got your bulbs and I hope you will be very happy."

"What do you mean, you've got them? I just heard them singing."

"That was Miss Averill," said Aziz. "She called them and they came." He held up the wicker cage, his voice soft with wonder. "Listen to them blug! Brian, you are a lucky man."

"Boy, that is luck. I was afraid we'd have to spend the night here."

Aziz looked at Laura. "Stupid?" he suggested.

"Oh, undeniably."

"Blind, too?"

"As a bat," she agreed.

"But he will learn. Husbands are not difficult to train."

"M'm," she said. "Every child in Iowa knows that."

"Wait a minute," said Brian. "You caught them, Laura? How?"

"It would take years to explain."

"But you have all the time in the world," said Aziz. "Brian, Miss Averill is cold. It would seem only courteous if you placed your arms about her."

"Here?" he asked. "In public?"

"Oh, go ahead, you idiot," she said. "In New York nobody ever notices."

(Copyright)



## Bayer's Aspirin Gives FAST Pain Relief

Whether you use it to relieve the symptoms of colds and 'flu, headache, or nerve and muscular pain, of one thing you can be sure: Bayer's Aspirin will bring the fastest, most gentle-to-the-stomach relief you can get!

The secret of BAYER'S fast pain relief is *Instant Flaking Action!* You see, BAYER'S ASPIRIN actually disintegrates on its way to your stomach . . . enters as soft, tiny flakes that are ready to go to work instantly to bring you fast, really fast, pain relief.

It's a fact, too, that BAYER'S is used by millions of normal people without ill effect because BAYER'S Aspirin is the highest quality aspirin you can take. Buy BAYER'S

ASPIRIN from all chemists and stores. 24 foil-sealed tablets, 2/- . Bottles of 100 tablets, 6/6.

### BAYER'S Winter Health Hint

Whenever you feel a cold or 'flu coming on, here's what you should do:

1. Go to bed.
2. Call your doctor.
3. Drink lots of fruit juice.
4. Take BAYER'S Aspirin.

BAYER'S relieves the minor aches and pains, reduces fever, checks 'flu fast.



### Gentle as a Mother's Kiss

Youngsters now have their own special Bayer's Aspirin—FLAVOURED Children's Size BAYER'S Aspirin. Made specially for children, orange-flavoured Bayer's Children's Aspirin contains 1½ grains of high-quality aspirin—the exact dosage recommended by doctors. Children take Flavoured BAYER'S Children's Size Aspirin without fuss. It's so safe, so gentle, 24 Tablets, in protective foil—2/6.



G 234-1

# BAYER'S ASPIRIN

BAYER-PHARMA PTY. LIMITED, SYDNEY

Page 62

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 16, 1961



# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

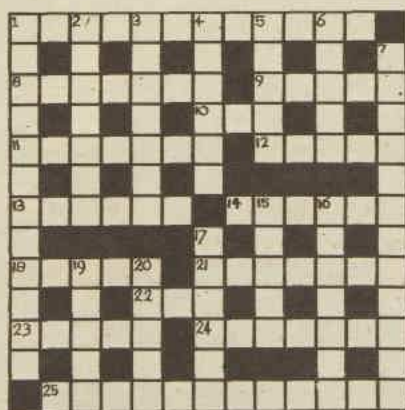
THE "summit meeting," set up by the strange men from the four warring planets, came to a halt when they began to fight among themselves. They decide to find a neutral "referee" to judge their complaints. NOW READ ON...



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Powerful illuminants for the girl's cash (12).
3. Ace icon (Anagr., 7).
9. Ledge just larger than an inch (5).
10. Employ in a fuselage (3).
11. The number of copies of a book printed at a time (7).
12. Mother of pearl, the end of which is 4840 square yards (5).
13. Famous landing place after a very long rain (6).
14. They check motion, possibly with the garden tool they carry (6).
18. The not entirely mobile but uttermost limit of Hell (5).
21. Collapse in a lace bed (7).
22. Belgian watering-place (3).
23. Resting place for a bird or sot (5).
24. Milder (7).
25. Growing asset of a S.W. Asian country (7, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

1. Do they play the game with brickbats? (12).
2. I took camera to this land (7).
3. Play by George Bernard Shaw (7).
4. Gap topped by 100,000 rupees (6).
5. Medical adviser to Marcus Aurelius (5).
6. Cut in a close-fitting coat (5).
7. His customers are really fleeced (5-7).
15. Plunder in a bird (3).
16. Protected by binding with rope (7).
17. Musically slow (6).
19. First cousin of the elk (5).
20. Once the port of Rome (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 16, 1961

# Fashion PATTERNS

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney, Postal address: Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F7391.—Sleeveless, full-skirted frock has matching short jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material and 1/2yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

F7379.—Attractive two-piece ensemble with slim skirt and softly draped top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Short-sleeved style requires 4yds. 36in. material; with three-quarter sleeves takes 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7378.—Simple frock with short sleeves, round neck, and bow detail on skirt. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

F7376.—Boat neckline, short sleeves, and a full skirt are features of this frock in sizes 30 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



F7380.—Slim, cool dress with front tie and button-down side. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 525.—FROCK AND OVERSKIRT. Smartly styled frock is available cut out ready to make in printed cotton featuring a leaf motif. Colors are royal-blue and pale blue; deep green and moss-green; brown and beige; plum and pale pink, all on a white background. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 43/6; 36 and 38in. bust 45/6. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 526.—THROWOVER. Pretty throwover (measures 36 x 36in.) is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on pale pink, blue, green, lemon, and white organdie. Price is 8/11, plus 9d postage.

No. 527.—POY HOLDERS. Set of three useful poy holders is available ready for use in assorted materials and colors. Each one features a novelty embroidery motif. Price is 4/6 each, plus 5d postage, or set of three for 12/9, plus 5d postage.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

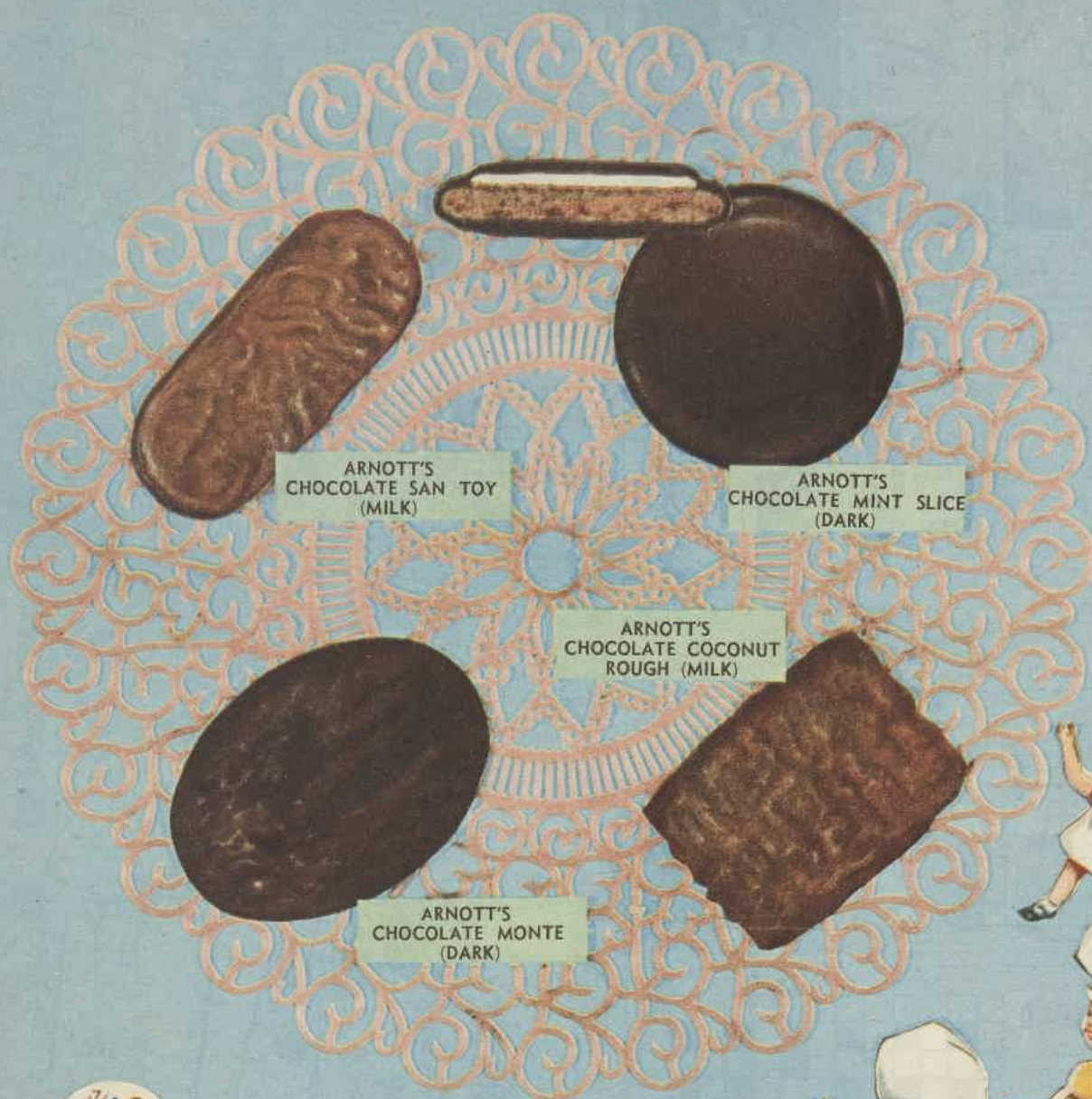
525

526





*For real lovers of Chocolate Biscuits--*



**Arnott's**

*famous*

**CHOCOLATE**

**Biscuits**

*There is no Substitute for Quality*





THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 16, 1961

# Teenagers'

## WEEKLY

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately



**JOHN KONRADS**  
—off to America  
(See page 4)



# LETTERS

## Mind over matric

PSYCHOLOGY should be a vital part of the school syllabus. We are taught English expression so that we might be discriminating readers and to spot split infinitives at a glance. History teaches us not to repeat its mistakes, mathematics to arrange our brain into neat little packages, economics to . . . and so on.

By the time we fortunates have matriculated we should be Mature Young People, bursting with goodwill to better the world in which we live. But are we?

Most of us leave school well versed in many things, except the most important—the study of the human psyche, or soul. It is a fascinating study and helps us to understand ourselves and the people we live with . . . but even today psychology as a school subject is being treated with scepticism and suspicion.—Zelda Pakula, Ororong Crescent, Caulfield, Vic.

## Mayday, Mayday

COULD anyone tell me what the origin of the radio signal "Mayday" was? In a French lesson recently I came across the word "maider," meaning "help me." Perhaps the origin of "Mayday" is this, because it is pronounced the same way? —"Help," Jervis Street, Nowra, N.S.W.

[Yes, "Mayday" is derived from "maider."—Ed.]

## Animal orphans

RECENTLY I started an animal orphanage. It started out when I brought a stray kitten home. After that any stray or hurt animal I found, I brought home, fed and nursed and found a new home for. It does not cost a penny to run. Neighbors give contributions of food, and I never have to ask, for they are all willing to help. —L. McKenzie, Kempt Street, Gladesville, N.S.W.

## Next week

GETTING ready to spring into spring? Next week Candy Hardy brings you four beautiful dresses that will make every girl spring with joy. Illustrated in full color, the dresses can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew. ALSO . . . Our cover girl is Rosemary Margan, Australia's champion woman water-skier, now competing for the world title in California . . . AND a Scout troop demonstrates how to cook an elaborate meal without pots and pans.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

## Telegraph lines

MILE upon mile of thin taut wires stretching finely thus to eternity, But even smoothness broken All at once By poles of stiffness grey With arms stark outward flung As in despair. These joyless lines of death-cold hue, Traced mute upon a blue-lit sky, Are yet brim full of life To every man; Bring messages of love, Or hope, or death, or fear, Or triviality.

—Virginia Holmes, Esther Road, Mosman, N.S.W.

## Sorry sister

MY sister and I may be referred to as "fat" and "skinny." Ever since my sister was "knee high to a duckling," her nymph-like charm and poise have carried her straight into the hearts of all beholders. When I arrived on the family scene, bonny and bouncing and with an over-abundance of freckles and spare tyres, my mother was faced with the tremendous task of coping with my appetite. I have never had any trouble in refusing my vegetables at the dinner table, but oh! that second helping of dessert . . . ! My sister has always possessed grace, charm, and good manners, while I may still be referred to as tactless and terrible.—"Fatty," Charra Street, Hyde Park, S.A.

## Horrors of war

RECENTLY our modern history class was taken to see the film of Hitler's regime, "Mein Kampf." At the end of the picture instead of the usual babble of voices there was not a sound. Most people, adults and schoolchildren, were thinking about what they had just seen. I think that every child over 12 should be made to see this film. Maybe if children realised the horrors of war they would not, as the next generation, be so keen to start another one. —"Green Eyes," Flowers Street, Caulfield, Vic.

## (Spare) time-payment

HOW many people have thought of making some pocket-money from their hobbies? While collecting stamps I made two albums. I have kept one; the other I recently sold

to a stamp dealer for £10. I have now reduced my letter-writing and have become a correspondent for a local paper which pays a small amount for every inch of correspondence printed. I have also joined an art-training institute, which not only teaches one to sketch, but also purchases drawings and paintings if they are of a suitable quality. Instead of sitting in front of our TV with my hands in my lap, I now knit garments for friends and relatives, charging a small amount for each article. —"Spender," Forrester, S.A.

## Simple truth

WHY is it that originality is so hard to find? People are forever copying their neighbors. Who wants to keep up with the Joneses, anyway? And who wants a dozen carbon copies of Brigitte Bardot? Girls, please be your own sweet selves! I think boys prefer you that way. —Robyn Hyem, Merriwa, N.S.W.

## What's the use?

HIGH-SCHOOL students learn in their science lessons about Archimedes' Principle, Hydraulic lifts, and Moments (not romantic). What is the use? Will this help save us from an atomic war? What do you think?—Roslyn Hayden, Cooling Street, Lismore, N.S.W.

## BEATNIK



"You don't understand, Doc. It has to be goodbye . . . You're driving me sane."

## Pro-homework

MANY of my schoolfriends think homework is given to them merely to spite them or some other ridiculous reason they think up. I entirely disagree with this. Teachers are interested in their pupils' progress, and set them homework to help them in the work they are doing.—"For Homework," Buchanan Ave., Balwyn, Vic.

## . . . so don't sit back

TOO many teenagers today are content to sit back and bewail the so-called "sorry lot" inflicted on them by their parents and the general public. Let's face it—we have never had it better!

Many adolescent problems are caused by lack of parental supervision and home training, but mostly we have justly earned the title of being an unruly, thoughtless lot by our too-smart attitude and the abuse we give to the wonderful opportunities we have. The world is ours to have. Do we really want it?—"Well, Do We?" Chatswood, N.S.W.

## Tax, no vote

WORKING teenagers pay tax and yet are not allowed to vote until they are 21. I know we are probably too young to vote, but if that's the case we're too young to pay tax also.—Irene Joyce, Cameron St., Wauchope, N.S.W.

## Advice on three vices

● "All the fun of smoking, drinking, and betting is in managing to do it behind parents' backs," wrote Mary Langley from Frankston, Vic. (T.W. 12/7/61). She mentioned a school in England where the children were encouraged to do these things, on the principle that they would realise that these vices were better left alone. Readers howled her down.

TO break away from smoking and drinking is considerably harder than to indulge in it. Should we, then, be encouraged to start something which we may be incapable of stopping? Surely the self-discipline learned through restraining oneself as a child should not be disregarded. And without this self-discipline we cannot hope to bear the responsibility which we must face as adults. —Owen Westcott, Park Avenue, Gordon, N.S.W.

I HAVE three brothers. The two eldest were forbidden to smoke and drink, but still did it behind my parents' backs. They gave it up after a while when the novelty had worn off. But on the other hand my youngest brother was permitted to smoke and even drink a little. Did he give it up? No, he certainly did not.

He still smokes and drinks more than he should. He says, "Mum said I could, so why shouldn't I!" He is not a spoiled brat or a hoodlum, but he intends to keep it up. —"N.M.," N.S.W.

THIS may have achieved successful results on a small scale, but imagine all children at once being allowed to do these things. The obvious result would be mass corruption. Instead of being taught how harmful these vices are, the children would think that they were being encouraged.—"Marcel," Mulumbimby, N.S.W.

WHAT madness! It will never be accepted, Mary Langley. Children cannot understand, would not want to understand, when to stop their smoking, drinking, and bet-

ting. I don't believe that these are the sort of things from which interest will fall as novelty does. These are "drugs" and, far from becoming bored with them, people become addicted to them. —"Moderator," Adelaide.

DOES Mary Langley want to see schoolchildren transformed into midget mobsters? Children won't stop at moderation. We'll be seeing them staggering round the streets in a drunken stupor. And where will they get the money to bet? If they are denied money after being encouraged to become betting addicts, they will resort to criminal ways to get it. Children have to learn by experience, true, but let's be sensible about it. They learn soon enough as it is. Let children act as children. —William West, Lancefield, Vic.



# Boy builds model ocean racers

Story and pictures by HARRY FRAUCA, of Hobart.

● When one of Australia's latest ocean-racing yachts sails up the Derwent River to Hobart's Constitution Dock at the end of her first Sydney-Hobart race, she will probably see her sister ship merrily bobbing in the breeze along the river.

**A BABY SISTER** — for the yacht will be 41 feet long and the sister ship only 2 feet 6½ inches.

Both are now being built — to the same set of plans drawn by one of the world's most famous teams of naval architects, Sparkman and Stephens, the New York designers of the 12-metre yacht *Columbia*, which won the last race against Britain for the America's Cup in 1958, and of *Vim*, the U.S. yacht brought to Sydney as a training boat for the crew of Australia's challenge for the Cup next year.

Jock Muir, a leading Australian yachtsman, is building the 41-footer for Sydney ocean racing enthusiast Bob Rusk, and Michael Snook, a 17-year-old Hobart boy, is building the model — true to scale in every detail.



Bob Rusk commissioned Sparkman and Stephens to design the yacht specially to win the 680-mile Sydney-Hobart race, and hopes that it will be finished in time for the classic starting next Boxing Day.

Michael Snook, a lean and easy-going apprentice fitter and turner, has almost finished his baby-sister model.

"I've been working on it for more than five months," Michael said. "Almost every weekend and every evening that I feel in the mood. You've got to feel in the mood, you know."

"Jock Muir is a famous boat builder and a good friend of mine, and he lent me the blueprints of this ocean racer. They are scaled to three-quarters of an inch to the foot, and I've followed them to the last detail."

"This is the first model I've built to real plans. Previously I've worked from pictures in magazines or from yachts I've seen at the finishes of Sydney-Hobart races."

Pointing at another model, he said: "This is a copy of *Zarabanda*, also designed by Sparkman and Stephens. She sailed in the last Sydney-Hobart race, and I liked her lines. I had a good look at her and came home and started working on a model."

Michael is a third-generation model-boat builder.

"Runs in the family, I guess," he said. "My grandfather was a well-known model-boat builder, and so was my dad. Before World War II many yachtsmen, my dad included, used to sail model boats on the Derwent in winter. There used to be up to 30 models in each race."

"They were bigger than the ones we sail these days — anything up to four feet long, with maybe seven-foot masts. They were really fast, and the old-timers had to follow them in specially light and fast dinghies. They used to race over five miles."

Michael and four of his friends have

**MICHAEL SNOOK** working on the model of Bob Rusk's new 41-footer specially designed to win the Sydney-Hobart race.

formed the Cornelian Bay Model Yacht Club.

"We've been pretty active over the last two years," he said. "And have had good fun, too. Jock Muir has given a trophy to encourage us to keep up the hobby."

"We hold our races anywhere along the Derwent River almost every weekend, but the biggest event of the year is the Trans-Derwent Race."

"We sail the models right across the Derwent and back, a course of about three miles, and we follow the models in dinghies."

Michael is, of course, a real yachting enthusiast as well, and owns a Heron-class boat, which he races in summer.

As he showed me his neat workshop he told me he used three different methods for building models. He learned them from his grandfather and father.

"Sometimes I use ribs and planks, just like building a real boat, or I may cut the hull out of one piece of wood and hollow it, or I may work on the bread-and-butter method, where you glue each plank to the next."

"The cost of a model is anything between 15/- and £1. I use Huon pine and King William pine, which are only found in Tasmania and are good because they last ages and are very light."

"I may use marine plywood for the decks, maybe Oregon pine for masts, some copper and brass nails, waterproof glue, and the sails are made of japara."

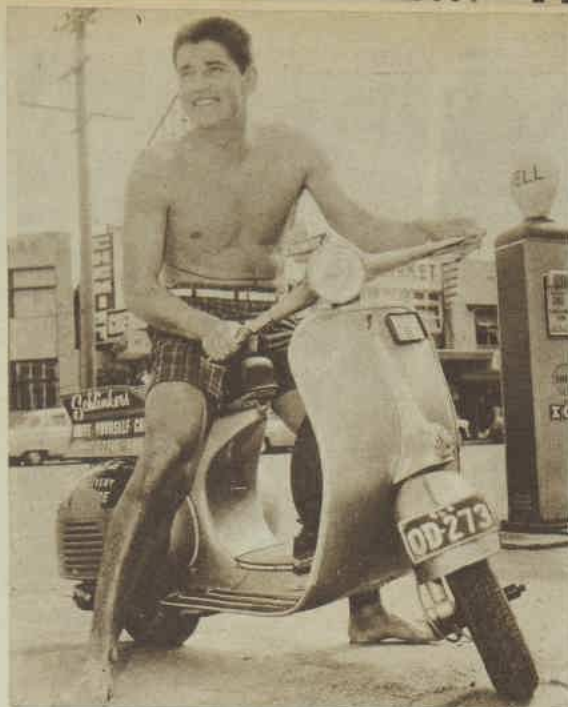
Michael went back to working on his 2ft. 6½in. model ocean racer. "You have to work when you feel in the mood," he said. "I feel in the mood right now . . ."

I took the hint. I heaved up my anchor and set sail for the open air.



AN "OCEAN RACE" (left) organised by the Cornelian Bay Model Yacht Club on the Derwent River, Hobart. Above, Michael's father, Col Snook, following one of his models in a five-mile race on the Derwent in 1938.





# John Konrads off to California

● Next week John Konrads will leave Australia, for he has accepted a scholarship with the University of Southern California, and he'll be in America for three or four years.

AUSTRALIA won't be seeing much of him in that time, though he hopes to come home for the Empire Games in Perth next year. He also hopes to

**OUR COVER this week is the latest pin-up picture of John Konrads, Australia's outstanding teenage sportsman. At left he is seen on a recent Gold Coast holiday.**

represent Australia at the Olympic Games in Tokio in 1964.

John chose the Los Angeles University out of all those which invited him to America because he knows a lot of people there — fans, acquaintances, and friends — among them Murray Rose and Jon Henricks.

The scholarship gives John about 3000 dollars a year (about £A1350). This will pay for his books, tuition fees, and living expenses. He's decided to make business his career and will take a commerce course.

John's flying to America but wants to stop over in Honolulu with friends for a couple of weeks' training. He'll still be in plenty of time for the American university year, which starts on September 20.

For the first week at Los Angeles John will be kept busy being "initiated" to university

life, during Orientation Week. There will be fraternity parties to attend. At these he'll be "looked over" and if the student members like him they'll invite him to join the fraternity.

Later he'll make swimming tours all over the States.

"I'm really looking forward to that," John said. "It's terrific fun to travel with a team. But I'm not going to let it interfere with my studying."

"If my marks begin to come down, the University will lighten my swimming programme."

And as just one of the students, John expects he'll take a few trips down to Mexico, too. "There's a small town just over the border called Tijuana. I believe most of the students go down there often."

John's prepared to feel homesick and is sorry to leave his family and friends.

## THE LIFETIME READING PLAN

Adapted from the book by Clifton Fadiman.

### ● WILL DURANT (1885—): "The Story of Civilisation."

THIS book is a history of the world. It is long, expensive, and incomplete. But its scale allows the learned author to supply truly generous perspectives. Its style is always highly readable, and, at its best, brilliant, for Durant is a master of the neat phrase and the vivid detail.

Above all, it is marked by a warm humanity and a constant sense that the career of the human animal turns on far more than the outcome of battles and the rise and fall of kings. The book moves — it is a narrative.

Volume 1 deals with the civilisation of ancient Egypt and with the complete history of India, China, and Japan. The titles of the remaining five volumes—they may be bought separately—point to their content. Volume 2, "The Life of Greece"; 3, "Caesar and Christ"; 4, "The Age of Faith"; 5, "The Renaissance"; 6, "The Reformation."

In 1957, Durant wrote, "There will be a concluding Volume 7, 'The Age of Reason,' which should appear some five years hence (1962) and should carry the story of civilisation to Napoleon."

Each volume of this work is written as a unit, and may be read as such. However, that's quite a large dose of history. You may prefer, as you proceed with the Reading Plan, to read those sections that supply background for the particular classic you are studying.

Thus, your understanding of Homer will be increased if you read beforehand the 65 pages of Volume 2 dealing with Greece up to 1000 B.C.

"The Story of Civilisation" should be constantly on hand to be used as a tool.

### ● JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU (1712-1778): "Confessions."

OF all the great writers we have met, Rousseau is the most irritating. His whole character offends any reasonable mind. Socially awkward, immoral, sentimental, mean and quarrelsome, a liar, a manic-depressive. This is Rousseau, or at least a part of him.

Nevertheless, he was one of the most powerful forces of his time, the virtual ancestor of the Romantic Movement in literature and

art, and one of the major intellectual sources of the French Revolution. This vagabond—valet-music teacher, whose formal education ended at about 12, was a writer of such persuasion that although his arguments have been refuted by many, his rhetoric still bewitches.

His first work was the "Discourse on the Arts and Sciences," and it led to his establishment as the most revolutionary writer of his time. In it and succeeding works he attacked progress as a corrupter of man's natural goodness.

He attacked private property. He criticised the discipline of education, calling it an evil influence on the mind of the child. He said that organised religion was a constricting influence. In his "Social Contract" he cried out against those political institutions which bound men so that "man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains."

What he said was not new, but it was powerfully expressed, and it was what his century wanted to hear. And his power still persists, for Rousseau was a positive thinker, he meant his ideas to form the future.

### ● JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795). "Life of Samuel Johnson."

BOSWELL has often been called the father of modern autobiography and will never cease to be quoted.

His "Life of Samuel Johnson" is a full-length portrait of a literary giant, plus an equally lively picture of the swarming, noisy, brilliant literary and social life of the last part of the eighteenth century.

Boswell wrote easily, and he had a phenomenal memory. He had a nose for the striking detail. He loved gossip and scandal, and he always happened to be around when something new was happening.

But more than this, Boswell knew how to create news, and that is why he is more than just a superb reporter. He is an artist. The fact is that although, in his own time, Johnson was a great man, and Boswell was not, today Boswell is overshadowing the master.

In his subtleties, his despairs, his divisions of mind, his violent alterations of emotions, he makes a special appeal to our time.

**NEXT WEEK: Faulkner, Hemingway, Maugham**



**One of the tribe** Miniature tribal masks, suspended from plastic chains, are the latest costume jewellery craze for teenagers in New York. This girl's "Tiki head" has a gleaming copper-colored finish.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — August 16, 1961





**RIGHT** way to hold a squash racquet gives complete control for all strokes.



**WRONG** way, holding extreme end of handle, gives player no control.

# GOING FOR HER THIRD TITLE

● Next week in Adelaide a Melbourne girl will try to win the Australian Junior Women's Squash Championship for the third time running.

**N**OW 17, she first won the championship when she was only 15. During the same season she also won the Victorian championship and she retained both titles last year.

The girl is Beverley Meagher, of Elwood, daughter of Alan Meagher, who runs squash courts in Elwood and Moorabbin.

This year she lost the Victorian title, Convalescing after an attack of hepatitis, Beverley was unable to play enough squash to get back into form and the championship was won by 16-year-old Diane Bruce, of Brighton Beach.

For Beverley squash is not just a game or even a favorite sport. It is her career. She works at it and lives with it.

When she is not playing, Beverley works behind the reception desk at the Elwood squash courts — answering the phone, taking bookings, and looking after the customers.

Beverley's mother, Betty Meagher, was also a champion squash player who won the Australian and Victorian Women's Championships four times.

"I play with Mum a lot," Beverley said. "She's still a top A grade player."

And the family history of squash-playing doesn't end there. Beverley's ten-year-old twin sisters, Robyn and Lindy, are rapidly becoming first-class players, too.

## Played too much

The twins go to St. Leonard's Presbyterian Girls' College, Brighton Beach, but most weekends they spend playing squash. This year Lindy reached the semi-finals of the Victorian Junior Championships.

Before her illness, Beverley, who is a left-hander, was playing ten hours of squash a week. Half an hour of play is supposed to provide as much exercise as a round of golf or three sets of tennis, so this marathon performance of Beverley's is pretty awe-inspiring.

Now she thinks she probably overdid it.

"I hadn't played much in the summer," she said. "I like to surf and swim in the hot weather. When I came back to squash in the autumn I think I really played too much."

Her illness stopped her playing altogether, and since her recovery she has had to be very careful about overdoing it.

Beverley first held a squash racquet at the age of three. She always loved the game, but didn't start competition squash until she was 11.

## Not temperamental

She entered her first Australian Junior Championship when she was 12. "I went to Adelaide then and got the bug well and truly," she said.

Beverley told me, and her father agreed, that she is not a temperamental player. "And I don't really mind losing, either," she said. "There's always a next time."

Big date on Beverley's squash calendar is in 1962, when the Australian Squash Championships will be held in Perth during the Empire Games.

She lists as the biggest thrill she can imagine being able to win the Australian Women's Open Championship.

Last year in Surfers' Paradise, Beverley was lucky enough to play with world-famous squash player Hashim Khan.

"It was very depressing, really," she admitted, "but I'm sure it did me a lot of good."

Last year, too, she went to New Zealand with four other Australian girl squash players.

"I won the North Island Junior Championship and was runner-up to Victorian player Lois Wright in the Open," she said.

Every week Beverley has a few hours of coaching from former champion Brian Boys.

"Brian emphasises footwork," she said, "and I feel my game has speeded up a lot since I've been going to him."



**CHAMPION** squash player Beverley coaches her 10-year-old sister Robyn while Robyn's twin, Lindy, looks on. Beverley is a left-hander, but in the other pictures on this page she uses her right hand to avoid confusion.



**RIGHT** position for a backhand shot, in which footwork is important. Note how right foot is ready to take weight as the racquet swings through.



**WRONG** backhand stroke shows a wild follow-through and an unbalanced position because the right foot is in the wrong place.



**RIGHT** forehand shot starts with the weight on the right foot, with the left foot ready to take the weight as racquet swings through.



**WRONG** foot forward for a forehand shot. Note also the incorrect backward swing of racquet.



# AROUND THE WORLD IN 180 DAYS

● **KIRSTEN WARD**, of our staff, has been on a six months' trip around the world. She visited 15 countries, often going right off the beaten tourist track. "I saw so much and met so many people," Kirsten says. "Everything I had learnt at school fell into place. My outlook changed completely. I grew up." These are some of her most vivid memories . . .

Pictures by Gordon Donkin, of Bowral, N.S.W.



**CORSICA:** That's me walking through the streets of Corte with some local children. We'd made a starlit night sail over the Mediterranean, then to the town of Bastia in the early-morning light. White houses on narrow cobbled streets watch over the blue sea. Isn't it strange how all Corsicans seem to look like Napoleon? We motor across the island in three days—days dry, crisp, stifling under the sun. Lizards scurry across the road, there are old deserted stone farmhouses on the hillsides. The young people have gone to the cities; it's hard work living off barren land. Old people die and the farms are forgotten. We pass a man on a donkey herding his pigs, a woman washing her clothes in the stream. There are deep, sun-speckled beech forests, cool and fresh. Gipsies call out to us to stop. We have a day at Corte to see the homes of Pascal Paoli, rebel and liberator of Corsica, and of Joseph Bonaparte, who became King of Spain. Young children play in the doorway, someone parts tattered lace curtains to watch us. Into the mountains again. Loop after loop of breathtaking scenery. The road hugs the craggy mountain-side. Down to Ajaccio on the coast—tourists, shops (strings of salami hanging in the doorways). One franc to see Napoleon's house! The barber who cuts my hair claims his great-great-grandfather had passed the time of day with Napoleon himself.



**INDIA:** I wear socks (no shoes allowed) as I examine a carved marble wall in the Taj Mahal. There are hours in a dirty, dusty train compartment rattling across the desert country between Delhi and Agra. Ragged villagers, naked children, small brown faces at the window selling water to drink. Agra. Hot and lazy, the Taj Mahal cold and magnificent. We remember the romantic Shah Jahan, who built it for love of his beautiful wife, Mumtaz, then burned out the eyes of the architect. Cool white marble rooms, the walls feel like velvet. India . . . the sacred cow on the footpath outside our hotel, whining beggars spitting betel juice, sad-eyed women in dirty cotton saris, hungry children selling postcards, and young Sikhs with rolled-up beards and briefcases. The palm-reader told me that I had the same personality as Queen Victoria. Whole families lie asleep on the footpaths. Gutter children come from everywhere to beg, urged on by their mothers. Skinny pi-dogs snarl and nose the litter on the street. I buy a pair of gold earrings from a little man who shakes his head sadly and says, "My country needs help."





**RUSSIA:** Shy little Tamara and I sit on ancient ruler Timur Tamerlane's coronation stone and talk about homework. Her people ask us to a wedding. Yellow Mongolian faces offer us grapes, dried in the sun and dipped in sugar and raw eggs. We toast the bride in green tea. Tashkent and Samarkand are haunted by ghosts of the past. Genghis Khan and his raiders battled here. I follow Marco Polo's caravans along the same road to China he had taken 700 years before. Opium poppies grow in the dust. I sit on the stones that once held the pages of the original Koran, and we explore crumbling, blue-tiled mausoleums. In the market old men tend piles of rotting vegetables. One grins, exposing incredibly bad teeth, tells us he will never leave Russia because the people elsewhere will kill him because he is colored. Then to Moscow, where the people are like the city — cold and grey. They are suspicious. Can we see factories? "Niet (no). But our schools? We have increased literacy by 96 per cent. since the Revolution." Plush velvet, chandeliers, shish kebab. I dance with a soldier of the Red Army. "Spasibo (thank you)," he says. Five thousand Russians and American tourists in Ivy League sports coats shuffle across Red Square. Lenin and Stalin are embalmed, on show under pink lights. The Kremlin is shoddy and moulding. The Bolshoi Ballet, Ulanova, Swan Lake. A dream. Outside a woman wearing men's shoes sweeps the street.

**BURMA:** This Burmese mother was only 17. Rangoon is a ruined city. Smooth-skinned gutter children stare and giggle from piles of rubble — their mothers, tiny smiling women, squat under paper umbrellas smoking large, rank cigars. Orange-robed priests with set faces are always going somewhere. It rains every day, pouring over the golden pagoda, polishing the green jungle. Grinning bicycle boys, straining thin muscles, carry fat Europeans over the rutted streets. For all this, Burmese people are happy, contented. A rough plane trip to Taunggyi, capital of the Shan States. Our room-boy, Amirrudin, has seven sons, and his wife is no longer pretty. He buys our fruit in a dirty, colorful, smelly market-place. A day in a canoe exploring the Inle Lakes . . . bamboo villages built over the water, buffalo wallowing in the mud, snorting at the purple waterlilies. Fishermen pull in their nets. Then to Mandalay, a terrible day's journey by native bus. The diesel engine pulls us for mile after tortuous mile through the mountains . . . deep green and purple jungle . . . villages flashing by. Look! There's an elephant working in the forest! A wrinkled brown hand offers me boiled rice and smoked fish wrapped in banana leaves. Then, at last, Mandalay, city of a thousand stories. And I see some of them played out.

**SOUTHERN FRANCE:** I'm (far right) watching lavender pickers starting off your perfume. Southern France is gay and expensive. We could smell the lavender from the fields long before we could see Grasse itself. The perfume sold to tourists on the roadside was "made in Paris." Down, down from the hills to Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Monaco. Young men with suntans and sports cars and American widows with poodles and purple rinses. Noise, confusion, desperate gaiety. In a small cafe the rattle and click of the bead curtains announce a group of students hitchhiking their way to Greece. Did anyone have any money? How like Australia the scenery is! The same blue-mauve mountains, the same sparse yellow-grey flats. The Riviera is fun, but a disappointment. Grey, flat beaches, 10 yards wide (when you can see them at all for people and tents). Everyone drinks black coffee or cheap claret. At 1 a.m. I saw a girl dancing in the streets in a bikini. The police came and took her away.





Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Joining W.R.A.N.S.

"I AM nearly 18 and would like very much to join the W.R.A.N.S. Could you tell me how to?"

M.H., N.S.W.

Telephone, write, or call personally at the Combined Services Recruiting Centre, Beach Road, Edgecliff (Telephone 32-1261), and make application to join. Girls in other States apply at the Combined Services Recruiting Centre in their nearest capital city.

Girls wishing to join the Navy should be between the ages of 17 and 30 and have a good average education. (No school or examination certificates are required.) Applicants have a medical examination and a short education test in Maths and English, said to be about second-year high-school standard.

Jobs cover a wide field. There are cooks, stewardesses, radio operators, shorthand-typists, stores assistants, sick-berth attendants, radar plotters, and motor-transport drivers.

Girls enter the service as recruits and for their recruit-training period are paid £7/11/1 a week if they are under 21, £8/19/1 if they are over 21. They have free board and lodging and are issued with free uniforms on joining. After this they are paid a uniform allowance. After their recruit training is finished, recruits are classified and receive pay varying according to their job — from £10/1/3 a week to £12/9/7. (All rates of pay mentioned are subject to variation and also may differ slightly from State to State.)

Minimum engagement in the W.R.A.N.S. is for four years.

### Invitation to write

"COULD you solve my problem? I am 15 and have been keeping company with a boy of 16. He is planning to go away and has asked me if I would write to him. We have not talked of love as yet, but maybe it will lead to that. The trouble is I don't seem able to make up my mind to write or not. I like him a lot."

K.V., Tas.

A good rule to apply to situations like this is "When in doubt—don't." Don't write to him — writing letters is such a bore, and you're too young. Stick to your school books for a while.

### No more letters

"EVER since February a boy and I have been writing to one another, but he hasn't written since the May holidays. I think he is wild because he remembered my birthday, but I forgot his. Should I wait for another letter and is it correct to write two letters in a row to a boy?"

"Waiting," S.A.

He's probably found a girl he can talk to, which is so much more satisfactory than writing letters. There is nothing incorrect about writing two letters to a boy in a row, it just seems to me to be rather a waste of time.

### On her own

"EVER since I was a young child my mother (my only parent) has disowned me and I have always lived with friends. Now I am 21 and I have made a new life for myself in a new town. I am planning to be married early next year. What could I put in place of my mother's name on the invitation?"

"Lost," Qld.

When the bride is on her own, as you are, she sends out invitations in her own name, like this: "Miss Sarah Lost requests the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So at her wedding to Mr. John Found at St. John's Church, Wifleton, on Saturday, November 11, at 2.30 p.m. and afterwards at The Haven, Wifleton." In the bottom left-hand corner, you put R.S.V.P. to Miss Sarah Lost and your address.

### Pest control

"I USED to go out with a 21-year-old boy who is now merely an acquaintance. He still calls at our place and my parents approve of him. I find him very annoying because he enters my room without permission and rummages through drawers and cupboards. He reads letters from my male pen-friend and objects to my writing to him. I am 16 and am still at school. I refuse to see him but he still comes round. How can I discourage him from pestering me?"

"Blondie," W.A.

Someone should teach this bad-mannered boy a lesson, and you are the one to do it. The first thing is save up and get a lock on your bedroom door and keep him out that way. But if that would cause a great family thing, take other measures.

For a start, buy a brace of mouse-traps and set them inside the drawers and cupboards he opens. When his sticky-beaking fingers have been caught

a few times he'll stop calling. Arrange a few other traps, too — a spring that hops out and bops him on the nose when he opens a cupboard door. I'm sure there are lots of things like this you could do, knowing your room and his habits so well.

If I were in the room when he came in, he'd wonder what had hit him. I'd keep a bucket of water standing by specially to throw over him, or grab the nearest vase of flowers and throw that.

I find your parents' attitude hard to understand. You must try to get them on your side. You can't ask him to leave the house and expect him to go if they approve and want him to stay.

I'd keep on refusing to go out with him and keep on telling him you don't want to see him. What a pill he sounds.

### Funny name

"MY fiancé has a funny name and I think he should change it before we marry. His name is so funny that people make jokes about it. My parents agree that he should do as I wish, but his parents have a sentimental feeling for their name and he is their only son. Do you agree with me?"

L.S., N.S.W.

I think it might have been a good idea if he had changed his name years ago, but it's something that he must decide to do himself.

People get attached to their names, funny or not, and if his had been as much of a trial to him as it is to you, he surely would have changed it before this. Probably he feels that even if he changes it now, he wouldn't lose it, that he'd always have it as a nickname.

I know how you feel. I think I would change my name if it were funny, but you wouldn't know for certain unless you actually had one.

It seems queer that you haven't mentioned changing his name before you got to the stage you're at now — practically at the altar and about to take it for life.

Any man could say: "Is it a name you want, not me?" or, "I'm just the same man if I change my name to Jones." And in your case, "Why didn't you say this before?"

You should say something to him, because it is worrying you. How you feel about it is important, but it's nothing to do with your parents.

Before you do speak about it, get clear in your mind whether or not you will marry him if he doesn't change his name, and whether you can accept any decision he makes without nagging on about it for years.

I really think there's more in this name-changing business with you than meets the eye.

## A WORD FROM DEBBIE



THE man in her life is a great worry to a girl when his birthday or Christmas comes round. Should she give him a present? And what's just right — diamond dress studs or a funny card?

Here are suggestions. Some cost money, some don't.

A pipe, a packet of cigarettes (a brand that's an adventure), an initialled handkerchief, a key ring, a sticker for his car, an unusual travel poster for his room, a paperback book, a tin of salted peanuts, a zany beach shirt you've made yourself, some stamps for his collection, a big hug, a helping hand to mow the family lawn, clean the car, an invitation to tea, a 10/- record, a cake made by you, a fountain or ballpoint pen, a compliment that will flatter his ego, a scarf knitted in his old school colors, a mouth organ, a box of chocolates — all boys love them.

If you're in doubt, stick to the funny card — he'll get the message.

### Family dinner

"MY sister is having her 21st birthday soon. She has planned to go to dinner in town with her friends on the Saturday night. On the Sunday, my mother has invited all our relations to dinner, but she insists that my sister should invite her boyfriend to this dinner, too, to meet all the family. My sister thinks this would be embarrassing. She has only been going with him for four months and there is no definite relationship between them yet."

I.J., N.S.W.

I agree with your sister absolutely. If he's asked to this family dinner, he will feel that he is trapped and run.

### Ageless problem

"I MET this boy and I like him very much, but my problem is seeing him, as he lives in the next suburb. He lives next to my cousin, but I can't be running to see my cousin all the time. He used to play football, and I used to watch every Saturday, but he doesn't play any more. He is keen on golf but I don't know what club he belongs to. Also I am not old enough to go out with a boy, so I can't go out with him. Please help."

"Worried," N.S.W.

Things are tough. What you need is a little extra age. Wait round and you'll get it.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

### Know your etiquette

## ENGAGEMENTS

#### HOW IS AN ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED PUBLICLY?

THE only correct way to make a public announcement of an engagement is in the newspapers. Different papers use differing styles. Follow the form of the paper of your choice.

#### ... OR TO THE FAMILY?

THERE isn't any set form except that all members of the family should be notified personally before the public announcement.

#### ARE ENGAGEMENT PARTIES ESSENTIAL?

IT'S not absolutely necessary to give an engagement party. If you do decide to have one, it's a good idea to have the formal announcement on the morning of the same day. The girl could then perhaps wear her ring for the first time.

Her father should propose a short toast to the couple along these lines: "I am very happy to announce the engagement of my daughter Elizabeth to John Stuart, and I'd like you all to join me in a toast to their happiness in the future."





**JACKET** of this newsworthy spring suit has concealed off-centre closing and a collar that looks like a blouse. The skirt is slim and short.



**DRESS** for a teenager who leads a busy life has a relaxed top, waistline at the hip, and a flatly pleated skirt for free-and-easy striding.

## Waists take the plunge

- *You've never had glamor so comfortable as you will in these freedom-loving, go-anywhere clothes, designed to take you into a free and easy summer.*



**DARK COLORED** dress like this, simple and demure, with new slightly flared hemline, is right for early summer this year. Vary the schoolboy tie for a new look.



**CLASSIC** suit for office or town is a wardrobe mainstay that always looks right and up to the minute, and will stand a ton of wearing.



# For skin you love . . .



● *A clear, glowing skin is any girl's best asset, but it needs concentrated care. The glow comes from within — the result of good eating habits and plenty of sleep.*

*By Carolyn Earle*

**T**HE way you look after your skin depends entirely on the type of skin you have. Some like to use soap and water — others prefer lotions and creams.

Here is a simple formula for the care of the three main types of skin:

## *Oily*

**SYMPTOMS:** A shiny nose, open pores, perhaps blackheads and pimples.

The best care for this type of skin is a vigorous washing programme three times a day with hot water and lots of soap. Take time off to let your face feel the sun as often as possible. Use a liquefying cream to dislodge ingrained dirt, and all the lotions you use should have an astringent base.

### **QUICK HINTS:**

- For cleansing, use soap, liquid cleansing cream, or lotion.
- Skin-freshener, clear astringent, and skin lotions are important to help contract open pores.
- Make-up lotion, semi-liquid powder, and sometimes pancake foundation are best for this skin.
- Use dry rouge over powder.

## *Dry*

**SYMPTOMS:** Feels as if it's stretched tight, sometimes peels, looks dull and lifeless.

Best routine is to cleanse the skin two or three times a day with any vegetable oil.

At night, wash with tepid water, using no soap, and follow with vigorous rinsing. Use a rich lubricating cream once every day, leaving it on for 10 minutes or so—never overnight.

### **QUICK HINTS:**

- For cleansing—a rich lanoline cream, either cleansing or cold type.
- Wash with rainwater or very soft water, and if you want to use soap make sure it's a bland one. Follow this by thorough cold-water rinsing.
- Use a little extra lubricating cream on the forehead, around the eyes, and at the corners of the mouth to smooth the lines there.
- Apply cream rouge over a cream foundation and under the face powder for an extra complexion highlight.

## *Normal*

**THIS** is clean and clear. Feels good—looks lovely.

The problem is to keep it that way. Wash once a day with lukewarm water, followed by a cold-water rinse. Cream once a day with a "normal" skin cream, leaving it on for ten minutes and not overnight.

### **QUICK HINTS:**

- Lucky owner of a normal skin can use any beauty preparation she likes—concentrate on finding the one that suits you most.
- Soft cleansing and cold creams are best for cleaning the normal skin.
- After removing the cream, a toning lotion in the form of a mild skin-freshener is an excellent circulation stimulator.
- Vary the foundations—cream, cake, or liquid — from time to time.

# DOWN TO THE SEA IN SLIPS!

● I read the other day that a 27-year-old woman naval officer has become the first American woman assigned to active sea duty.

**B**ROTHER! If this keeps up, the Navy will really be all at sea!

I get a sinking feeling when I imagine what could happen if there ever were more seawomen—able-bodied though they might be.

Here's my A.B.(C) of what would result:

What rank would these women have? Miss-shipmen, commoDoras, and very petty officers, I suppose.

The uniforms they'd wear are interesting to contemplate, too. What could a *Fun Lady* of the Admiralty do if the House of Dior decreed that gold and navy-blue were "out" during a certain season?

A shocking-pink uniform would cause a shocking blue, but, after all, aren't blokes like Pierre Balmain captains — of women's souls?

Probably most important, think what would happen if girls joined submarine crews.

Could it possibly be called any more "the silent service"? Not by a long (torpedo) shot!

Language-wise a conning tower of strength, a shapely submariner (hence the surface sailor's cry, "You beaut!" instead of "U-boat!") would, however, be a valuable crew-member. She would never have to come up for air!

And I can picture the heck of a life a helmsman would have with a woman officer on the bridge.

Backseat-driving habits surely would go to sea, too.

I can already hear the remarks: "Watch out for that reef . . . slow down, 20 knots is too fast . . . quick, hard to starboard—look out for that seagull!"

Women sailors would naturally have to be careful of romantic liaisons in a ship. Remember, apart from perhaps the brig, there are no holds barred!

The Navy has always been prepared for the coming of women, of course.

The sea for years has had luff (which is a many-splendored thing), a ship has always been given berth, and many a girl would feel at home in a crow's-nest.

Well, that just about closes my log on the lady seadog. Splice my mainbrace, it's a rum issue, isn't it?

I suppose some sailors would welcome an influx of girls into the service — chicks, instead of "tricks," at the wheel, and a girl in every porthole could make the Sea less Cruel.

But women have invaded so many male strongholds that I feel I must side with the stern old salts who say there should be no belle-bottom trousers.

So we'll go on wishing for the day when we can consider the sea and happily say: "Well, buoys will be boys!"

*-Robin Adair*



**LISTEN HERE — with Kirsten Ward**

## Young Australian in big film role

● The Windjammers' R.C.A. EP didn't do madly well when they were here last year — but their personal appearances were electric, and they'll be hard to forget.

THEY left as quickly as they came and made for Norway to star in a spy thriller called "An Eye and Two Fingers."

Young Tim Gaunt, the 18-year-old Australian who joined the group here, went with them, scheduled to take just a small part. But letters home tell that the director was so impressed with Tim's ability that a special starring role was written into the film for him.

DIG RICHARDS and his guitarist, Johnny Hayden, made a sentimental journey to a Sydney music store this week.

It was August three years ago that Dig walked into the same store. Two other fellows (Johnny Hayden and Barry Lewis) were there, fooling around with guitars. Dig picked up one and sang a few bars of a current song.

And that was the beginning of Dig Richards, teenage idol, and the R Jays!

So much has happened since then. Barry Lewis left and, Dig says, about 14 instrumentalists have come and gone in these past three years.

Dig's first song, "I Wanna Love You," written by his brother, was a tremendous hit. He has had nine other songs in the hit parade since then—but his latest, "Alice in Wonderland," has struck an all-time high.

Dig and the R Jays will be leaving in a few weeks for a three-month caravan tour of Australian cities, including Darwin and Alice Springs.

BRENDA LEE likes to take her shoes off when making a recording — and Frank Sinatra insists on wearing his hat.

YOUNG (she's 17) Judy Stone will be leaving Sydney for three months in Melbourne in a few days. She's accepted a contract with GTV9, who'll be grooming her and developing the great potential talent they feel she has.

Judy's thrilled. She'll be taking dancing and voice-production lessons as well, and all this fits in with her aim at a more sophisticated routine.

But Judy's Peter Pan collar styles so far have been popular with the teenagers. On a recent TV show she wore a dress featuring a pure lace top with little cap sleeves and a stand-up collar, the skirt frothing out in yards and yards of nylon tulle. Judy says she had "tons" of letters asking for the pattern.



DAVE BRIDGE

A FEW days after her return from England, where she visited her son, Frank Ifield's mother rang up to tell how well he is getting on.

Frank is flat out making records, and doing tours all over the British Isles.

Frank sends his regards and best wishes to everyone.

TALL, bespectacled Peter Paige, former leader of Sydney's vocal group The Graduates, has been doing some TV work in London, where he expects to live for the next three years. Peter's not so much interested in singing these days as in TV production.

**Local talent:** Liked Dave Bridge's sophisticated guitar work so much I wanted to see the man myself. He has been spoken of as one of the best guitarists in Australia, and I'm inclined to agree. This (H.M.V. 45) is his first record—he plays the oldie "Skip to my Lou" on one side, then his own composition "Sunday Morning" on the other.

Dave's a tall, likeable 23-year-old, whose eyes have a charming way of crinkling up when he laughs. He took his first lessons at the age of nine

on a £2/10/- guitar. He hasn't looked back since, winning competition after competition. He formed his own group at 14, later worked with Col Joye for a while.

Now he's on his own (with his quartet) and says he's looking for a special "sound" — based on the "big beat" and pure, clean classical guitar sounds.

**Pops:** Someone who calls himself Tompall, with the Glasser Brothers, has come up with a good little pop song about a girl next door. It's called "Judy's Growing Up . . . I mean, like Wow!" (Festival 45.)

CANT for the life of me see why, but Jackie Wilson's "I'm Comin' On Back To You" (Brunswick 45) is a big American hit. I think it's a mess.

ANTHONY NEWLEY'S "Bee Bom" is the sort of song that, after the first playing, you can remember the words and tune. Next time you play it you'll find yourself singing along. (Decca 45.)

EVEN I, being one of the younger generation, can appreciate Judy Garland's vitality and magnetism. She comes from a time when singers really sang, and her album "Miss Show Business" (Light Music Club LP) is a treasure. What a wonderful song "Over the Rainbow" is!

**Jazz:** Pete Fountain "On Tour" (Coral LP) — clarinet solos with rhythm accompaniment. Moody, fanciful jazz, often ad libbing but retaining the basic melodies . . . a gas!

## WORTH HEARING

### HAYDN AND BEETHOVEN: String quartets

HAYDN may not have been the first person to write a string quartet, but he certainly deserves his title of the "Father of the String Quartet," for he was the first composer to realise the possibilities of this ideally balanced "miniature orchestra" of two fiddles, viola, and cello.

Haydn's earlier quartets were in a simple, popular style, with the melody mainly in the first violin part (the well-known "Serenade" Quartet is an example). It was not until the great six quartets of his Opus 20, written when he was 40, that he began to use the four players as an "all star cast," each with an important and independent part to play.

The Austral String Quartet, a combination of capable young players from the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, has recorded the fourth of these Opus 20 quartets for Festival.

On the other side is the second of Beethoven's Opus 18 quartets. Beethoven was only one year old when the Haydn quartet was written in 1772, but one can see in this work the debt he still owed Haydn when he wrote his first quartets 28 years later.

— Martin Long



LANA CANTRELL . . . her first EP will soon be out.

## Lana — in the track of Diana?

● Sydney jazz singer Lana Cantrell, her first EP scheduled for release late this month, spins like a record herself.

KNOWN as a wonder "boogie baby" at ten, Lana starred in ten of Bill McCall's jazz concerts at Sydney Town Hall and her scrapbook shows she was a great little singer.

Show business was put aside for study when Lana went to high school, but now, with school a couple of years behind her, she's successfully invaded the singing world again.

Climbing quickly up the ladder, Lana has appeared on about 35 television shows, including the national "Revue

61" twice, Melbourne's "Graham Kennedy Show," and the "Mark Wynter" spectacular.

Although she's only 17 years old, Lana has the polish of a veteran performer in her act — jazz singing and piano playing.

She recently signed a recording contract with Festival, and immediately cut an EP. This will be followed soon by a single.

Her first disc, "Introducing Lana Cantrell," is a sweet singing job — backed by her father, well-known Sydney bass player Bert Cantrell, and his group.

Lana has great fun dressing-up for her TV shows.

She now has 15 glamorous show dresses, all made by her mother. Most are in beautiful brocaded satin and feature slightly bell-shaped skirts, low backs, and tiny shoe-string shoulder-straps.

Lana has given up work as a typist in a Sydney film studio now that she is getting so much work on TV and in nightclubs.

By saving her television earnings she has just bought herself a car and is now saving to buy an electric piano (they cost about £400).

"I'd love a little model that folds up in a suitcase so that I could take it anywhere . . . just anywhere in the world," she said.

Lana Cantrell, indeed, MAY go "just anywhere in the world." She could become Sydney's Diana Trask.



# TEENA<sup>®</sup> *by Linda Terry*



## Sandra

SANDRA'S break with Gerald Radnace is now final, and the other models notice that she is down in the dumps and upset. They try to help her. NOW READ ON...

by Bill Sawyer

